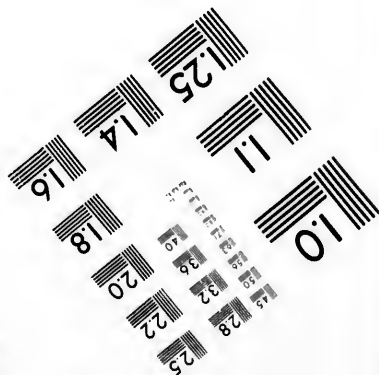
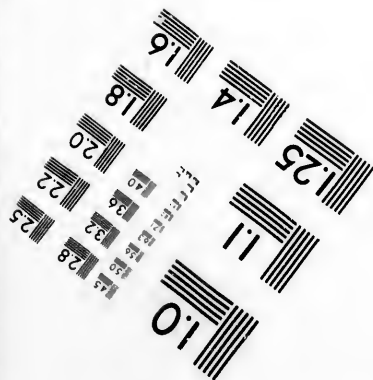
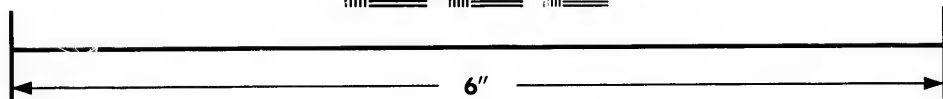
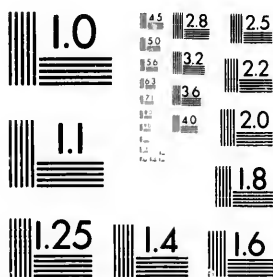


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions

Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

**1980**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

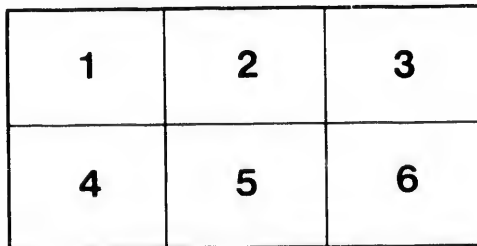
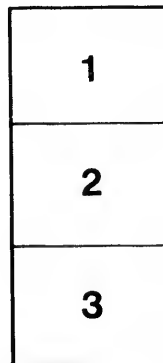
Library of the Public  
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La bibliothèque des Archives  
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

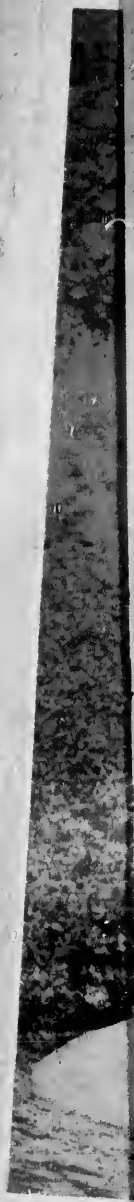




SOUFNER

Plans of Government House

1872 to 1878



*P*



**SOUVENIR**

OF

*Plays at Government House*

1872 to 1878.



PRRP  
FC  
516  
D8P5

57701

24

 EPILOGUE. 

Spoken by  
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN,  
At the last performance.

---

*Kind friends! for such indeed you've proved to us—  
Kinder than just I fear—and is it thus  
That we must quit you? Shall the curtain fall  
O'er this bright pageant like a funeral pall,  
And blot forever from your friendly sight  
The well-known forms and faces that to-night  
For the last time have used their mimic arts  
To tempt your laughter, and to touch your hearts,  
Without one word of thanks to let you know  
How irredeemable 's the debt we owe,  
For that warm welcome, which year after year  
Has waited on our poor attempts to cheer  
With the gay humour of these trivial plays  
Some few hours stolen from your busy days?  
Despite ourselves, the grateful words WILL come,  
For love could teach a language to the dumb,  
'Tis just one lustre, since—a tyro band—  
On paltry farce we tried our 'prentice hand,  
Treading at first a less pretentious stage  
E'en that the goatherds of the Thespian age;*

Witho  
While  
But so  
Our M  
"THE  
"OUR  
To "S  
Show y  
Then h  
Their o  
We nea  
And fo  
"SEMI  
Wingin  
Until o  
With t  
These o  
The pro  
T'was  
Conjura  
You ta  
These o  
Where  
Our he  
And y  
Brothe  
Who's  
And o  
Who  
And

*Without a curtain ; —for each slip—a screen ;—  
While bedroom candles light the meagre scene,  
But soon emboldened by our Public's smile,  
Our Muse attempts a more ambitious style ;  
"THE DOWAGER" parades her stately grace,—  
"OUR WIFE" declares two husbands out of place,—  
To "SCHOOL" we send you, and—a sight too rare—  
Show you for once, a really "HAPPY PAIR,"  
Then having warned your daughters not "TO LEND"  
Their only "LOVER" to a Lady friend,—  
We next the fatal "SCRAP OF PAPER" burn,  
And follow with "ONE HOUR,"—"JACQUES,"—in turn,  
"SEMRAMIS,"—a Debutante's "FIRST NIGHT,"—  
Winging at each essay a loftier flight,  
Until at last a bumper house we drew  
With the melodious "MAYOR OF ST. BRILLIX!"  
These our achievements—but we gladly own  
The praise, if praise be due, is half your own  
T'was your encouragement that nerved our wits,  
Conjured hysterics, sulks, tears, fainting fits,  
You taught our "Ing'mes" those airs serene,  
These blushing Sirs to drop their bashful mein,—  
Wherefore commissioned am I to come to-day  
Our hearts and laurels at your feet to lay.  
And yet my task is only half fulfilled—  
Brothers and sisters of Thalia's guild (To the actors)  
Who've faced with me the critic's glittering eye  
And dared the terrors of yon gallery,  
Who've lightened all my labour with your love  
And made each effort a new pleasure prove,*

FFERIN,

to us—

*If words could thank you for your generous aid  
These lips should bankrupt be to see you paid,  
And oh! believe as long as life endures  
The best affections of my heart are yours.  
And now one last Farewell,—a few months more <sup>(To the audience)</sup>  
And we depart your loved Canadian shore,  
Never again to hear your plaudits rise,  
Nor watch the ready laughter in your eyes  
Gleam out responsive to our author's wit,  
However poorly we interpret it,  
Nor see with artist pride your tears o'erflow,  
In homage to our simulated woe.  
Yet scenes like these can never wholly fade  
Into oblivion's melancholy shade,  
And oft at home when Christmas fire-logs burn  
Our pensive thoughts instinctively will turn  
To this fair city with her crown of towers  
And all the joys and friends that once were ours,  
And oft shall yearning Fancy fondly fill  
This hall with guests, and conjure up at will  
Each dear familiar face, each kindly word  
Of praise, that e'er our player souls hath stirred,  
Till 'neath the melting spell of memory  
Our love flows back towards you like a sea ;—  
For know—whatever way our fortunes turn—  
Upon the altars of our hearts shall burn  
These votive fires no fuel need renew,  
Our prayers for blessings on your land and you.*

5th April, 1878.

D.

1872.

December 23rd.

CONCERT COSTUME.

*Programme.*

1. DUO .. .. "La ci darem la mano," .. .. *Mozart.*  
MISS. ADÈLE KIMBER.  
MR. R. E. KIMBER.
2. SOLO .. .. .. ..  
MRS. BURRITT.
3. DUO .. From "La Fille du Régiment," .. *Donizetti.*  
Mlle. LEPROHON.
4. SOLO .. .. .. ..
5. SOLO .. "Largo al Factotum," .. .. *Rossini.*  
H. BARBIERE.  
MR. R. E. KIMBER.

Part 2.

1. SOLOS AND CHORUS from "La Dame Blanche." *Boieldieu.*
  1. Ah! QUEL PLAISIR D'ÊTRE SOLDAT .. .. .. Mr. Blain de St. Aubin.
  2. D'ICI VOYEZ CE BEAU DOMAINE .. .. .. M. de Gélinas.
  3. JE N'Y PUIS RIEN COMPRENDRE. Mlle. Gélinas, Mr. Kimber, Mr. B. de St. Aubin.CHORUS.—Mrs. Percival Sheppard, Miss L. Coffin, Miss Dewe, Miss E. Stanton, Madlle. Kimber, Miss A. Kimber, Mlle. R. Kimber, Mr. Blain de St. Aubin, Mr. R. E. Kimber, Mr. N. McLean.
2. SOLO .. .. .. ..  
MISS CLARKE.
3. DUO .. "Voici L'Heure," Don Pasquale, .. *Donizetti.*  
MADLLE. GELINAS.  
MR. R. KIMBER.
4. DUO .. "Quanto amore," Elisir d'amore, .. *Donizetti.*  
MRS. WALTERS.  
MR. R. E. KIMBER.
5. CANADIAN BOAT SONGS .. BY ALL THE AMATEURS.

1873.

---

*March 13th & April 2nd.*

TO OBLIGE BENSON.

MR. BENSON .. .. . COL. STUART.  
MR. TROTTER SOUTHDOWN .. F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.  
MR. JOHN MEREDITH .. F. COULSON, Esq., A.D.C.  
MRS. BENSON .. .. . MISS A. HIMSWORTH.  
MRS. TROTTER SOUTHDOWN .. .. MRS. STUART.

---

*March 19th & 26th.*

THE FIRST NIGHT.

ACHILLE DUFARD .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.  
HON. BERTIE FITZDANGLE .. F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.  
HYACINTH PARNASSUS .. ST. DENIS LEMOINE, Esq.  
THEOPHILUS VAMP.. .. . W. HIMSWORTH, Esq.  
TIMOTHEUS FLAT .. .. . R. E. KIMBER, Esq.  
GEORGE .. .. . MASTER HARRY STUART.  
ROSE DUFARD .. .. . MISS ADELE KIMBER.  
MISS ARABELLA FITZJAMES .. .. MRS. STUART.

*April 8th & 15th.*

SELECTIONS FROM SEMIRAMIDE.

SEMIRAMIS .. .. . Mrs. EVANTUREL.  
 AZEMA .. .. . Miss ADELE KIMBER.  
 ARSACE .. .. . N. McLEAN, Esq.  
 ASSUR .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.  
 CHORUS OF ) (Mrs. P. SHEPPARD, Miss FELLOWES,  
 ATTENDANTS) .. ( Miss KINGSFORD, Miss KIMBER.  
 NUBIANS .. C. WEATHERLY, Esq., F. MACDONALD, Esq.

ONE HOUR.

JULIA DALTON .. .. H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.  
 MRS. BEVIL .. .. . Miss HIMSWORTH.  
 FANNY .. .. . Miss A. HIMSWORTH.  
 MR. CHAS. SWIFTLY .. .. CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.  
 O'LEARY .. .. . F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.

*April 22nd & 29th.*

MONSIEUR JACQUES.

MONSIEUR JACQUES .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.  
 MR. SEQUENCE .. .. . COL. STUART.  
 VIVID .. .. . J. DERBYSHIRE.  
 ANTONIO .. .. . N. McLEAN.  
 NINA .. .. . Miss ADELE KIMBER.

THE DOWAGER.

DOWAGER COUNTESS }  
 OF TRESILLIAN } H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.  
 LADY BLOOMER .. .. . Miss FELLOWES.  
 MARGARET BEAUCHAMP .. .. Miss A. HIMSWORTH.  
 LORD ALFRED LINDSAY .. .. F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.  
 SHE FREDK. CHASEMORE .. .. CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.  
 EDGAR BEAUCHAMP .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.



February 18th & 24th.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

ADMIRAL KINGSTON .. .. .	E. KIMBER, Esq.
LIEUTENANT KINGSTON .. .. .	F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.
SHORT .. .. .	CAPT. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, R.E.
DENNIS .. .. .	C. BRODIE, Esq.
MRS. PONTIFEX .. .. .	MRS. STUART.
MISS MORTIMER .. .. .	MISS FELLOWES.

WOOING ONE'S WIFE.

MAJOR KARL VON WALSTEIN .. .. .	CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.
BARON MULDRIF .. .. .	COL. STUART.
COUNT MUFFENHANSSEN .. .. .	F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.
BARONESS MULDRIF .. .. .	MRS. STUART.
GERTRUDE .. .. .	MISS HAMILTON.

March 18th & 31st.

THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX.

(AN OPERETTA.)

Composed for Her Excellency The Countess of Dufferin's Private Theatricals,  
By F. W. Mills, Esq.

Libretto by . . . F. Dixon, Esq.

COMTESSE DE BEAUDRY .. .. .	MRS. ANGLIN.
MARIE .. .. .	MISS ADELE KIMBER.
THE MAYOR OF ST. BRIEUX .. .. .	E. KIMBER, Esq.
CHARLES DUVAL .. .. .	J. H. PLUMMER, Esq.
MONSIEUR BOUILLET .. .. .	E. GINGRAS, Esq.
PIERRE .. .. .	P. B. DOUGLAS, Esq.
GENDARME .. .. .	C. BRODIE, Esq.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS, BLACKSMITHS, &c. :

MRS. SHEPPARD.	J. CUNNINGHAM STEWART, Esq.
MRS. FOREST.	W. A. BLACKMORE, Esq.
MRS. MORE.	F. DORE, Esq.
MRS. CORBETT.	H. G. DUNLEVIE, Esq.
MISS POWELL.	G. COCHRANE, Esq.
MISS FELLOWES.	W. R. MAJOR, Esq.
MISS THOMPSON.	SIDNEY SMITH, Esq.

MISS POETTER.

A STORM IN A TEA\_CUP.

MRS. FELIX SUMMERLY .. .. .	MRS. STUART.
MR. FELIX SUMMERLY.. .. .	CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.
THEIR JEWEL OF A SERVANT .. .. .	MISS. K. HAMILTON.
THEIR RESPECTED PARENT .. .. .	C. BRODIE, Esq.

4th.

KIMBER, ESQ.  
ESQ., A.D.C.  
LAUGH, R.E.  
BRODIE, ESQ.  
RS. STUART.  
FELLOWES.

1876.

March 29th and April 8th.

SCHOOL.

JACK POYNTZ	.. ..	F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.
BEAN FARINTOSH	.. ..	E. KIMBER, Esq.
MR. KRUX	.. ..	C. BRODIE, Esq.
DR. SUTCLIFFE	..	COL. THE HON. E. G. P. LITTLETON.
LORD BEAUFOY	.. ..	CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.
NAOMI TIGHE	..	H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
BELLA	.. ..	MISS STANTON.
MRS. SUTCLIFFE	.. ..	MRS. STUART.
LAURA	.. ..	HON. MRS. LITTLETON.
TILLY	.. ..	MISS LEMOINE.
MILLY	.. ..	MISS A. HIMSWORTH.
CLARA	.. ..	MISS HIMSWORTH.
KITTY	.. ..	LADY HELEN BLACKWOOD.
FANNY	.. ..	VISCOUNT CLANDEBOYE.
HETTY	.. ..	HON. TERENCE BLACKWOOD.

A HAPPY PAIR.

MRS. HONEYTON	..	H.E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
MR. HONEYTON	.. ..	F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.

RD, A.D.C.  
OL. STUART.  
SQ., A.D.C.  
ES. STUART.  
HAMILTON.

31st.

X.

Centricals,

ANGLIN.  
KIMBER.  
ER, ESQ.  
ER, ESQ.  
AS, ESQ.  
AS, ESQ.  
E, ESQ.

Esq.

TART.  
D.C.  
TON.  
Esq.

1877.

February 21st & 28th.

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

CAPT. AMERSFORT .. .. .	COL. HON. E. G. P. LITTLETON.
PETER SPYK .. .. .	E. KIMBER, ESQ.
SWYZEL .. .. .	N McLEAN, ESQ.
DELVE .. .. .	C. BRODIE, ESQ.
ERNESTINE ROSENDAAL..	H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
GERTRUDE .. .. .	.. MISS ADELE KIMBER.

OUR WIFE.

MARQUIS DE LIGNY .. .. .	F. HAMILTON, ESQ., A.D.C.
COUNT DE BRISSAC .. .. .	CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.
POMARET .. .. .	E. KIMBER, ESQ.
DUMONT.. .. .	C. BRODIE, ESQ.
MUSKETEER .. .. .	N. McLEAN, ESQ.
ROSINE .. .. .	H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
MARIETTE .. .. .	.. MISS A. HIMSWORTH.

March 14th & 24th.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

PROSPER COURAMONT .. .. .	F. HAMILTON, ESQ., A.D.C.
BARON DE LA GLACIÈRE .. .. .	CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.
BRISEMOUCHE .. .. .	C. BRODIE, ESQ.
ANATOLE .. .. .	E. KIMBER, ESQ.
BAPTISTE .. .. .	CAPT. SELBY SMYTH, A.D.C.
Mlle. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE	H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.
LOUISE DE LA G ACIÈRE .. .. .	.. MISS STANTON.
MATHILDE .. .. .	.. MISS ADELE KIMBER.
Mlle. ZENOBIE .. .. .	.. MRS. STUART.
M <sup>ME</sup> DUPONT .. .. .	.. MISS LEMOINE.
M <sup>ME</sup> JULIE .. .. .	.. MISS A. HIMSWORTH.

MA  
SAM  
BER  
MR.  
BER  
SECK  
GAN  
LILIA  
LADY  
MRS.  
FANN  
MRS.  
  
MR. H  
WILCO  
MISS J  
RUTH  
  
DRIES, STA

1878.

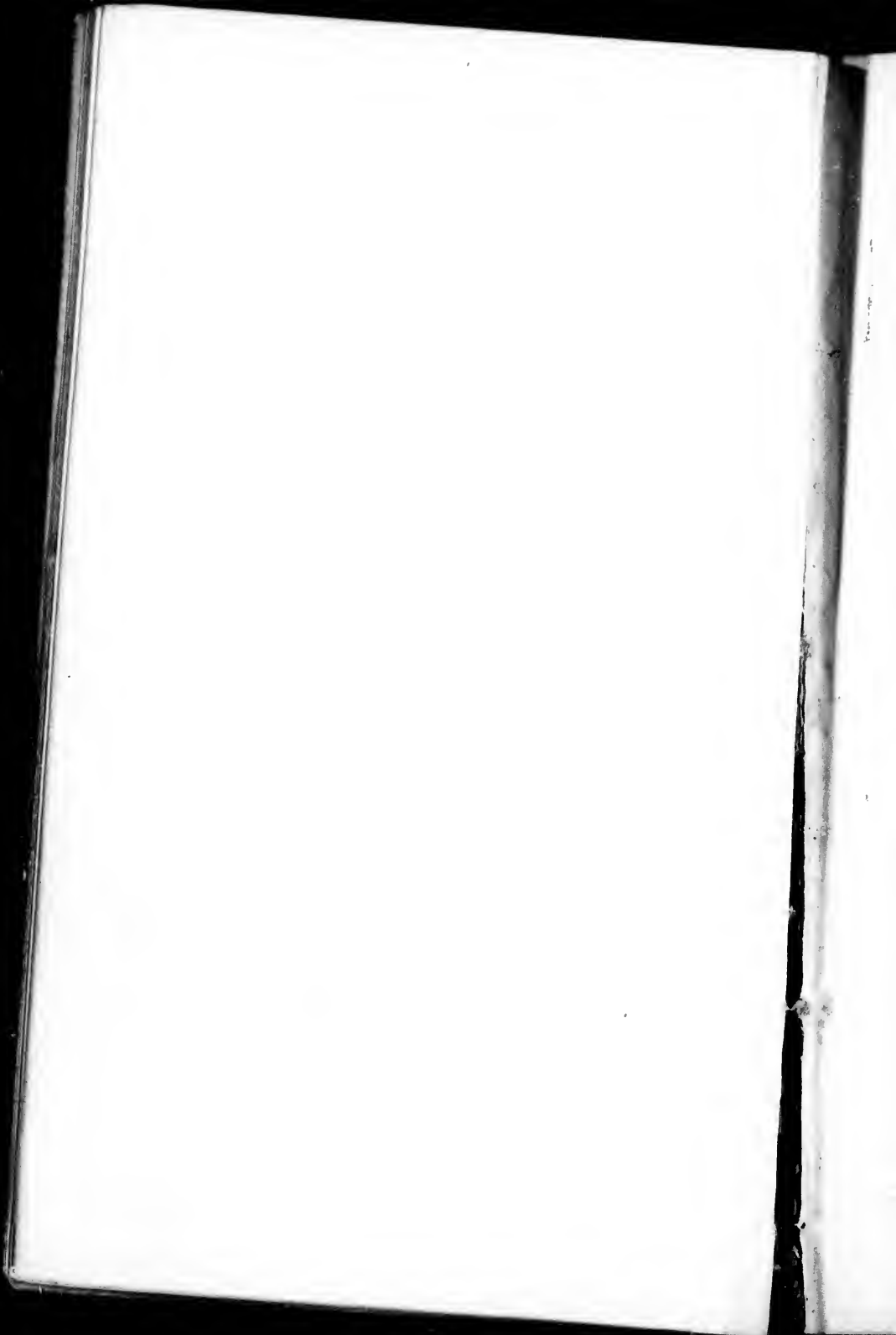
*April 2nd & 5th.*

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

MARMADUKE VAVASOUR .. .. . COL. STUART.  
SAMUEL BROWN .. .. . CAPT. F. WARD, A.D.C.  
BERTIE FITZ-URSE .. .. . F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.  
MR. BUNTER .. .. . C. BRODIE, Esq.  
BERTHOLD BLASENBALG .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.  
SECKER .. .. . CAPT. SELBY SMYTH, A.D.C.  
GANTRY .. .. . G. R. MAJOR, Esq.  
LILIAN VAVASOUR .. H.E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.  
LADY MATILDA VAVASOUR .. .. . MISS STANTON.  
MRS. BUNTER .. .. . MRS. LEMOINE.  
FANNY BUNTER.. .. . MISS FELLOWES.  
MRS. BRILL .. .. . MISS LEMOINE.

SWEETHEARTS.

MR. HARRY SPREADBROW .. F. HAMILTON, Esq., A.D.C.  
WILCOX .. .. . E. KIMBER, Esq.  
MISS JENNIE NORTHCOTE  
H. E. THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.  
RUTH .. .. . MISS COCKBURN.



# TO OBLIGE BENSON.

**■ Comedietta**

IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH VAUDEVILLE,

“UN SERVICE À BLANCHARD”

BY

TOM TAYLOR.

*Author of A Trip to Kissengen, Diogenes and his Lantern, The Philosopher's Stone, The Vicar of Wakefield, To Parents and Guardians, Our Clerks, Little Red Riding Hood, &c., &c.; and one of the Authors of Masks and Faces, Plot and Passion, Slave Life, Two Loves and a Life, &c., &c. &c.*

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, on Monday,  
March 6, 1854.*

---

### CHARACTERS.

MR. BENSON (*a Barrister*)..... MR. EMBRY.  
MR. TROTTER SOUTHDOWN (*his Friend*)..... MR. F. ROBSON.  
MR. JOHN MEREDITH (*a Pupil of Mr. Benson's*)MR. LESLIE.  
MRS. BENSON..... MISS WYNDHAM.  
MRS. TROTTER SOUTHDOWN..... MRS. STIRLING.

---

TIME—THE PRESENT DAY.

SCENE—MR. BENSON'S HOUSE IN THURLOW SQUARE.

*Time of Representation Fifty-three Minutes.*

---

### COSTUMES.

*Mr. Benson*—Frock-coat, buff waistcoat, and grey trousers.

*Mr. Trotter Southdown*—Shooting or fishing coat, waistcoat, and trousers, all of small black and white plaid, drab cloth boots, drab hat.

*Mr. Meredith*—Dark frock-coat, fancy drab waistcoat, and trousers, black hat.

*Mrs. Benson*—Handsome morning dress, silk apron.

*Mrs. Southdown*—Morning walking dress, fashionable bonnet, china crape shawl.

Monday,

MERRY.  
ROBSON.  
ESLIE.  
WYNDHAM.  
FURLING.

SQUARE.

trousers.

at, waist-  
laid, drab

coat, and

on.

shionable

## TO OBLIGE BENSON.

SCENE.—A DRAWING-ROOM.

*Door in flat c., backed by another chamber. Door R. 2 E. Window (practicable) with curtains, R. 3 E. Door, L. 3 E. Practicable fire-place, with fire, fender, fire-irons, hearth-rug, &c., L. 2 E. Chimney-piece, with glass, china ornaments, vases, and French clock. Round table, E. H. with books, knick-knacks, blotting book, 3 sheets of letter paper, 3 pens, and ink. Chair near table. Chairs about stage. Table at back, (against flat) L.H. A chair (to break) near it. Easy chair by fire-place; carpet down; on ottoman in c. of stage.*

*Enter MEREDITH, L.C.*

MEREDITH. Not here! I am sorry for that—no, I am not—I'm glad; it will give me time to collect myself before I face her. I am overwhelmed with anxiety until I know the result of my letter. She can't be offended at it—yet, if she should, the consequences may be awful. It's wrong!—of course, I know it's wrong. I didn't pay Benson a hundred guineas for leave to fall in love with his wife—his adorable wife—whom her parchment-faced husband leaves all day by herself, while he's rummaging Reports in Chambers, or retailing them in the Queen's Bench. To see an angel like that neglected in this way is enough of itself to set an inflammable fellow in a blaze—and I *am* inflammable—I glory in it. She certainly is not annoyed at my attentions, or she'd never have written me this dear letter, (*takes it out*) the answer to which I slipped into her glove so cleverly at the pic-nic in Bushey Park yesterday. I shall hear what she says to it this morning. Of course I was



bound to call to enquire whether she hasn't caught any cold (*looks off at door, L. 3 E.*) Eh!—here she comes!—no, confound it! it's Benson

*Enter BENSON, L. D. 3 E.*

BENSON. Ah! Meredith, my boy! What good wind blows you here, all the way from the Temple? (*goes to R. of fire-place*)

MER. Eh? I—I—saw my uncle yesterday. (*L. of fire-place*)

BEN. What! the Captain?—old Trueblue, eh?

MER. Yes; and he will be delighted to let you have his cottage at Ventnor for the long vacation.

BEN. Capital!—and the figure?

MER. What you offered—fifty guineas for the three months.

BEN. Bravo!—Carry will be delighted with Ventnor—the cottage is delightfully situate, isn't it?

MER. Delightfully. You can catch your own lobsters out of the dining-room windows.

BEN. I don't know that that will be any recommendation—to her, I mean. But, remember, not a hint to Mrs. Benson that I pay for the place—she fancies it a delicate attention of yours—and she's so afraid of our spending too much money.

MER. You may depend on my keeping the secret.

BEN. And what are you going to do with yourself this long vacation?

MER. I hardly know. I shall probably be in the Isle of Wight part of the time.

BEN. Look us up, look us up. Carry will be delighted to see you—you're a bit of a favourite with Carry, I can tell you.

MER. (*aside*) I hope so.

BEN. Here she is! (*crosses to R.*) Not a word of the money for the cottage.

*Enter MRS. BENSON, R. D. 2 E.*

MRS. B. Good morning, Mr. Meredith! (*R.*)

MER. (*L.*) Good morning! I hope you caught no cold at Bushey yesterday?

MRS. B. Oh, no! What a charming day we had!—I enjoyed it so much.

MER. (*aside*) Bravo!—she's not offended. I never had a more delightful afternoon.

MRS. B. Yes—the chesnuts were lovely.

MER. I didn't look at them. (*significantly*)

MRS. B. Indeed!

BEN. Ah! Meredith's like me—no taste for green trees and white blossoms. Law calf's the colour—eh, Meredith? But, what do you think, Carry? Here's Meredith offers us that pretty cottage of the captain's—his uncle's, you know—at Ventnor, for the long vacation.

MRS. B. Oh, how very kind of Mr. Meredith! Such a lovely spot!

BEN. And not content with that, he's brought you a box for the Opera to-morrow night.

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Meredith!

BEN. (*aside to MEREDITH*) You twig! Take one at Mitchell's. Hush! (*passes his purse to him slyly*)

MRS. B. But, my dear, we are trespassing on Mr. Meredith's kindness.

BEN. Not a bit of it. He knows you adore the Opera, and he can always get boxes given him. Can't you, Meredith?

MER. Oh, yes. I've some friends connected with the press. It's only asking them.

MRS. SOUTHDOWN. (*without L. C.*) In the drawing-room! Oh, very well.

BEN. It's Mrs. Southdown, Carry.

*Enter* MRS. SOUTHDOWN, C. D., MEREDITH *retires up to fire-place*

Ah! Mrs. Southdown!

MRS. S. (C.) Good morning, Mr. Benson, (*shaking hands with him, L. C., he goes up, C., and comes down again, B. H.*) Well, Carry! (*kissing Mrs. B.*)

MRS. B. How well you are looking, dear.

MRS. S. I've come to restore stolen goods, Carry. Only think, I carried off your gloves from Bushey, yesterday; picked 'em up off the grass when you went for a stroll, and put 'em on instead of my own. Here they are. (*gives gloves*)

MER. *She had her gloves!*

MRS. B. Thank you. I couldn't imagine what had become of them. And you enjoyed your pic-nic?

MRS. S. Oh, enormously! (*sees MEREDITH, aside*) There he is. But only conceive, Carry. I made a conquest.

BEN. 'Gad, I don't wonder at it.

MRS. B. A conquest, dear?

MRS. S. "Veni, vidi, vici!" That's right, isn't it, Mr. Benson?

BEN. Quite. It was a letter of Cæsar's to the Senate. It means, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

MRS. S. Only think, dear, of my getting a regular declaration—popped ~~as~~ neatly—the gentleman thought I was a widow, I suppose.

MRS. B. But who was it? Do tell me.

MRS. S. Oh no, that wouldn't be fair. I hardly know him; and I don't want to make the poor man ridiculous.

MER. (*aside*) A pretty mess I've made of it.

MRS. S. You never read anything like his letter (*pretends to see MEREDITH*)—Ah, Mr. Meredith, good morning! I didn't see you.—It was the silliest namby-pamby stuff—

BEN. Ah! so they always are, these love-letters. I've had lots through my hands in actions for breach. They always amuse the jury amazingly.

MRS. B. But Mr. Southdown was there. If he had seen you receive such a letter—

MRS. S. Oh, Trotter was asleep, under the horse-cheshnuts. He always goes to sleep after dinner, you know.

BEN. What a capital idea! Southdown peaceably snoring while his wife was receiving a billet-doux. Isn't it a good notion, Meredith? Ha! ha! ha!

MRS. B. I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Benson.

BEN. And where is Southdown this morning? Snoring still, I suppose.

MRS. S. He? Oh dear, no. He was off by eight o'clock this morning to his model farm, at Willesden.

BEN. Farm! Now how a sensible man of business, like Southdown, can take any pleasure in farming!—

MRS. S. Oh, it's his passion. We all have our passions, you know, Mr. Meredith. Always some little pet wickedness. Lucky where they're nothing worse than absurd.

MER. (*aside*) Confound it! She's quizzing me.

MRS. S. He is to grow turnips as big as balloons, and feed oxen so fat they can't walk, and raise mangold-wurzel upon deal tables; and, in short, to make his fortune

in the most wonderful way,—in the long run. Only it's very expensive—in the meanwhile.

BEN. Throwing his money away, and neglecting his wife for such humbug as that! I have no patience with him. I say, Meredith, I wish you would just come into my study—I've had the papers in Griggs and Griffin up from chambers. There's the prettiest point I want to show you. *(going up to door R 2 E.)*

MER. Very well. *(Aside to Mrs. S., as he crosses behind to R.H.)* I must have five minutes conversation with you, ma'am.

MRS. S. *(aside to him)* With all my heart.

BEN. *(to Mrs. S.)* I shall find you here in a quarter of an hour?

MRS. S. Yes. I've come to spend the morning with Carry.

BEN. Come along, Meredith. We shall put Griggs out of court. He's made the most tremendous blunder in his declaration.

*Exit, BENSON, R.D.2.E.*

MER. *(aside)* Confound it! So have I!

*Exit MEREDITH, R.D. 2 E.*

MRS. B. *(sitting down R.)* Well dear, here we are, nice and cosey. What shall we do?

MRS. S. *(sitting down C.)* Talk seriously.

MRS. B. Very well. Were you at the Opera on Tuesday?

MRS. S. Never mind the Opera. Let's talk about the pic-nic.

MRS. B. And your love-letter, eh? Well, now, who was it? Let me guess. Was it a friend of Mr. Meredith's?

MRS. S. It was Mr. Meredith himself.

MRS. B. Mr. Meredith!

MRS. S. Yes, he slipped the letter into my glove—that is to say, into your glove, which I took by mistake.

MRS. B. No! How very droll!

MRS. S. Droll! You seem amused, Carry. That letter was intended for you, and from the language of it, it is clear that you have already written to him.

MRS. B. Oh, well, suppose I had.

MRS. S. Suppose you had! My dear Carry, do you know you've done a very imprudent thing?

MRS. B. But, Lucy, he was so very unhappy.

MRS. S. Well.

MRS. B. And then, I assure you, I've never given him the least encouragement.

MRS. S. You don't call that letter encouragement. I suppose?

MRS. B. Well, but you know Benson's all day long in chambers, or in court, and one gets so moped. And Mr. Meredith is so attentive—always calling and sending one bouquets and prints, and getting autographs for one's album, and giving one Opera Boxes.

MRS. S. And what does that all amount to, that you should run the risk of making an excellent husband, like yours, unhappy?

MRS. B. Oh, yes, I admit there never was a worthier man, or a kinder creature than Benson.

MRS. S. My dear Carry, I hate preaching, and I don't think it ever does any good. But really you are wrong to trifle in a matter of this sort. (*Mrs. B. is about to speak*) I know—you've only committed an indiscretion, but indiscretions may easily grow into crimes, and—

MRS. B. Oh, Lucy, you alarm me. I'll never do anything so foolish again. But what ought I to do, dear?

MRS. S. First of all, you mustn't write any more letters to Mr. Meredith.

MRS. B. Oh, never!

MRS. S. And then you must get back the one you *have* written.

MRS. B. But how?

MRS. S. I'll undertake to recover it. I'm to see him here directly. You had better go.

MRS. B. (*crosses to L.*) Oh, I'm so much obliged to you, you can't think. I had no notion I was acting so foolishly. But I assure you I've not given him the least encouragement.

MRS. S. Now, pray don't say that again, Carry.

MRS. B. I won't, then. I'll go to my own room directly, and if ever I do such a thing again, dear, it would serve me right to tell Mr. Benson. *Exit* MRS. BENSON, L.D. 3 E.

MRS. S. It's lucky Benson is so blind to everything but his points of law, or there might have been mischief here already. Ah! here comes the innamorato—so now to get back the letter.

*Enter* MEREDITH, R.D. 2 E.

MER. (R.) I trust, Mrs. Southdown, you will not betray the secret which you have discovered by a mistake.

MRS. S. (L.) I've a very good mind, Sir, to betray it, except on one condition—that you give up your most unbecoming attentions to Mrs. Benson.

MER. Ask anything but that, ma'am.

MRS. S. I shall not ask anything but that, Sir. Unless you will give me this promise.

MER. But Mrs. Southdown—

MRS. S. I will listen to no special pleading, Sir. I am mistress of your secret, and it is for me to dictate the conditions on which I will consent to keep it.

MER. (*aside*) She's as obstinate as one of her husband's own pigs. Well, madam, what are your conditions?

MRS. S. You will immediately leave London.

MER. Agreed.

MRS. S. You will not come within a hundred miles of the Bensons all this summer.

MER. (*aside*) Confound it! Well!

MRS. S. And before going you will give up to me the letter you have received from Mrs. Benson—at once—or I tell Mr. Benson everything.

MER. Good Heavens! Mrs. Southdown!

MRS. S. The letter—

SOUTH. (*without L. c.*) Hollo, Toody! Where are you?

MER. Hush!

MRS. S. It's only my husband, never mind him!

*Enter* SOUTHDOWN L. C.

SOUTH. (L.) Oh! good morning, Toody.

MRS. S. (*to* MEREDITH) The letter, Sir, at once,

SOUTH. Holloa! Toody won't even bid me good morning this morning—Eh? I said good morning, Toody.

MRS. S. (*carelessly*) Good morning, Trotter, good morning.

SOUTH. What a duck it is! Ah, Meredith, I saw you at the pic-nic yesterday, my boy—didn't you pitch into the champagne, you rogue—and didn't you pay attention to the ladies—Ah, you dog! Well, and how are you—hearty—eh?

MER. Quite well, thank you, Sir.

MRS. S. The letter—I must and will have it.

MER. I will give it back to Mrs. Benson. I havn't got it here.

MRS. S. Go and fetch it.

SOUTH. What is he to go and fetch, Toody?

MRS. S. Never you mind, Trotter.

MER. But surely—

MRS. S. Go at once, Sir, or I will speak out

MER. Very well, Ma'am, then speak out.

*Exit MEREDITH, angrily, and with determination, L. C.*

MRS. S. (*up c. looking after him astonished*) But, Sir—

SOUTH. (L.) Eh! "Speak out!" What are you up to, you two? What is the secret between you and Meredith? He looked uncommonly queer, and you're looking flabbergasted.

SOUTH. (*to herself, coming down R. H.*) I hope things have not gone any further than Carry said, but this obstinate refusal to give up the letter, and her thoughtlessness—

MRS. S. Well, but I say, Toody, you don't ask after the early reds. Would you believe it? I found three with the blight on 'em already—I've brought one to show you.

MRS. S. (*to herself*) I begin to feel very anxious about them.

SOUTH. So do I. Now's the ticklish time—just as they are beginning to swell. Look! (*takes a diseased potato from his pocket*)

MRS. S. Their eyes must be opened.

SOUTH. (*staring at her*) Eh! my potatoes' eyes opened!

MRS. S. Oh, bother your potatoes!

SOUTH. Bother my potatoes! On the contrary, my potatoes bother me.

MRS. S. Eh! yes, I've a plan to prevent the mischief going any further.

SOUTH. No—have you though? Out with it! Mind lime's been tried, and salt—they're no use. Is yours a new one?

MRS. S. A new one indeed, but I wasn't thinking about potatoes, Trotter.

SOUTH. Weren't you though? My head's full of them—day and night.

MRS. S. Now, Trotter, listen to me; you have a great regard for Benson, have you not?

SOUTH. Regard for Benson? Immense regard—I'll do anything in the world to oblige him,—except cut farming.

MRS. S. Then you have an excellent opportunity to oblige him now.

SOUTH. To oblige Benson! Does he want any money?

MRS. S. Oh, no!

SOUTH. Well, what is it, then ?

MRS. S. You must leave the house. (*SOUTHDOWN goes up towards c. d.*) Where are you going ?

SOUTH. To leave the house—didn't you tell me ?

MRS. S. Stop! you must leave the house, and then suddenly come in as if you'd not been here before—

SOUTH. Will that oblige Benson ?

MRS. S. Do wait till I've finished the sentence.—But do not come in till you hear me say : " Good gracious, here's Trotter ! "

SOUTH. Till I hear you say : " Good gracious, here's Trotter ! " I don't understand.

MRS. S. That's not of the least consequence.—When you hear that, open the door and shout out : " Where is she ? —I'm certain she's here ! "

SOUTH. Who's here ?

MRS. S. Me. And you must begin storming at me in the most furious manner.

SOUTH. Storming at you, Toody, what for ?

MRS. S. Because you're jealous of me.

SOUTH. Jealous! stuff and nonsense! I'm not jealous.

MRS. S. No, but you must pretend to be.

SOUTH. To oblige Benson ?

MRS. S. Exactly.

SOUTH. But, Toody, I don't think I know how to be jealous—I never was given to that sort of thing.

MRS. S. Just imagine I had been flirting with somebody!

SOUTH. Bless you, I couldn't imagine such a thing if I tried.

MRS. S. Well, but only suppose I had!

SOUTH. Oh—well—if you had—(*violently*)

MRS. S. What would you say ?

SOUTH. (*mildly*) Oh, I should say, " Toody likes it; so it's all right. "

MRS. S. Then you don't care for me, Trotter ?

SOUTH. Not care for my Toody ?

MRS. S. If you do, pray do what I ask you; besides, I've told you already it's to oblige—

SOUTH. Benson! Well, Toody, I'll try.

MRS. S. That's a dear old boy. Now go out at once, and come in raving like a lunatic.

SOUTH. Like a lunatic, ch ?

MRS. S. Yes.



SOUTH. Very well, Toody, I'll try; but how the deuce can that oblige Benson?

Mrs. S. Now do go, Trotter, and don't ask questions—you know I'm always right.

SOUTH. Of course, Toody. (*aside*) I've not the least notion what she means—but she's such a superior woman.

*Exit* SOUTHDOWN, C.D.L.

Mrs. S. Yes, it's a capital plan; and if poor Trotter isn't too stupid—

*Enter* MRS. BENSON, L. D. 3 E.

Mrs. B. (L.) Well, Lucy, have you succeeded?

Mrs. S. (R.) My dear Carry, Meredith refuses to give back the letter.

Mrs. B. Then let him keep it, poor fellow!

Mrs. S. Let him keep it!

Mrs. B. After all, what *can* it signify?

Mrs. S. My poor dear Carry, if you knew as I do the dreadful consequences of even the slightest flirtation on the part of a married woman—

Mrs. B. You—you, dear steady old Lucy? What do you know about flirtation?

Mrs. S. Ahem! Now for it. (*aside*) Shall I confess to you, my dear, that I have been imprudent enough to accept what I thought harmless attentions from a gentleman—not Trotter—and even to write to him.

Mrs. B. You don't say so!

Mrs. S. I said at first as you do, "What *can* it signify?" "It's only to amuse myself." "And then Trotter don't know what jealousy is." And so I fancied, till one day he found it out.

Mrs. B. Good gracious!

Mrs. S. And ever since he's been a perfect brute—a tiger!

Mrs. B. Mr. Southdown a tiger!

Mrs. S. Oh, in society he restrains himself; but at home—you haven't an idea—it's fearful—not a moment's peace—suspicions—allusions—quarrels—threats—violence!

Mrs. B. Oh, Lucy, how dreadful!

Mrs. S. Why, at the picnic yesterday, when he was lying under the chesnuts, he wasn't asleep, my dear; oh, no, bless you, he had his eye on me all the time. I'm almost afraid he saw me take that letter out of your glove. And

ever since it's perfectly awful the way he has been in. This morning he said he was going to the farm at Willesden; but it's quite possible it was only a trick to throw me off my guard. I dare say he was hiding in the mews round the corner to watch who called, or to see if I went out, and to follow me. (*noise of footsteps heard with L. C.*) Eh! that step! oh!

MRS. B. What's the matter?

MRS. S. Good gracious! here's Trotter.

MRS. B. (*goes up to C. D., and looks off L.*) Yes, he's in the hall.

SOUTH. (*without, L. C.*) Don't tell me! stuff! humbug! (*roaring*)

MRS. S. For Heaven's sake, Carry, say you've not left me an instant!

MRS. B. Don't be frightened—I'll say anything.

SOUTH. (*without*) Don't tell me!—she is here—I know she's here!

MRS. B. How dreadful! He's frantic! (*gets down to L. corner*)

*Enter SOUTHDOWN, L. C.*

SOUTH. (*comes down R.*) I must see her—I will see her—I insist on seeing her—I shall proceed to violence if I don't see her—so—

MRS. S. (C.) Oh, Sir, not before Mrs. Benson.

SOUTH. (*aside and stopping short in his violence*) I mustn't, mustn't I?

MRS. S. (*aside to him*) Of course you must.

SOUTH. So, Mrs. Trotter Southdown—so, Madam—

MRS. B. (L. *soothingly*) But, Mr. Southdown—

SOUTH. (*crossing to C. very politely and quietly*) How do you do, Mrs. Benson?

MRS. S. (*aside to him*) Be in a rage. (R.)

SOUTH. (C.) I'm in a rage, Ma'am—a towering rage—a tremendous rage!

MRS. S. (R. *aside to him*) Capital!

SOUTH. I say, I'm in a tremendous rage; because, of course—(*aside*)—what the deuce am I in a tremendous rage for?

MRS. B. I assure you, Mrs. Southdown and I have been sitting quietly here by ourselves. (L.)

MRS. S. Oh, he will not believe what you say! (*aside to him*) Say you don't believe her.

SOUTH. No, Madam, no; stuff and nonsense, Madam; I don't believe you!

MRS. S. (*crying*) Oh, I'm an unhappy woman! To expose me thus before my friend—to exhibit your insane jealousy! Oh, you'll break my heart!

SOUTH. (*goes to her*) Eh! break your heart, Toody? Come! (*she pinches him*) Oh! (*resuming his violence*) I don't care, Mrs. Trotter Southdown—break away!

MRS. B. (L.) This violence from you, Mr. Southdown, whom I always thought the mildest of men—

SOUTH. Well, I am the mild—

MRS. S. (*aside to him*) Be a brute.

SOUTH. Mild! I am mild, naturally—no I am not—that is, I don't know what I am—on the contrary; because, of course—in short, there are circumstances—(*aside*) What the deuce ought I to say?

MRS. S. (*seated on ottoman c.—aside to him*) Stride about the room.

SOUTH. (L. c., *aside to her*) Eh, stride! Yes, I can't stand quiet; my agitation forces me to stride about the room—in this style, Madam. (*walks about in long strides—then aside to MRS. S. stopping L.C.*) Will that do, Toody?

MRS. S. (*aside*) Capital! Go on. Sir, you are a brute! a tyrant! (*aside to him*) Tear your hair. (c.)

SOUTH. (*aside to her L.C.*) To oblige Benson?

MRS. S. (*aside*) Of course!

SOUTH. It's enough to make a man tear his hair out by the roots. (*he seizes his hair and pretends to tear it*)

MRS. B. (L.) But, Mr. Southdown—

MRS. S. (*aside to him*) Capital! Now, throw the furniture about and go.

SOUTH. (*aside*) To oblige Benson? (*aloud*) But I will restrain myself no longer—there! (*begins to fling furniture about in pretended rage, but putting it gently down again; flings a chair against door B. 2 E. which hits BENSON, who enters at the moment*)

MRS. S. To use me thus,—before my friends, too! Oh, this brutal treatment is not to be borne!

*Exit* MRS. SOUTHDOWN L.D. 3 E., SOUTHDOWN *rushes up c.*

BEN. (R. *rubbing his shins*) Confound it, Trotter! Trotter Southdown! I say, Trotter!

SOUTH. Don't tell me—I want air, air—quantities of air! (*going c.*) Well, this is the oddest way of obliging Benson!

*Exit* SOUTHDOWN L.C.

BEN. (*crosses to L.*) What on earth is the meaning of all this?

MRS. B. (R.) Was ever anything like his violence? Good gracious! to think of Mr. Southdown being jealous of his wife.

BEN. I never should think of such a thing.

MRS. B. He is, though.

BEN. But what's his reason?

MRS. B. It appears she has had the indiscretion to write to a gentleman—a young gentleman—

BEN. Ah! that was imprudent—it would make a strong impression on a jury.

MRS. B. Of course, there was nothing wrong—Lucy assures me there wasn't.

BEN. Oh! of course not; but Southdown found it out, eh?

MRS. B. Yes; and then it appears he must have seen Mr. Meredith give his wife a letter at the pic-nic yesterday.

BEN. Meredith! so it's he that's been playing the fool, is it? Now, why *will* Southdown allow his wife to go to such parties. A young woman like her! I can quite understand his agitation now—quite. Poor Southdown!

MRS. B. Oh! but after all, no reasonable man would get into such a passion for such a trifle as that. I am sure you wouldn't—would you, dear?

BEN. Eh, hum! I don't know. One can't answer for the consequences in such cases. As I told the jury in Bloggs and Burster, only last week—"When the temple of the domestic affections is violated, what matters the size of the breach or the plunder that rewards the sacrilegious intruder? That holy seal of confidence which cements the marriage bond is broken—the shrine of the household god has been outraged; and who can wonder if the poor worshipper in that desecrated fane, forgetting himself, should have thrashed the defendant within an inch of his life!"

MRS. B. Beautiful!

BEN. But, of course, with a prudent, steady little duck of a wife like you, Carry, (*kissing her*) there's no fear of such indiscretion. No, no. However, we must get this affair settled without going to law. You go to Mrs. Southdown, and comfort her; and I'll reason with Southdown. (*going up L.H.*)

MRS. B. Oh, do pacify him! (*going up, and crossing, to L.H.*)

BEN. I'll try. (*looking out window, R. 3 E.*) There he is, walking up and down in front of the house, mopping his forehead, and trying to curb his indignation, poor fellow! (*calls from window*) Here, Southdown!—I say!—holloa! come up, there's a good fellow!—I want to speak to you.

Mrs. B. (*up L.*) Does he still look excited?

BEN. (*R.*) No—he appears mild—quite mild. The open air has a wonderfully soothing effect in these cases. But go, Carry, and comfort Mrs. Southdown.

Mrs. B. I'll go at once. Now do impress upon him, my dear, that there's no harm in what she's done—that she wrote the letter without meaning anything—just as anybody might—just as I might. (*aside*) Oh, dear!—if he found out I had!

*Exit MRS. BENSON, L. D. 3 E.*

*Enter SOUTHDOWN, L.C. He looks round room, and comes down L.H.*

SOUTH. (*L.*) Toody not here!

BEN. (*R.*) Now, Trotter, you really must restrain your feelings. Come! you're more reasonable now, aren't you?

SOUTH. (*L.*) Eh? (*aside*) What a bore Toody's not here to tell me if I ought to go on being crazy, or not!

BEN. Come, don't sulk, Trotter. Promise me you'll be more master of yourself in future.

SOUTH. I'll try. (*aside*) I mustn't tell him it was to oblige him. (*aloud*) I say, Benson, I hope I didn't hurt you with that chair?

BEN. Don't mention it. But I say, my dear fellow, you really ought not to give way in this style. Remember, if Mrs. Southdown has been a leetle indiscreet, after all, you are most to blame.

SOUTH. Eh! what? (*aside*) Mrs. S. indiscreet! What does he mean? (*aloud*) Do you think so?

BEN. Yes—what can you expect if you neglect a woman as you do, for that humbugging farm of yours; cultivating Swede turnips, and mangold wurzel, instead of the domestic affections. A woman naturally feels piqued, and accepts attentions from others.

SOUTH. Attentions! (*aside*) Toody accept attentions! What is he talking about?

BEN. And, though appearances are against her, I'll undertake to satisfy any jury there was nothing in her conduct at the pic-nic yesterday, beyond a leetle indiscretion.

TO OBLIGE BENSON.

SOUTH. Her conduct at the pic-nic! Indiscretion!

BEN. Even that letter she received—

SOUTH. Letter!—Toody receive a letter?

BEN. Oh, my wife's told me everything—she's in your wife's secret.

SOUTH. My wife's secret!—then my wife's got a secret!

BEN. I can answer for it that Meredith meant no harm, either, in writing to her.

SOUTH. (*aside*) Meredith write to my wife!—indiscretion!—receive attentions! Then it was he—ah! a light breaks in on me. Their conversation this morning when I came upon them unawares—his agitation—her distraction! Oh, the duplicity of woman! It was to blind me—to hoodwink me—she persuaded me to get into a passion and behave as I did—storming, and striding, and flinging chairs about—she said it was to oblige you.

BEN. To oblige me!

SOUTH. Yes. But now, will you oblige me?

BEN. In any way in my power, Trotter.

SOUTH. Next time that fellow, Meredith, sets his foot in your house, you set your foot in his—that is—kick him out—will you?

BEN. Kick him out?

SOUTH. Yes, unless I'm here, and then I'll save you the trouble.

*Enter MEREDITH, L.C.*

MER. (*at back R.H.*) I've brought the letter. I must give it back or she'll betray me. Ah, Benson and South-down here!

BEN. (*to SOUTH.*) Now just let me give you a piece of friendly advice.

SOUTH. Advice! I know what you are going to say—bring an action against him.

BEN. An action? Certainly—of course.

MER. An action! She's betrayed me, then. (*retires up listening*)

SOUTH. Yes, and you shall lead for me; or, I tell you what, better still, I'll challenge him, and you shall carry the challenge. The scoundrel!

BEN. But duelling is illegal, my dear fellow Good gracious! suppose you shot him?

SOUTH. I dwell upon the idea with pleasure.

BEN. But then you'd be guilty of murder, and I should be an accessory before the fact.

SOUTH. I'll have revenge in one way or other; by the law or against it—an action or a duel—damages or death!

MER. I'd better get it over at once (*coming forward R.H.*)

BEN. (*c. holding SOUTHDOWN back*) Now, my dear Trotter, be calm.

SOUTH. Calm! Tell the ocean to be calm between Folkstone and Boulogne. There he is! Let me get at him!

BEN. You're in my hands. Sit down. This is my affair. (*BENSON forces SOUTHDOWN up the stage into chair R. of fireplace*)

MER. (*R. aside*) As I feared; it's all over.

SOUTH. (*in chair, to BENSON*) Mind, swords or pistols, or rifles, or revolvers—anything he likes, it's all one to me.

BEN. (*to MEREDITH*) So, Sir, you're here! Rash young man! your scandalous intrigues are discovered! The most dreadful consequences are to be apprehended unless you promise to leave London this very day.

MER. But, Sir—

BEN. No explanations. Your conscience ought to tell you if they can improve matters.

MER. (*aside*) Very well, Sir, I promise to leave London.

BEN. There, thank goodness, that's settled.

SOUTH. (*jumping up*) Settled! You call that settling? I'll show you what settling is! (*crosses to R.C.*) Find a friend, Sir. We shall be happy to see you with him at Wormwood Scrubs with any weapons, provided they are deadly ones, to-morrow morning at six, or earlier, if you like.

MER. A challenge!

SOUTH. I flatter myself it is;—and none of you humbugging affairs,—mere bouncers to frighten the cock-pheasants, and to publish in the newspapers. No, Sir; a challenge, Sir; to be followed by blood, Sir, real blood! (*crosses to R. and leans on back of chair*)

MER. (*goes up c.*) Mr. Benson, your friend is too excited at present to make any arrangements; but I shall be in my chambers all the afternoon, and any communication I may receive I will refer to a friend, in the style understood among gentlemen. (*Exit MEREDITH, L.C.*)

BEN. (*L.*) But, Southdown, do reflect coolly.

SOUTH. (R.) Reflect coolly? Now I ask you as a friend, Benson, am I in a state to reflect coolly? I'm wet through with emotion. Coolly, indeed! (*goes up R.H.*)

*Enter MRS. BENSON and MRS. SOUTHDOWN, L.D. 3 R.*

BEN. (R. *seeing MRS. S.*) Oh, by Jove! here's his wife!

MRS. B. (L.C. *aside to MRS. S.*) Don't be alarmed; he's quite calm now, Benson told me so. (*to SOUTHDOWN*) Mr. Southdown, here's Lucy.

SOUTH. (R.C.) Eh, my wife! Take her away. I won't see her. Put her somewhere!

MRS. S. (*crossing to c. to him*) Trotter!

SOUTH. Don't speak to me, crocodile!

MRS. S. (*aside*) Capital! Keep it up!

SOUTH. Keep it up! I don't want you to tell me to keep it up, I can tell you, Rattlesnake!

BEN. But, Trotter—

SOUTH. You be hanged!

MRS. B. (*crossing to SOUTHDOWN*) But Mr. Southdown—

SOUTH. You be—(MRS. BENSON *goes up a little, c., and down again, L.H.*) that is—I—I beg your pardon; but I'm mad, Mrs. Benson, stark, staring mad! So, Mrs. Southdown, you think to throw dust in my eyes, do you? I am a good, stupid, easy-going man, am I? But you are mistaken, Madam; you don't know the demon that is generally chained up under this mild exterior. He's loose now. Basilisk!

MRS. S. (C., *aside*) Excellent! He's improved wonderfully in his acting.

SOUTH. I've found out the wretch, Madam—the destroyer of my peace of mind—the bomb-shell that has burst in my house, and blown my domestic felicity to immortal smash!

MRS. S. (*aside*) I declare he's inimitable! (*aloud*) Oh, mercy, mercy!

SOUTH. I've challenged him, Madam; and at six o'clock to-morrow at Wormwood Scrubs—

MRS. S. (*aside*) Better and better! (*aloud*) You will murder him.

SOUTH. I flatter myself I will, in the most cold-blooded manner.

MRS. S. (*falling on her knees*) Oh, spare me, Sir—spare him!



SOUTH. You hear the Cobra de Capella; she asks me to spare him! Do you hear, Benson? Oh, I shall go crazy!

BEN. But, Trotter!

SOUTH. Don't come near me. (*crosses to R.*) I may bite—I can't answer for it I shall not bite!

MRS. S. (*aside*) How well he does it!

SOUTH. Let me go! (*crosses to C.*) I want air—I want room—don't attempt to hold me! (*he walks about overturning the furniture*) Let the hurricane rage on!

BEN. (R.) Oh, this will never do! Trotter!—Trotter Southdown! you're damaging the furniture.

SOUTH. (*up stage, L.C.*) It relieves my mind to smash things! (*breaks chair*)

MRS. S. (*aside*) He's overdoing it. (*aside to him*) Trotter, stop; that will do—you're going too far.

SOUTH. (*down, L.H.*) Ah! going too far! On the contrary, I've not gone far enough—there! (*breaks a vase on mantel piece*)

MRS. B. (R.C.) Oh, Sir!

BEN. (R.) Carry's favorite vase!

MRS. S. (L.C., *aside to SOUTHDOWN*) Remember, this isn't your house.

SOUTH. All the better! (*he smashes another vase*) There!

BEN. But, Mr. Southdown, this wanton destruction!

MRS. B. It is too bad!

MRS. S. (*aside*) I must put a stop to this. Oh, mercy, mercy! I'm dying! (*sinks on ottoman, C.*)

MRS. B. (*running to her, L. of ottoman*) She has fainted! Oh, Lucy, Lucy! (*SOUTHDOWN throws himself, quite exhausted, into arm-chair, L.*)

BEN. (R. of ottoman) Here's a pretty state you've thrown your wife into!

SOUTH. (*in chair, L.*) Here's a pretty state she's thrown me into!

MRS. B. Lucy! Oh, she's recovering

MRS. S. Air, air!

BEN. Take my arm, Mrs. Southdown. (*going, leading MRS. SOUTHDOWN up C. To MRS. BENSON, who is following*) Stay with him, or he may do himself a mischief. (*MRS. SOUTHDOWN goes towards C. leaning on BENSON'S arm; SOUTHDOWN sits sobbing in chair, L.*)

MRS. B. (*coming down L. of SOUTHDOWN looking at him*) Poor man! what dreadful agony!

MRS. S. (*aside, and looking back*) How wonderfully well he does it!

*Exit* MRS. SOUTHDOWN, supported by BENSON, L.C.

MRS. B. (*approaching* SOUTHDOWN, L.) Come, Mr. Southdown, cheer up—Lucy may have been imprudent—

SOUTH. A woman I adored, Madam! (*rises and comes forward, c.*) A woman I thought more of than my great rota бага mangold wurzel, or my liquid manure tank—a woman I'd have given up high farming for if she had asked me.

MRS. B. (L.) I'm sure she repents bitterly of her imprudence.

SOUTH. Repents! Suppose I'd been of an apoplectic habit of body—the shock would have been fatal, Ma'am. However, there's the duel to come.

MRS. B. Oh, you don't mean to say you'll fight?

SOUTH. Till one of us is brought home a mangled corse by the usual mode of conveyance, a shutter.

MRS. B. Oh, Sir, do not talk in this dreadful manner (*she puts her handkerchief to her eyes*)

SOUTH. You feel for me—I'm extremely obliged to you—oh, try to conceive what I suffer—"Imagine Benson in my predicament"—He's a happy man, if ever there was one—fond of you—working away from morning till night for your sake. Well, now, suppose a d——d good-natured friend was to come to him and say, "your pupil, Mr. Meredith, is paying attentions to Mrs. Benson."

MRS. B. Oh, Sir!

SOUTH. "Mrs. B. has written to him a letter."

MRS. B. Mr. Southdown!

SOUTH. I say, only imagine such a thing, of course you wouldn't be guilty of anything of the kind—but, suppose you had been, and Benson were to be told of it, suddenly—he's of a fuller habit of body than I am—it would be fatal to him.

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Southdown, how can you imagine such dreadful things? Now just reflect—

SOUTH. Reflect! Reflect, indeed! I'm past the stage of reflection, Madam. (*he goes to table R. and sits, taking up blotting book*)

MRS. B. What are you going to do now?

SOUTH. To write to Mrs. Southdown's family, to tell them what a wreck she's made of our once happy home.

(writes) "My dear mother-in-law—" (he smashes a pen, and takes another, and a fresh sheet of paper) No, I'll spare her mamma. "My dear father-in-law—" No, that is not heart-broken enough. (throws pen away, and writes with a fresh one on a fresh sheet of paper) "Wretched parent—" Yes, Eh! I've smashed all the pens, and used up all the paper. Oh! in Benson's study I shall find the means of putting my emotions into black and white.

*Exit* SOUTHDOWN, R. D. 2 E.

MRS. B. And all this misery has been caused by a mere indiscretion—a letter! Good gracious! To think I might have caused as much suffering to poor dear Benson! Oh! it will be a lesson to me for life.

*Enter* BENSON and MRS. SOUTHDOWN. L. C.

Here he comes, and Lucy.

MRS. S. (L.) Do not tell me, Sir. It's always the husband's fault.

BEN. (C.) But allow me—

MRS. S. After you're once married you think you have a right to neglect us. Engrossed by your pleasures—your clubs—your public dinners—your white bait parties—you don't think about us moping at home—and, of course—

BEN. But, my dear Mrs. Southdown, that's what I'm always preaching to Trotter. "Now, look here, Southdown—" I've said to him a hundred times—"Your head's always running on turnips, and guano, and clod-crushers. You don't think how Mrs. S. is bored all the while mewed up by herself in Clarges-street, while you are drilling, and harrowing, and surface-soiling down at Willesden. Why don't you do as I do?"

MRS. S. As you do?

BEN. Yes, ask Carry if I'm not the most attentive husband in the Temple. Why, when we were first married there never was a night but I took her to a party, or to the play, or the Opera. It bored me dreadfully, but I did it from a stern sense of duty—didn't I, Carry?

MRS. B. (R.) Yes, when we were *first* married.

BEN. And I should have gone on, only Carry got so economical—so afraid I was spending too much on her, that, egad, the only way I could manage, was to let Meredith take the boxes, and pretend they were given him.

MRS. B. Then it was *you*.

BEN. Of course it was, I knew how you adored the Opera.

MRS. B. And you never told me.

BEN. Why should I? To poison your pleasure? I only mention it now, because Meredith's going to leave town to-day.

MRS. B. Oh! I hope we shall see him again before he goes, to thank him for the very handsome way in which he has offered us his uncle's cottage for the summer.

BEN. Oh never mind, considering I pay old Trueblue fifty pounds for the three months.

MRS. B. You pay fifty pounds! Then, it's not a politeness of *his*, but an attention of *yours*, dear.

BEN. Of course it is! Do you think I value fifty pounds, when it's to give pleasure to my Carry?

MRS. B. (*aside*) And I thought him careless—neglectful!

BEN. I merely mention these things to show Mrs. South-down what I have always preached to Trotter. But he never would listen to me.

MRS. B. Do you know (*embracing BENSON, and getting to c.*) you're a dear, darling, attentive old hubby, and I love you very much.

BEN. Of course you do. I know that. (*Mrs. B. appears affected*) Why, what's the matter?

MRS. B. Nothing, dear, only—when I think—if you only knew—

MRS. S. (*L.*) (*aside*) The little fool! Hush! But where is my husband?

MRS. B. He's gone to Mr. Benson's study to write to your parents.

MRS. S. To my parents! (*aside*) The dear fellow! I never thought he was half so intelligent.

MRS. B. He's more furious than ever.

MRS. S. Oh, leave me to soothe him.

BEN. I'm afraid you'll find it difficult. I never saw a man in such a state as he was when I mentioned the letter you had written to Meredith.

MRS. S. The letter I had written?

BEN. Yes. Carry let it out to me, and I let it out to him. That is, I mentioned it—

MRS. S. You mentioned my writing a letter to Mr. Meredith?

BEN. Why, as he knew of it before. It was that first put him in such a frenzy—wasn't it?

Mrs. S. Ah! I see it all now. (*aside*) He's not making believe to be jealous! He is jealous in sober earnest.

BEN. (*going up*) I had better see him.

Mrs. S. No, no. I must explain matters alone. You'll make the matter twenty times worse.

BEN. Well, perhaps you're right. You women have a way of managing things. Come, Carry, let's leave the parties to settle the case out of court. It often answers when we lawyers can't do anything.

*Exit MR. and MRS. BENSON. L. D. 3 E.*

Mrs. S. Here he comes! I must open his eyes—poor, dear old stupid!

*Enter SOUTHDOWN, R. D. 2 E. An open letter in his hand.*

SOUTH. I think this will do. (*reads*) "Wretched old man!" It's perhaps not very polite to address one's father-in-law in that manner, but it paints the desolation of my mind, and will lead him to anticipate the misery that's in store for him. "Wretched old man! Your wife whom I have the misfortune to call my daughter"—

Mrs. S. (L.) Pooh! pooh! Trotter! (*she takes the letter and crumples it up*) If you must write to papa, don't write nonsense.

SOUTH. (R.) Eh! So Mrs. Southdown—

Mrs. S. (*laughing*) There, there! and to think of your being in earnest all the while. Ha! ha! ha!

SOUTH. So, madam, you're laughing! Oh! this is too hardened!

Mrs. S. Don't you see? It's all a farce.

SOUTH. A farce! say a tragedy, madam, with everybody killed in the last act!

Mrs. S. Stuff and nonsense—how stupid you are! Don't you understand? This flirtation—Mr. Meredith's letter—it wasn't to me!

SOUTH. Not to you, eh? not to you?

Mrs. S. No, of course not, but to Mrs. Benson. She was foolish enough to send that letter—the answer was for *her*, and I wanted you to act jealousy, only to frighten her out of such indiscretions for the future.

SOUTH. So, to frighten *her*, eh?

Mrs. S. Yes, by showing her to what lengths an angry husband can go; even such a kind, soft-hearted, easy creature as you are.

SOUTH. Oh, no! really I call this coming it a leetle too strong, even for such a kind, soft-hearted, easy creature as I am! So, it's Mrs. Benson, is it?

MRS. S. Hush! or Benson will hear you.

SOUTH. Mrs. Benson! oh, oh! this is too rich. Here, Benson, Benson! (*crosses to L.C.*)

*Enter BENSON and MRS. BENSON L.D. 3 E.*

BEN. (L.C.) Well, you've made it up?

SOUTH. (R.C.) Made it up, indeed! Only imagine the cock-and-bull story this abandoned female has invented to humbug me!

MRS. S. (R.) Mr. Southdown, don't!

SOUTH. Don't! how dare you say "don't" to me! Only imagine, Benson, she says, the real culprit—

MRS. S. Silence, Mr. Southdown, this instant!

SOUTH. Silence yourself, audacious woman! She says the real culprit is Mrs. Benson.

MRS. B. (L.) Oh, goodness gracious!

SOUTH. That it's Mrs. Benson that Meredith paid attentions to—that it was Mrs. Benson who wrote him a letter, and that the letter he gave her at the pic-nic yesterday was meant for Mrs. Benson.

MRS. B. Oh, Lucy! how could you?

MRS. S. (*aside to MRS. B. behind SOUTHDOWN and BENSON*) Hush!

SOUTH. There, Benson! you thought "crocodile" too strong an expression for such a woman—what do you think now?

BEN. (L.C. *aside*) It's a desperate move of hers, but we must back her up—anything to save her from his fury. (*to SOUTHDOWN*) Well, Trotter, what Mrs. Southdown has told you, is the truth.

SOUTH. The truth!

(MRS. BENSON and MRS. SOUTHDOWN look astonished—  
BENSON makes signs to them)

BEN. (L.C.) Yes, Mrs. Benson has confessed all to me. It was an act of indiscretion—she has suffered deeply for her folly.

SOUTH. (R.C. *looking at MRS. B. who is agitated, L.H.*) Is it possible? Well, I declare—I see she is agitated!

MRS. S. (R. *aside to TROTTER*) Will you hold your tongue?

SOUTH. Don't speak to me, hyæna! (to BENSON) But you believe this?

BEN. Of course I do. What can you expect; I neglected her for my briefs as you did for your turnips. Meredith was all attention, all politeness; in short, it was as much my fault as hers—I admit it. She has told me all, and we've made it up again—haven't we, my darling?

MRS. B. (L.) Oh, my dear—

BEN. (*aside*) Forgive my involving you—but it's to save your friend.

*Enter MEREDITH, L.C.*

Here he is! Will an avowal from his own lips satisfy you? (to SOUTHDOWN)

MER. (C.) Tired of waiting in chambers, Sir, I am come to know—

BEN. Sir, circumstances have changed since you were last here. (*significantly*) My wife, Sir, has acknowledged to having written you a letter—I sav, Sir, my wife—

MER. (*aside*) She must have confessed. Well, Sir—

BEN. You confirm my wife's acknowledgment—

MER. As she has admitted the fact, Sir, I have no choice—

BEN. (*aside*) He understands exactly! I must insist, Sir, on your giving me back the letter—my wife's letter!

MER. (*aside*) Give it to him. Mr. Benson, it is impossible!

BEN. I insist on having it! (*aside*) or Southdown may catch sight of the writing. Come, Sir—the letter!

MER. I've burnt it.

MRS. S. (*aside to MEREDITH*) A capital thought.

BEN. (*aside*) Deucedly well imagined!

MEREDITH *slides the letter into* MRS. SOUTHDOWN'S hand.

MRS. SOUTHDOWN *approaches the fire-place.*

SOUTH. (*up stage R.H.*) I saw him pass it to my wife (*aside*)

BEN. Well, as it's burnt, of course you can't return it—so let's say no more about the matter. I forgive you (*aside to MEREDITH*) Shake hands—shake hands!

MER. (*shaking hands with BENSON*) With all my heart! (*goes up c.—aside*) Hang me, if I understand it!

*Exit MEREDITH, L.C.*

SOUTHDOWN *crosses to fire-place.*

BEN. (*crosses to R.*) (*to SOUTHDOWN*) There, Trotter! are you convinced now?

SOUTH. (L.) I'll soon show you. Mrs. Southdown!—Madam!—have the kindness to give me that letter!

MRS. S. (L.C.) What letter?

BEN. (R.) Didn't you hear Meredith say he had put it in the fire?

SOUTH. Humbug! The letter, Madam! I command you, by all the majesty of an offended husband! (MRS. SOUTHDOWN *passes the letter to MRS. BENSON*) There, now! she's given the letter to your wife!

MRS. B. No, no!

MRS. B. *trying to conceal the letter, drops it.* BENSON *seizes it.*

SOUTH. Ah! now you've got it!

BEN. I?—what an idea!

SOUTH. (*goes round behind him, and seizes his hand, with the letter in it, R.*) There!

BEN. (R.C.) Well, I have got it!—what then?

SOUTH. (R.) Let me read it—I insist on reading—it's my right! (*trying to take the letter from BENSON'S GRASP*)

BEN. What right can you have to read a letter written by my wife? I am the only person who has any right to violate her secrets. (*takes letter, as if going to open it*)

MRS. B. (L. C. *grasping BENSON'S ARM*) Oh, Mr. Benson!

BEN. (*to her*) Capital! Appear terrified! (*aloud*) No, Mrs. Benson, don't be alarmed—when Benson forgives, he forgives entirely. My generosity doesn't stop half way. (BENSON *crosses to the fire-place, lights the letter and lets it fall, burning, into the fender*) There! (*crosses back again to R. C.*)

MRS. B. (L. C.) Oh, Sir! (*as BENSON crosses*)

MRS. S. (*aside L.*) She's saved!

SOUTH. (*has quickly crossed behind to fire-place, snatched up the burning letter, throws it down L. H. and stamps on it*) Ah! we'll see!

BEN. (*putting MRS. B. round to R.*) There's an example for you, Trotter—I have forgiven my wife, though she had committed an indiscretion. Forgive yours—who hasn't. Come!

MRS. S. (L. C.) Ah! there are two words to that. Suppose I refuse to forgive him?

BEN. Oh, but he shall ask your pardon on his knees.



(*crosses to L. C.*) Come, Trotter, down on your marrowbones. (*he forces TROTTER on to his knees*) (*to MRS. S.*) Behold him at your feet! (*crosses behind to R. C.*)

SOUTH (*on his knees*) If I could only find out the truth! (*picks up remnant of letter and looks at it*) Oh! there's some of the writing still legible! Oh! oh, my wig!

BEN. (R. C.) What's the matter?

SOUTH. (L.) A sudden emotion! (*aside*) It's Mrs. BENSON'S head after all! (*to MRS. S.*) Then, it was—

MRS. S. (L. C.) Yes.

SOUTH. Oh!

BEN. (R. C.) Come, forget and forgive—follow our example—make it up. (*kisses MRS. BENSON*) Poor deluded Southdown!

SOUTH. With pleasure—with a very great deal of pleasure. Toody! (*kisses MRS. S., then rises from his knees*) Poor innocent BENSON!

BEN. And now we've happily made up our quarrel. Oblige me—(*to Mrs. SOUTHDOWN*)

SOUTH. (L.) Oblige Benson—

BENSON (R. C.) With a moral?

MRS. SOUTHDOWN (*advancing a little, L. C.*)

Oh, wives! mind, billet-doux are dangerous things;  
Use Hymen's torch to burn off Cupid's wings.  
Husbands! if notes meant for your wives are sent you,  
Don't read, or the *contents* may *discontent* you.  
Youths! who post loves in gloves, care it demands,  
That loves and gloves shall both reach the right hands;  
Or you may find—'tis no uncommon case—  
The gloves misfits, and the loves out of place!

BENSON (R. C.) Well summed up.

MRS. BENSON (R., *pointing to audience*)

To sum up's the judge's task.

BENSON (*to SOUTHDOWN*)

You'll oblige me—their verdict if you'll ask.

SOUTHDOWN (L., *MRS. S.*)

Toody!—our fate pray take the House's sense on.

MRS. SOUTHDOWN (*to Audience*)

You'll oblige, Trotter—

SOUTHDOWN.

By obliging Benson!

R.H. MRS. B., BENSON, MRS. SOUTH. SOUTH., L.H.

owbones.  
hold him  
he truth!  
e's some  
t's Mrs.  
s—  
our ex-  
deluded  
pleasure.  
) Poor  
el.  
ings;  
ent you,  
ands,  
hands;  
s task.  
k.  
se on  
!  
.H.

# THE FIRST NIGHT.

A Comic Drama

IN ONE ACT.

LONDON :  
**SAMUEL FRENCH,**  
PUBLISHER,  
69, STRAND.

NEW YORK :  
**SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,**  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

*First Performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, on Monday,  
October 1, 1849.*

---

### CHARACTERS.

THE HON. BERTIE FITZDANGLE....	MR. CRAVEN.
HYACINTH PARNASSUS .....	MR. WYNN.
THEOPHILUS VAMP .....	MR. STAGGY.
TIMOTHEUS FLAT.....	MR. J. W. RAY.
ACHILLE TALMA DUFARD .....	MR. A. WIGAN.
EMILIE ANTOINETTE ROSE.....	MISS LOUISA HOW
MISS ARABELLA FITZJAMES .....	MISS SANDERS.

---

### COSTUMES—MODERN.

*Dufard*.—Long surtout, dark trousers, white cravat, grey and bald wig.

*Rose*.—Plain dark silk dress, French fashion, small plain collar and cuffs.

*Arabella*.—Fashionable and stylish carriage dress.

---

*This piece is the property of Mr. J. M. Maddox, and cannot  
be performed without his permission.*

Monday,

## THE FIRST NIGHT!

---

SCENE I.—*Sitting Room in Achille Talma Dufard's Lodging, second floor. Door 2 R. L., leading to his Bedchamber. Door 2 E. R., leading to the Bedchamber of his Daughter. Door in flat.—Furniture, (plain) Table, two Chairs, and Writing Materials.*

*Enter FITZDANGLE at Door in flat, which had been left ajar.*

FITZDANGLE. I've managed to slip up unperceived. Surely these must be the rooms—it can't be any higher, or no human being could possibly undergo the exhausting process of the journey more than once in the twenty-four hours! Yes! this must be the place where Rose vegetates with that stupid old actor whom she has the misfortune to call papa. The obstinate donkey! Because his wife happened to be an Englishwoman, and his daughter consequently speaks our language like a native, he persists in making an actress of her, and of trying to bring her out upon a London stage; but I'll—

DUFARD. (*without*) Rose!

FITZ. That's the animal's voice.

DUF. (*without, louder*) Rose!

ROSE. (*without, R. H.*) Papa!

FITZ. That's the animal's daughter's voice.

DUF. (*without*) Are you awake?

FITZ. A sensible question, to ask her if she's awake.

ROSE. (*without*) Yes, Papa.

FITZ. It's a pity she didn't complete the joke by saying no.

DUF. (*as before*) Rose!

ROSE. (*as before*) Yes, Papa.

DUF. (*as before*) *Je rappelles tu*, vere did I put my wig?

FITZ. His wig, indeed!

ROSE. (*as before*) When you went to bed, Papa, you hung it on the water bottle.

FITZ. The dirty old pig!

DUF. (*without*) Ah, *bon!* I shaft find nim.

FITZ. Egad! while he is putting on his wig, as he calls it, I've a great mind to pop in here—there's nothing like a vigorous assault, and, if she consents, I will carry her off to the continent at once.

DUF. (*without*) Rose!

*Enter ROSE hastily from D. 2 E. R.*

ROSE. Here I am, Papa, ~~here~~ I ~~am~~! (*runs into FITZDANGLE'S arms—screams slightly*) Ah! who are you, Sir? what is your business here? How did you get into this room?

FITZ. Hush!

ROSE. Eh; why, I declare it is the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, Arabella Fitzjames' adorer!

FITZ. Say rather *your* adorer!

ROSE. Mine!

FITZ. Yes; for your sweet sake I've broken off with her altogether; I leave town to-night for our embassy at Vienna, and, if you consent to accompany me—

ROSE. (*with raillery*) Indeed! I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure; (*with indignation*) and pray, Sir, what have you ever seen in my conduct to lead you to suppose that—

DUF. (*without*) Rose!

ROSE. Ah! Papa's coming: for Heaven's sake, Sir, leave me—leave the room this instant, ~~for~~, if he were to see you here—

FITZ. You don't mean to say that he would refuse such an offer?

ROSE. Unless you wish to make your exit through the window, I'd advise you not to repeat it to *him*. Go, Sir; and never again dare to—(*cross before him and go up*) Ah! 'tis too late, he is here!

*Enter DUFARD, Door 2 E. L. H.*

DUF. (*Declaiming*) " *Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille—*

*Vieux, reconnais la voix qui frappe ton oreille.*"

(*While reciting, he crosses to ROSE's chamber—not seeing her or FITZDANGLE*)

*Dit donc*—Rosey, I ave finish to black your toser pair of boots; oh! *quels amours de petites bottes!* make haste, Miss, and we shall go see Mademoiselle Fitzjames dis mornin. (*FITZDANGLE crosses behind to L.*) She have promise us her protection and—do you hear me, Miss?

ROSE. (c.) Yes, Papa, yes.

DUF. (*sees her*) Ah, you are dere!

ROSE. (*aside to FITZDANGLE, who has concealed himself behind her*) Leave me, Sir.

FITZ. (*to her, aside*) Indeed I shall not.

DUF. Oh, dat good Miss Fitzjames; she have not you talent, my child, but she is rich and fashionable, and she shall procure you a *début*; and den, once you come out, no more of struggle and of *misère*, you sallah ave twenty pound of new gown every week, and you sallah keep always a little soup and a corner of de fire for *ton vieux papa, eh, bien?*

ROSE. Oh yes, dear father.

DUF. *Bien*, kiss me—(*sees FITZDANGLE*) *Tiens! un inconnu!* Good morning, Sare!

FITZ. (*bowing*) Good morning to you, Sir: how d'ye do, Sir?

DUF. Good morning, how you do? (*aside to ROSE*) Who de devil is he?

ROSE. (*to herself*) What shall I say? I dare not tell him. (*To DUFARD*) It is a young man—who—who—

DUF. Ah, it is a young man!

FITZ. I have the honor to be an artiste, Sir, an artiste like yourself and your charming daughter.

DUF. Aha! you play de *comédie*?

FITZ. No, Sir, not exactly; I play the cornet, my name is Piston. I play the cornet in Monsieur Baton's orchestra.

DUF. De cornet! ah, I know him—I know de cornet. I know him vell; la, la, la, la, la, la, &c. (*imitating*)

ROSE. (*aside*) Ah, how he is fibbing.

DUF. (*crosses to centre*) *Mon cher camarade*, I am delightful to see you, you shall stop and dine wiz us.

ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) Papa, there's nothing in the house!

DUF. So mosh de better, he shall send for someting and stand treat.

FITZ. Excuse me, Sir, and allow me to explain the business which brought me here. I come to—to offer your lovely daughter an engagement.

DUF. Saperlotte! I am ver much oblige to you, Monsieur Piston; and so is my Rose, I am certain—*n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

ROSE. (*embarrassed*) Y-yes—yes—Sir!

FITZ. And a very good engagement? ~~too!~~

DUF. Indeed—where?—In London:

FITZ. No!—

DUF. *En province?*—In de country?

FITZ. (*markedly, regarding Rose attentively*) No—abroad—on the continent, and, if Mademoiselle will consent to start to-morrow—

DUF. Mr. Piston, I tank you ver mosh—*mais* it is de dream of my life to make come out dis child in dis grand *cité*—For dat I ave struggle—for dat I ave pinch—for dat I ave starve, and out she shall come, *n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

ROSE. Oh! yes, yes, Papa—it is my most ardent wish.

DUF. Look at dat child, Mr. Piston. Why, do you know, Sare, that from only hearing her friend, Miss Fitzjames, two or three times through the new part that lady is going to play at one of your teatres to-night, my little girl can repeat every line of it. Ah! she will make a most astonishing success.

FITZ. (*aside*) Poor old maniac! (*to him*) But, my dear Sir, suppose she should be hissed!

DUF. *Eh bien!* suppose she shall. *Ecoutez, monsieur,* I ave play all de first part in *Tragedie, Comedie, Opera and Ballet*—and *moi,* Achille Talma Dufard, I ave been hiss for five and thirty year.

FITZ. Well, it hasn't killed you yet.

DUF. Bah! I mind him no more as de boz of de fly—*mais,* ven it comes to de orange peel—*parbleu!* it is a leetle too mosh. *Et puis,* M. Piston, when she is come out I sall come out also.

FITZ. You!

DUF. *Certainement!*—Why not?—you like de *artiste* all

de better when dey what you call break your English—you run after them a great deal more when they have a foreign *accent*—now, I ave a little *accent* myself, it is not mosh, but I ave an *accent*—so, when I appear in Macbet, I sall give de, what you call, go by to Mr. Macready.

FITZ. In Macbeth!

DUF. Yes, Sare, in Macbet or Hamlet—I have not make up my mind which. (*gives an imitation of Macready in one of the soliloquies, but with French accent*)—Dere—how you find dat?

FITZ. You may call it breaking the English, but I call it macadamizing it.

ROSE. Hush! I think I hear somebody coming up stairs, Papa!

ARABELLA. (*without*) What! higher up still!—how very dreadful!

ROSE. 'Tis Arabella's voice!

FITZ. (*aside*) The deuce it is!

ARAB. (*without*) Dear me! I'm quite out of breath!

DUF. Ah! *mon dieu!* it is de great Miss Fitzjames—  
*pardon, camarade.* *Exit DUFARD, D.F.*

FITZ. Arabella here! If she sees me, I am lost!

ROSE. But, I thought you had quarrelled and parted?

FITZ. Yes, yes, but she loves me to distraction, and, if she finds me with you, she'll tear my eyes out, and *yours* as well. I must fly, but where?—Ah! this way! (*crosses R. towards Rose's chamber*)

ROSE. No!—that is my room, Sir!

FITZ. So much the better.

ROSE. But you'll find a door which leads on to the staircase—

FITZ. I shall not leave the house, my angel.

*Exit FITZDANGLE door 2 R. R.*

ROSE. Upon my word!—Did ever anybody hear of such a thing?

*Re-enter DUFARD conducting ARABELLA, D. in F.*

DUF. *Entrez, Mademoiselle, entrez!* and permit me to introduce to you—(*looking round*) Eh!—where is dat M. Piston?

ROSE. He has gone, Papa! (*to ARABELLA*) Oh! I feel so much obliged o you for coming!



ARAB. Pray don't mention it! Well, you are tolerably lodged here—it isn't very stylish.

DUF. *Non*—not very.

ARAB. But it really looks vastly comfortable.

DUF. *Oui*—*c'est ver* comfortable.

ROSE. Ah! everybody is not so rich as you, you know.

ARAB. True!—I've nothing to complain of as far as money is concerned; but, I'm very unhappy, my dear, for all that.

DUF. (*gallantly*) Unhappy!—So young!—So handsome!—wid all the world at your feet!—*Impossible!*

ARAB. Indeed, but I am, though; for the monster whom I loved—you know him, my dear—the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, has picked a quarrel with me, and vows he'll never see me again.

DUF. Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!—dat is bad!—*Ma foi*—I should be mosh sorry for any honourable man to make any love to my Rosey.

ROSE. (*to herself*) My poor Papa!—If he did but know—

ARAB. And the worst of it is that the creature has an immense fortune—£7,000 a year, at least. But, I have a rehearsal at two o'clock for the new piece which is coming out to-night. You wrote to me saying that you wished to see me.

DUF. I had that honor, Mademoiselle, and it vas to recall to your memory the promise you vas so kind to make.

ARAB. About recommending Rose to an engagement. Well, I think I can manage it.

DUF. Oh! Mademoiselle!—ten million thousand tanks!

ARAB. Yes; I have already spoken about her, and I think I may venture say that there will be an engagement open for her next week.

ROSE and DUF. (*enraptured*) Oh!

ARAB. As one of the supernumeraries in the forthcoming ballet.

ROSE. (*petrified*) The ballet!—

DUF. Supernumerary!

ARAB. It isn't a very large salary, it is true, but, in these hard times, seven shillings a week is better than nothing, you know.

DUF. Seven shilling!

ARAB. And, as for yourself, they've promised to make an

opening for you in front of the house, as one of the check-takers.

DUF. Checktaker!—an *artiste*—checktaker!—*Sacre tonnerre!*

ARAB. Why not! I'm sure it is a very respectable retreat for an old actor.

DUF. (*with forced calmness*) *C'est possible? mais, voyez vous, Mademoiselle*—I am a *comédien*—I am proud of my profession—*artiste* I will live—*artiste* I will die—but the means to live will not fail to me when my daughter shall have made her *début!*

ARAB. Made her *début!*—Where, I pray?

DUF. Where?—Here—in London—where you are!

ARAB. (*rising suddenly*) London!—where I am!—upon my word—such pretensions as these—

ROSE. Pretensions!—what pretension is there in it, Miss Fitzjames? Have you not come out, and succeeded?

ARAB. I!—yes!—but that is a very different thing, my good girl—I believe *I* have talent!

DUF. (*getting warm*) Yes—you have—and modesty also—But, Mademoiselle, I had suppose that wiz your great interest in your new Theatre—

ARAB. In my theatre! and, in *my parts*, I suppose!—

DUF. Well—what for not?

ARAB. Ha! ha! ha!—upon my word—ha! ha! ha! the idea is truly laughable—and in *my parts*, too—ha! ha! ha! Why, the man is a perfect idiot? Do you think the audience would allow it? In *my parts*, indeed—a little minikin, pale faced chit like that!

DUF. A what?

ARAB. (*fiercely*) Enough, enough, Sir!—Since such are your ideas, I'm very glad you have taken the trouble to make me aware of them, and, I have the honor to wish you both a very good morning—I should like to see you play Lady Macbeth—in *my parts*, truly—Ha! ha! ha!

*Exit D. in F. laughing.*

DUF. The impertinent!—Ah! I would mosh like to see you in her Teatre, for your talent should take away all de part from her back.

ROSE. Yes, and I could take away her love too, if I chose.

DUF. (*astonished*) Comment?

ROSE. Yes, I could, for this young nobleman—the Honourable Mr. Fitzdangle, loves me—he has told me so, and offered to run away with me.

DUF. Run away viz you!—run away vis my child—vis my Rosey from her old fader!

ROSE. Nay, Papa, you needn't be afraid, for I don't love him, and it wasn't with my good will, I assure you, that he was here just now.

DUF. Here just now! What! the young man! the Piston?

ROSE. Yes, that was he, Mr. Fitzdangle himself; but I sent him away.

DUF. Mr. Fitzdangle, de friend of Miss Fitzjames? Ah! bah! but he did not go by me on de stairs—where he is? dat Piston?

ROSE. He—he—went there! (*pointing to her door*)

DUF. *Diable!* *Exit into her chamber, R. 2 E.*

ROSE. But, father! Oh, mercy upon me! if he should find him there!

DUF. (*returning, a sheet of paper in his hand*) He has gone! de oder door was open, and he was right to go! *Saperlotte!* But he has writ someting on this paper which was lay on the table.

ROSE. A letter?

DUF. Yes, only dere is no address on him, *vois ma biche.*

ROSE. I suppose he thought the address was unnecessary. (*taking it and reading*) "I love you, and you only—meet me to night at Dartford, the first stage on the road to Dover, where I shall be waiting for you. If you do not come I'll have you hissed off every stage in Europe. Yours, as you treat me, Bertie Fitzdangle."—What audacity!

DUF. What impertinence!

"*Oh! rage! Oh, desespoir! Oh! vieillesse ennemie!*"

"*N'ai je pus tant vécu que pour cette infamie?*"

I will tear him to pieces, (*about to tear letter*) *mais attendez—* I have one idea!—yes—why not? there is no address. (*goes up to table, rapidly folds letter*)

ROSE. What are you going to do, Papa?

DUF. Give me my coat—she has insult me—she has humiliate and defy us—*mais nous verrons!*—*vite—une enve-*

*lope (puts letter in envelope)* And now, Miss Fitzjames, mind your eye!

ROSE. Where are you going to send it?

DUF. *Silence, daughter, silence!* The old lion's rouse to defend his cub—To Miss Arabella Fitzjames, Curzon Street, May Fair—give me my coat, (*crosses to L.*) my best coat!

ROSE. You have but one, Papa!

DUF. Ver well—I sall make him do. (*puts on his coat*)  
Come, we go out together.

ROSE. (*putting on her bonnet*) Go out! but what for?

DUF. (*all rapidly*) You sall come out at de théâtre!

ROSE. But when?

DUF. This ver night!

ROSE. In what part?

DUF. De part of Arabella Fitzjames

ROSE. Arabella's!

DUF. "*Allons, ma fille chérie, voici le jour heureux,  
Qui va conclure enfin nos desseins glorieux.  
Allons! oui, je le veux. Il faut me satisfaire!  
Il faut affranchir Rome! Il faut venger ton père.*"

*Exit DUFARD and ROSE D. in F.*

SCENE II.—*The Stage of the Theatre, somewhat in disorder, as if previous to a rehearsal. ACTORS, ACTRESSES, BALLET, CHORUS, &c., discovered; some seated at back, others walking to and fro.*

*Enter THEOPHILUS VAMP (the Prompter) L. H. with his watch in his hand.*

VAMP. A quarter-past two; rehearsal not begun; and this is the first night of our new piece—"The Virgin of California." Less noise, ladies and gentlemen. Ah! here comes Mr. Flat.

FLAT. (*without R.*) Tell them they must call again to-morrow. I'm busy on the stage, and cannot see anybody to-day. (*Enters R.*) Well, Mr. Vamp, are you all ready to begin? Where's Mr. Parnassus?—where's the author? He ought to be here.

VAMP. He has gone to see after Miss Fitzjames, Sir: she has not yet arrived, though everybody was called at half-past one.

FLAT. Well, at all events, you can get the stage ready, and the scene set.

VAMP. Yes, Sir. Now, Brace, look sharp. Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen; and clear the wings, too, if you please; and we shall soon be able to get on.

*The ACTORS and ACTRESSES exeunt L. H. A Landscape Scene is put on.*

FLAT. Now, quick, quick! do look alive about it. Are all the gentlemen of the orchestra in their places?

VAMP. (*looking in the orchestra*) Yes, Sir! That is—all but the drum, I think.

FLAT. Coniound that drummer—absent again! There's half the effect of the piece to come out of his drum. (*to orchestra generally*) By the bye, gentlemen of the orchestra. I shall be glad if you'll pay as much attention to your dress as possible—body coats, and white cravats, and that sort of thing; and if those who haven't 'em could cultivate a pair of mustachios or a beard, I should feel exceedingly obliged—you've no idea what a difference it makes with the public; and if your hair don't curl naturally, get it friz'd—it's half the battle to look fierce and foreign. (*turning to stage*) Now, come—can't we begin? Where are all the people? where's Mr. Timkins?—he's discovered in the opening scene.

VAMP. He's not come yet, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit him! And Mr. Folair?

VAMP. Not here, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit him! And Miss Neal?

VAMP. Not here, Sir.

FLAT. Forfeit her!

VAMP. And Miss Fitzjames—

FLAT. Forfeit her! Eh!—stop—no—never mind!

*VOICES behind R.*

FLAT. Eh! who is that? Is that she?

VAMP. (*looking off*) No, Sir. I fancy it is somebody who wants to see you.

FLAT. I can't see anybody. I'm busy.

*Enter DUFARD and ROSE R.*

DUF. Pardon me! but I wish to speak wiz de manager.

FLAT. (*taking the "Times" from his pocket, and beginning to read*) The manager—the manager is not here.

DUF. Excuse me—but dey told me dat he was here.

FLAT. They told you wrong, then. He's not in the Theatre.

VAMP. (*aside*) Admirable coolness! He's an extraordinary creature!

DUF. (*to FLAT*) I beg pardon, Sir, but I think you labour under a lie.

ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) Why, that's he, Papa!—that's he himself!

DUF. Ah—bah! I sall tickel him. (*To FLAT*) *Monsieur* Manager, I—

FLAT. Have I not told you, my good Sir, that the manager's not here?

DUF. Ah, *Monsieur*, *pardon*; but there are men in the world so celebrated dat dey cannot conceal themselves;—now, the most clevere manager in London is one of dose mans.

FLAT. Really, now—

DUF. Approach, approach, my child, and make your best curtsey to de first *directeur* in Europe.

ROSE. (*curtseying*) I esteem it no slight honour, Sir, believe me!

FLAT. But, really, I am so excessively busy—

DUF. (*aside to ROSE*) Hush! I'll tickel him. (*aloud to FLAT*) Of course, Sare, of course you are. Our *cousin*, the editor, told us he feared you would be!

FLAT. (*aside*) The deuce!—his cousin an editor! (*rise to L.*)

ROSE. (*astonished, to DUFARD*) Our cousin?

DUF. (*aside, to ROSE*) Hosh! *Tais toi*—hosh! I sall tickel him.

FLAT. Well, Sir, what is your business with me?

DUF. (*to ROSE aside*) I ave tickel him, you see. (*to FLAT*) Look at that wonderful child, Sare—a child vich I did bring up—vich I did educate—vich I did create on purpose for de stage. Beautiful, as you see; and with an immense talent, as you sall see when you ave engage her.

FLAT. Eh, what?

DUF. At least, dat is de opinion of her *cousin*, de editor—dat vat he say.

FLAT. The deuce! Is this cousin ef yours connected with one of the large journals?

DUF. Oh, yes! very large—enormous,—much larger

than that you have in your hand; and he make love at my child—he want to marry her!

FLAT. (*with great courtesy*) Humph! I'm very sorry, my dear Sir, excessively sorry—but, unfortunately, my company is quite made up.

DUF. (*in a low, confidential voice*) Yes—but if you happen to be disappointed, and, by chance, wanted anybody in a moment to fill up?

FLAT. But I don't want anybody.

DUF. (*aside*) Ah, diable! (*aloud*) She act everyting, Sare; she peform everyting; she sing—she dance—she pantomime—she play de *Comédie*—de *Tragedie*—de Opera, and all for ten pound a week!

FLAT. My dear Sir, I am truly sorry, but I really have no vacancy at present—I have too many ladies already.

DUF. And, though I say ten, she vill agree for eight—eight pounds to have the pleasure of being wid you; will you not, my child?

ROSE. That I would in so excellent a Theatre, with so kind and polite a manager.

DUF. Kind and polite! he is mosh more dan dat—he is mosh more as dat—he is de true friend of all *artistes*—he is de fader and moder of all *artistes*—Oh, wonderful man! come, you sall engage for six pounds—eh?

FLAT. I can only once more repeat that it is impossible for me to—

DUF. Well, we will make it de five—de round sum—de bank-note—five—just to begin wid—you are engaged for £5, my child!

FLAT. (*losing patience*) Sir, for the last time, permit me to say that I must decline. (*aside—walking away*) Gabbling old fool!

VAMP. Ah, here they are at last!

FLAT. Who?

VAMP. Miss Fitzjames and the author.

DUF. *Malediction!* (*crosses to L. and ROSE—aside*) She cannot have receive the letter!

FLAT. Now, then, places! places!

DUF. (*going*) Come, my child, come wid your fader to our cousin, de editor—to our cousin, de editor.

CALL BOY. (L. H.) The drum hasn't come yet, Sir!

FLAT. Forfeit him, then!

DUF. (*returning eagerly*) Eh! you want de drums—I vill be big drum!

FLAT. Can you play 'em?

DUF. If I can play him? *parbleu!* I ave play an air wif variations at the Academie Royale! ask her cousin, de editor!

FLAT. Well, get into the orchestra, then.

DUF. And, my child, come and sit by my side. (*aside to her*) So you can remark all de business of de scène without her seeing you. (*to LEADER*) You vill have de kindness—(*he hands ROSK down into the orchestra*)

ROSE. (*as she goes down*) Ah, she is going to play the part though, Papa!

DUF. Then I will show you what I can do. (*in orchestra—to FLAT*) *Dites donc. Monsieur manager!* (*FLAT stoops down to listen*) As it is to you, she sall come for four pound!

FLAT. (*rushing away*) Go to the devil!

*Enter ARABELLA FITZJAMES, & HYACINTH PARNASSUS, R.H.*

Come, come, Miss Fitzjames, you are half an hour after your time.

ARAB. You had better forfeit me! (*crosses to L.*)

PARNASSUS. (*aside to FLAT*) Have a care, my dear Sir; she has quarrelled with Fitzdangle, and she's in a most dreadful ill-humour!

ARAB. For my part, I can't understand why there was any rehearsal at all this morning—tiring people out on the first night of a new piece, when there's no necessity for it.

DUF. What airs she give herself! Prut!

ROSE. Yes, indeed!

FLAT. Come, begin, begin—for mercy's sake, begin!

VAMP. (*to orchestra*) The opening music, gentlemen, if you please. Now, Miss Fitzjames, you come in from third entrance right hand.

ARAB. (*superciliously*) Thank you, I know I do! (*DUFARD imitates her*)

*MUSIC commences in orchestra—Symphony to Recitative.*

ROSE. (*through music, despondingly*) She's going to play the part, Papa!

DUF. (*while making a note on the drum*) *Diable!* yes, I could tear my head from my hair! (*in his passion he strikes the drum very energetically—LEADER looks round at him—he continues rolling, looking closely at the part which is on the desk before him*)



PARN. (*to ARABELLA as she walks down*) My dear Madam, you don't walk right.

DUF. (*aside*) Because she got bandy legs.

PARN. You don't walk in time to the music.

ARAB. Sir, I shall walk as I please.

DUF. (*aside*) I wish she would walk her chalk! (*he rolls the drum very loud—LEADER looks round*) All right! all right!

*Second part of Symphony commences—DUFARD strikes the drum loudly again.*

PARN. There is no drum there.

DUF. Pardon—dere is two drums here.

*Symphony goes on.*

AIR.—ARABELLA,

Ah! yes; his faith I will not doubt;  
He'll to his troth be true;  
And soon, at yonder sacred shrine,  
We shall our vows renew.

Ah! yes; &c.

*Enter GEORGE (with a letter).*

GEORGE. (CALL BOY) Here's a letter for you, Ma'am. (*gives it to ARABELLA*)

ARAB. For me? (*taking it*)

FLAT. (*rising*) How dare you bring any letters here, Sir, during rehearsal? *Exit BOY.*

DUF. (*aside to ROSE*) Aha! *voila la lettre! voila la lettre!*

ARAB. (*to herself, having opened it*) Heavens! 'tis from Fitzdangle! (*to FLAT, sternly*) I suppose I may be allowed to read it?

FLAT. And stop the rehearsal again; certainly not, Ma'am!

ARAB. (*half aside*) Ugh! the brute! (*keeps letter in her hand*)

PARN. Now, pray proceed, my dear; we've passed your song; begin the recitative.

ARAB. (*aside—glancing at the letter*) He loves me! he loves me still!

ROSE. (*aside to DUFARD*) She's going to rehearse, Papa.

DUF. You sall see!

*Recitative.*

ARAB. "Now I must hasten to weave the crown of white roses, symbols of that innocence—"

DUF. (*aside*) Oh!

ARAB. "Which presides o'er our happy solemnity." (*Three or four bars of soft, melodious music; she glances at the letter by stealth while crossing stage*)—(*aside*) He will be waiting for me to-night at Dartford.

ROSE. (*as before*) But she is going on, Papa!

DUF. You shall see—you shall see!

ARAB. (*rehearsing*) "Ah, am I worthy of this honour?—yes—for have I not sworn to remain pure."

DUF. (*aside*) Oh! pure!

ARAB. (*to herself, as before*) But I act to night—whatever shall I do? (*rehearsing*) "And I will hasten to the Temple, and renew that vow so sacred." (*MUSIC. She goes up stage, rehearses again.*) "But who is that I see, sitting near my father's house?"

PARN. (*correcting her*) Cottage, my dear.

ARAB. (*partly*) House or cottage—it is just the same thing.

PARN. Not at all!

ARAB. A cottage is a house, I believe!

PARN. Yes; but a house is not always a cottage.

FLAT. Of course. (*rises*) A mare is a horse, but a horse is not a mare! Besides—we're here—in California.

ARAB. In California! (*looking at scene*) It looks, really, more like Chelsea water-works.

DUF. *Bon!*—good!

ARAB. (*working herself into a rage*) With your observations and your criticisms, it's enough to make one ill.

PARN. (*soothing her*) Nay, nay, my dear Miss Fitzjames.

DUF. (*as before*) Aha! here comes *de explosion!*

ARAB. (*to PARNASSUS*) Don't touch me, Sir! Oh! oh! I declare I feel so faint—so deathly sick—oh!

FLAT. Ah! it only wanted this to complete the business.

VAMP. A chair, here—bring a chair!

FLAT. (*expostulating*) Now, pray, my good Miss Fitzjames—

PARN. Get some Eau de Cologne.

VAMP. Has any one a smelling-bottle?

FLAT. (*vexedly*) Really, such a scene as this for a mere caprice—

ARAB. (*starts up suddenly—indignantly*) Caprice, Sir!

DUF. (*strikes blow on drum*) Bon!

ARAB. You are an impertinent fellow, Sir, and I'll never play in your Theatre again. So, good morning to you. (*going*)

PARN. But, madame, this is frightful!

FLAT. Horrible!

VAMP. Disgraceful!

DUF. (*as before*) Beautiful!

*They walk up and down squabbling.*

FLAT. You had better take care. Think what the public will say.

ARAB. The public may say what they choose—they ought to be pretty well used to it by this time. Farewell, Sir! (*pushing PARNASSUS away*) Stand out of the way, fellow! (*going to CALL-BOY, who is at the R. wing*) Call my carriage, Call-boy! (*pushing him off R. H. and exit after him in a fury*)

FLAT. (*to PARNASSUS*) After her—after her; persuade her to return, or I am a ruined man.

*Exit PARNASSUS R. H.*

DUF. (*calling to FLAT*) Non! *Monsieur* Manager; you are save.

FLAT. Hollo! who the devil said that?

DUF. (*beating both drums loudly*) De big drum! *C'est moi.*

FLAT. What?

DUF. *La Fitzjames* abandon you—but my child remain, to save you from de sky like an angel she descend; get up, my child. (*he hands ROSE up from the orchestra*)

FLAT. Psha! you're mad!

DUF. (*getting up from orchestra*) *Du tout!* she knows de part; she can repeat it dis instant; she can perform it dis moment, if you will.

ROSE. Oh, yes, Sir, I can, indeed!

FLAT. The deuce you can! well, what think you, Vamp?

VAMP. Anything is better than postponing the piece, Sir.

DUF. Postpone de *piece!* you can't postpone de *piece!*

FLAT. That's true. Well, I agree; your daughter shall play it—but stay, we must have the author's consent.

DUF. Oh, I will get dat—I will settle him!

FLAT. I warn you—he's a very particular sort of man.

DUF. *C'est égal*—I sall tickel him!

FLAT. Lose no time; he left the Theatre when he found that Miss Fitzjames would not listen to him. You had better call on him at his house.

DUF. I will! (*crosses to R.*) Come along, Rosey. Now, Mr. Manager, of course you will have de child's name painted in letters bigger as nobody else; put her age, only fifteen years and a quarter—she is a leetle more, but dat does not signify. Come along, my child.

ROSE. Oh, dear! if I should fail!

DUF. You fail! But screw your courage to de stickey-place, and be dam if you do fail! (*strikes an attitude, then exits with ROSE R. H.* *The rest go off various ways. Scene closes*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of Mr. PARNASSUS.*

*Enter (L. H.) PARNASSUS, followed by FITZDANGLE.*

PARN. I'm excessively glad that I happened to meet you, my dear Mr. Fitzdangle, for I think it is in your power to do me a most vital service.

FITZ. If I can—command me.

PARN. You'll scarcely believe it, but Miss Fitzjames absolutely refuses to play her part in my new piece to-night, and has left the Theatre, vowing she'll never enter it again.

FITZ. I'm not at all surprised at that.

PARN. But, you having most influence with her—

FITZ. Not at all. We have quarrelled.

PARN. What—seriously?

FITZ. Parted, never to meet again. We've done it a dozen times before, but, this time, we mean it.

PARN. The devil!

WILLIAM. (*without L. H.*) But you can't go in, Sir!

DUFARD. (*without L. H.*) But I must. I am the stage-manager of the Theatre.

PARN. The manager!

FITZ. (*to himself*) Surely that is the old Frenchman's voice. If they don't shut that old bird up he'll bite somebody. (*he retires a little*)

Enter DUFARD and ROSE L. H.

PARN. Why, this is not the—

DUF. No, Sare!—my name is Dufard—Achille Talma Dufard, *artiste du Théâtre Français*.

FITZ. (*at back—aside*) What does he want here, I wonder?

PARN. Well, Sir!

DUF. Oh, Sare—Monsieur—Monsieur—I pray you grant us one moment to recover from the emotion we prove in entering this the Sanctuary of Genius. Advance, my child, advance, and make your most profound reverence to the greatest dramatic author of the age. (*Rose curtseys*) Anoder reverence to de *moderne* Shakspeare.

FITZ. (*aside*) What the deuce is the old fox aiming at?

PARN. Pray explain the purport of this visit.

DUF. (L. H.) *Pardon, Monsieur*, de child explain it herself. Compose yourself, *mon enfant*. Dat great man shall grant you leetle *démande*—I can see it in his eye—in de middle of de lightning of genius dat play around his head. Oh, *mon dieu!* Oh! how he is like Alexander Dumas.—*parle, mon enfant!*

ROSE. (L. C.) The purport of our visit is this, Sir: your piece cannot be played to-night for want of an actress, whom, we hear, is suddenly taken ill, and I come to offer my services to replace her.

PARN. You!

FITZ. (*advancing c.*) Oh! this is really ridiculous!

ROSE. (*seeing him*) Ah!

DUF. (*to her*) *Diable!* I tickel him too, if he not take care.

PARN. (*to Fitz.*) Do you know this young person?

FITZ. Oh, yes, very well. (*aside—to Rose*) Have you not got my letter?

DUF. (*placing himself between them*) Eh—letter!—What letter?

FITZ. (*aside—to PARNASSUS*) Not a word.—I'll explain all bye and bye.

PARN. (*to Rose*) And you think you could play so important a part?

ROSE. Oh! yes, Sir! I'm quite perfect in it, from having heard my friend, Miss Fitzjames, repeat it frequently; and a beautiful part it is.

FITZ. (*to PARNASSUS*) My dear fellow, you surely never would think of hazarding your reputation, and compromising the success of your piece by an act of this sort.

DUF. (*fiercely*) Mr. Piston!—or rather Mr. Fitzdangle, for I know you, Sare! I sall tell this gentleman de reason why you speak so—(*crosses to R. C.*) It is dat you want to carry her off from the Theatre, (*to PARNASSUS*) and prevent your *piece* from being perform, and rob you of your triumph and your glory.—Oh! wonderful man!

FITZ. Humbug!

DUF. It is true, Sare, and it is not de first time dat you are do the same thing.

FITZ. I!

DUF. Yes, you! At the first representation of his last new tragedy I saw you in one private box talking and laughing, and blowing your nose to make a noise, and sneezing and hissing, and you put up your finger to your friend beside you, just so. (*taking a sight with finger to nose*)

PARN. Why, damn it, Fitzdangle, I gave you that private box.

FITZ. (*crosses to R. C.*) Upon my honor, I assure you, I—(*they quarrel going up. PARNASSUS comes down again centre*)

DUF. Mr. Parnassus sall see and judge for himself. Come, my daughter, recite some of de *piece* (*ROSE takes off shawl, &c.*)

FITZ. Recite what you will, I'm sure that the manager will never give his consent.

DUF. Den you are mistake, for he has give him already. Come, my daughter, recite the opening scene.

FITZ. Yes, yes, the opening is nothing!

DUF. The opening is not nothing, Sare? (*to Fitz.*) It is *all* sublime!

FITZ. Who the devil said it wasn't. (*aside*) Poor Parnassus—he believes every word of it.

Permit me to hold the M.S. (*taking M.S. from PARNASSUS*) Oh! I will take care of him. I know he is worth his weight in gold. Every word is a *diamant* (*aside*) I ticket him now. (*crosses to L.*) Now, my daughter, and do not forget, above all, to show Mr. Parnassus how beautiful you are in dat part where you find yourself very sick—go on, my child—stay—I will give you de tail.

PARN. The tale!—there is no occasion for that—we don't require the history of the plot.

DUF. No, no—de tail—de, what you call, "cue."

PARN. Ah! ah! yes!—

DUF. (*reading the M.S.—declaims*) Now for him. "No, love, dy tears—dy prayers are voice—zou will not fly with me—I will remain! (*marking on it*) Ah! beautiful! splendid! de common auteur would have said "I will stay"—but no—de great arthor put "I will remain"—beautiful!—go on, my child.

ROSE. (*declaiming*) Alonzo!—dear Alonzo! say not that the sacrifice I made for your safety has been made in vain—oh!—(*movement of PARNASSUS*)

DUF. (*observing the movement*) More strong upon the Oh! my child!—"Oh!"—lean upon your "Oh!" (*with great emphasis*)

ROSE. (*continuing*) Oh! must I remind you that it was to save you that I united myself to this demon—this fell tiger!

DUF. (*to ROSE*) Look at me—I am ze tiger!

FITZ. (*to PARNASSUS*) It is feeble, Sir!—it won't do!

ROSE. (*continuing*) That it was to preserve your life that I consented to share the pillow whereon his fiend-like head reposes—because I knew that beneath that pillow lay the key of your dungeon.

PARN. Lay a stress on *the key*.

DUF. Dat is what I tell her—lean upon de pillow!—

PARN. No, no—on *the key*—that is the point!

DUF. Oh, yes!—but, as the key is under the pillow, if you lean on de pillow, you lean on de key—go on, my child!

ROSE. Oh, fly!—fly, my Alonzo—I conjure you, fly!

DUF. (*declaiming reply*) No, no—fly wid me, or here I stay—(*marking on it*) Ah! de vulgar auteur would have say—"I remain"—but de man of genius say "I stay"—'Tis wonderful!—go on, my child!

ROSE. (*continuing*) But, I am no longer worthy of you.

DUF. (*as before*) Yes—more worthy now as ever (*stamping with his foot*) bang!—

FITZ. Hallo!—what's that?

DUF. 'Tis de cannon wich announce de break of day—I play him on de drum at night.

ROSE. (*continuing*) Ah! hear you not that soun—they come!—fly!—fly!—fly!—fly!

PARN. Bravo!—very good!—very good, indeed!

DUF. (*stamping again*) Bang!

ROSE. (*as before*) Ah!—'tis too late!—too late!—too late!—ah! (*she sinks on chair*)

PARN. No—that's not exactly the thing.

FITZ. Not at all—not at all!

PARN. (*to her*) You throw a great deal of pathos, into it, my dear—but that last exclamation, "Ah!" requires more energy—more fire—a sort of scream, in fact. She is supposed to see the executioner coming.

DUF. (*to ROSE*) Try him again. (*to PARNASSUS*) You shall save him, Sare—do not fear. Now, my daughter—

ROSE. (*resumes*) Oh! 'tis too late—too late—too late! ah! (*sinks again into chair*)

PARN. No, that's not it precisely.

FITZ. It is laughable, if done in that way.

PARN. (*pulls his hair*)

DUF. No, Sare, don't pull no more of your beautiful black hair—(*seeing PARNASSUS about to rise*) one moment, one moment; now try him once more, more strong, you leetel fool.

ROSE. Oh! 'tis too late, too late! (*DUFARD in his anxiety pinches her, which makes her scream out the "Ah!"*) (*She sinks again into chair*)

PARN. Bravo, bravissimo! that's it—capital! excellent!

DUF. *Parbleu!*

PARN. Come, let's be off to the rehearsal. It will do—it will do!

FITZ. But suppose Miss Fitzjames should alter her mind and get well.

DUF. She can't, she is too bad. (*all go up except FITZ-DANGLE*)

FITZ. Oh, I can't stand this; poor dear Arabella's a bore, certainly, but she shan't be crushed. There shall be two Richmonds in the field! and, if there's no hit to-night, there shall be a most magnificent row.

*Exit L. H.*

PARN. (L. c.) Really, Sir, I must say I think this young lady is likely to prove a very great acquisition to the Theatre, and, if you please, we'll adjourn there at once.

ROSE. (L.) Oh! thank you, Sir.

DUF. Oh, Monsieur, you are too good (*hands hat, &c.*) Oh! *quel honneur!* (*PARNASSUS about to take M.S.*) Ah! *non! mille pardons*, permit dat I ave de *honneur* to carry de colossal work! Wonderful man!

*Excunt, L. H.*



SCENE LAST—*Behind the Scenes at the Theatre. 2nd wings.*  
*It is set in such a manner that the entrance upon the stage faces the spectators. The left hand (which is supposed to be the audience side of the theatre) is a flat which prevents the actor from being seen when supposed to be before the public. People discovered lighting the wings, placing properties and making preparations for the play, which is about to commence. One or two ACTORS and ACTRESSES, and several of the BALLET dressed for their parts, are seen sauntering about. CARPENTERS setting scene, hammering, &c. GEORGE (the call boy) loitering about. They leave by degrees.*

*Enter FLAT and VAMP, U. E. R.*

FLAT. What is to be done, Vamp? What business actors and actresses have to be ill at all, I can't think. The only thing weakly about them should be their salaries. However, this time I really believe she *is* ill—and that's a great comfort!

VAMP. Yes, Sir! You know we have the medical certificate.

FLAT. Pooh! Anybody can get one who will take the trouble to buy a box of pectoral lozenges.

VAMP. It's fortunate, Sir, we have this young lady ready.

FLAT. The young lady is a novice, and the public don't like novices.

VAMP. She seems clever!

FLAT. And looks pretty, which is more to the purpose. Any old coachman will tell you that the success of the stage depends very much on the outsides.—At all events we can't but try her; and, if the worst comes to the worst, she can't but be damned.

VAMP. A dreadful shock to her parent, Sir. But the piece will be damned too.

FLAT. I don't know. The public haven't the same energy to damn that they used to have. I suppose it's the morbid antipathy to capital punishments.

*Enter GEORGE (the call boy) with hamper, R. H.*

Well, Sir, what's that?

GEORGE. It's the buckets, Sir!

FLAT. What do you mean by buckets? Oh! *bouquets*, I suppose.

GEORGE. Yes; the flowers, Sir, to fling at the lady in the last scene.

FLAT. Why, you extravagant dog—they're twopenny ones! I told that property man I wouldn't go beyond a penny—except two twopennies for a second last night—and three threepennies for a blaze of triumph. They'll not be wanted to night. Put 'em in water for the next occasion; Stay! on second thoughts, you may as well have 'em ready in a private box; and, take care the girl is called for. Many a drowning Prima Donna has been saved by a call. Vamp, come with me and see that the scene is ready.

*Exeunt FLAT and VAMP L. H.*

*Enter DUFARD R., joyfully and hastily.*

DUF. Ah! here we are at last. (GEORGE re-enters) How long is it before we begin, eh?

GEORGE. About five minutes, Sir. I've called the last music.

DUF. Pheugh! bless me, how warm I am! All is right now. My daughter's name is in de bill in letters grand size. *De public* is in the Theatre. Oh! *mon bon petit public*, be kind to my leetel child.

*Enter ROSE U. E. L., dressed for her part in the drama.*

ROSE. Here I am—here I am, Papa, all ready!

DUF. Ah, my child—you look an angel! (*in rapture*)

ROSE. Do you think so, Papa?

DUF. Your dress is perfection! Stay; you have not quite enough rouge on de left cheek. (*takes bit of rouge out of his pocket and carefully rouges her cheek*) There is a fine house—*beaucoup de monde*—and the ladies' *toilettes* are superb; you ave a leetel too much white on your chin. (*takes out small hare's-foot and uses it on her chin and face*) But you tremble, my darling! Come, come, you must not be frightful! See me, I am not frightful. Take some of dis: I find a sixpence in my pocket I not know of, so I buy you a leetel glass sherry. *Allons! du courage! de l'aplomb, de l'aplomb*, and you sall ave a success pyramidal!

*Re-enter VAMP.*

VAMP. Now, call away, George; the overture is on. See that everybody is ready to begin. The curtain will go up in five minutes. Where's the principal lady?

DUF. Here she is, Sare!

ROSE. Here I am, Sir!

*Enter ARABELLA, dressed for the part, with FITZDANGLE,  
U. E. L.*

ARAB. Here I am, Sir!

FITZ. Yes, here we are!

ALL. (*astonished*) Miss Fitzjames! (*they all go up*)

DUF. That woman is de devil!

ARAB. I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Ma'am, but I have resumed my part.

DUF. You cannot play him.

FITZ. Oh, yes, she can!

ARAB. (*smiling*) And very well too, I flatter myself!

DUF. But you sall not play him!

ROSE. Certainly not.

ARAB. (*coolly*) That we shall see!

DUF. Aha! de bil! is publish wiz my daughter's name, Madame.

ARAB. That's not of the slightest consequence—the stage manager will announce the alteration to the audience.

FITZ. Of course! where is he? (*looking about for him*)

DUF. (*to himself*) Oh, if I could but get him out of de way! (*to GEORGE*) *Dites donc*, you ave some trap doors here?

GEORGE. Oh, yes, Sir, plenty. (*pointing to stage*)

DUF. Good! well, here—(*whispers to GEORGE*)

FITZ. Here comes the manager and the author.

*Enter FLAT and PARNASSUS, U. E. L.*

ROSE. (*rushing to FLAT*) Ah, Sir!

FLAT. (*to ROSE*) My dear Madam, I'm really very sorry, but, you see, the public interests—

PARN. Certainly—the public interests, you see—

DUF. But, Mr. Shakyspear, you were satisfied.

PARN. Why, the fact is, I have nothing to do with it personally.

ARAB. (*to ROSE and DUFARD*) You see, my good people, this thing is quite impossible!

FLAT. Come, we must clear the stage—the curtain is going up in one moment—Mr. Vamp, before it rises, you'll have the goodness to announce that Miss Fitzjames has recovered, and will resume her part.

DUF. Ah, Monsieur! *par pitié* break not my heart!

FLAT. I say, Sir, you must leave the stage!

DUF. I will not! send for your *gendarmes*, your policemen, and for your Lord *Maire*, I will not go! I say she shall come out!

FLAT. Now, Sir, go on and make the announcement.

VAMP *is going.*

DUF. (*holding him back*) He shall not go!

ROSE. (*crying*) No; hold him tight, Papa!

VAMP. Silence! leave your hold, Sir!

DUF. (*still holding VAMP*) If I could but ring de curtain bell—

VAMP *tries to disengage himself from DUFARD, and makes his way towards L. H. as they are struggling.*

DUF. (*midst the general confusion*) Ah, mind your head!

VAMP *runs back and DUFARD puts his arm off wing L E, where the PROMPTER'S box is supposed to be—the curtain bell is heard to ring very loudly, and ROSE rushes on.*

FLAT. Who rung that bell? ah, the curtain is up!

DUF. De curtain is up, and my child is on de stage.

ROSE *disappears from view and is supposed to go before the audience.*

ARAB. What! she on the stage? I'll go on too!

PARN. Stop, stop, stop! would you ruin my piece?

*Applause without.*

FLAT. (*who is eagerly listening at wing of supposed stage*) Silence, silence!

ARAB. But she's playing my part!

FITZ. It is disgraceful!

FLAT. My dear Sir, it is not my fault! (*applause—resumes his situation at wing, eagerly watching the piece*)

DUF. (*delighted*) Silence, silence! she is speaking like an angel! Ah, I said she should come out! (*takes his place at the wing, eagerly watching and listening*)

ARAB. Oh, I'll be revenged!

PARN. (*at wing*) Ah! where's the Alonzo? he ought to be on the stage. (*Exeunt STAGE MANAGER and AUTHOR, greatly agitated. ALONZO rushes on. Applause.*) Eh, thank Heaven! there he is.

ARAB. Yes! your piece will fail, though! You'll see!

FITZ. It shall fail!

ARAB. (*to FITZDANGLE*) And you, Sir, *you*, who said that she should not play the part, go and get your friends to hiss her, or you never see me more. (*Exit in a rage*)

FITZ. I'll go this instant.

DUF. (*stays him*) Hollo, where you go?

FITZ. To the front of the house.

DUF. To applaud?

FITZ. Quite the reverse. (*going*)

DUF. (*seizing him by the coat tail*) What, hiss my child! *Monster! tu n'iras pas.*

FITZ. Hands off, fool!

DUF. You shall not go!

FITZ. Who will prevent me?

DUF. I will. (*Stamps three times with his foot on the stage; the trap pointed out by the call boy, and on which FITZDANGLE is standing, suddenly descends with him*)

FITZ. (*as he descends*) Hollo! hollo! what is this? help! help! (*trap closes*)

DUF. Ah! good bye.

FLAT. (*popping in his head*) Silence, silence, there!

ROSE. (*re-appearing at wing L. H., and declaiming as if about to exit from scene*) "Adieu! adieu! thou hast my love, and should danger menace, they shall strike through my heart, ere their daggers shall reach thine." (*Applause*)

(*She comes on as if having finished the scene*)

DUF. Bravo! bravo! you have perform it superb.

ROSE. Oh dear, how warm I am! I declare it is very hard work.

DUF. So it is, so it is, my love. (*gives her drink*)

FLAT. (*coming down eagerly*) Excellent, my dear Madam, excellent! but you've no time to spare—you're on again in a moment to finish the scene, you know.

ROSE. Yes, yes; but I must have my hair in disorder. (*arranging and undoing her hair*)

DUF. (*assisting her*) I will do him—*tenez, tenez*—there! shake him about; it all her own, it won't come off.

VAMP. (*appearing for a moment*) Now, Miss, the stage is waiting.

ROSE. (*resuming her tragedy tones*). "Ah! to a dungeon say

you? Hold, villain! I command you!" (*Exits on to supposed stage*)

FLAT. (*to himself*) Capital! glorious! What fire! what energy! This girl will make my fortune. (*Great applause heard*) (*To DUFARD*) Now, my dear Sir, I'm ready to engage your daughter immediately.

DUF. I should think so, for it is a colossal *début*.

FLAT. Let me see; you told me this morning four pounds a week, I believe?

DUF. £10. I told you ten pounds. (*aside*) Now, I tickle him!

FLAT. Yes—but you ended by saying four.

DUF. But I begin with ten. (*great applause behind*)

FLAT. Well, I'm a liberal man—£10 be it, I'll give her £10.

DUF. What! no more—no more than ten after a success like that? I must have fifteen. (*applause behind*)

FLAT. But £15, you know, is an enormous sum! (*applause*)

DUF. £15 and a benefit.

FLAT. Upon my word, Mr.—(*applause and shouts of "bravo"*)

DUF. You had better settle him at once, or I shall have twenty if the public proceed in his way. (*shouts and applause*)

*ROSE appears picking up bouquets.*

FLAT. Well, fifteen be it—I'll give fifteen!

*ROSE enters surrounded by VAMP. &c., bouquets thrown after her. DUFARD puts wreath on PARNASSUS' head.*

ROSE. Thank you! I thank you! Oh, Papa! my dear Papa!

DUF. My darling child! (*embracing her*) Well, you ave tickle the public—eh? ah! my darling child.

PARNASSUS. (*rushing in eagerly*) Where is she? Where is she? Ah, excellent! charming! magnificent!—Melody in every tone—genius in every glance—grace in every gesture!

DUF. *Eh, bien!* Monsieur Flat—what you say? £20?

FLAT. Most happy, I'm sure!—But come, we must begin the Second Act.

DUF. *Ah, oui, en place*—Come along. (*shouts of "Miss Dufard," and applause*) Stop—stop—listen.

GEORGE. (*entering*) Sir! Sir! they are calling for Miss Dufard. They'll tear up the benches if she don't come.

FLAT. Where's Mr. Vamp, to take her on?

DUF. I sall take her myself.

FLAT. But, my dear Sir, you're not dressed!

DUF. *C'est égal*—I am her fader—the public shall excuse me—*attendez!* (*rouges himself*) *Allons! ma fille!*—mais stop—What I see? dere is a public here also! Oh! dear me! dear me! *mais courage!* perhaps dey will be as kind as de odere public dere. I sall presume to take the liberty to ask dem!—Messieurs and Mesdames!

We've had applause behind de scene,

I've tickel dem 'tis true,

But dat, alas, is leetel worth

Unless I tickel you.

Ah, say, den, dat de debutante

Again shall reappear;

And let de plaudits over dere

Now find an echo here!

**CURTAIN.**

[sc. iv.

ing for Miss  
n't come.

shall excuse  
/—mais stop  
h! dear me!  
s kind as de  
liberty to ask

e,





T. Bayly

T. Bayly

*T. James Bayly*

# THE NEW DRAMA;

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

VOL. II.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

THE NEW DRAMA, A HISTORY OF THE DRAMA IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, BY HENRY DUNN.

J. Standa



*Florence Bayly*

THE  
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA;

COMPRISING

EVERY POPULAR NEW PLAY, FARCE, MELO-DRAMA, OPERA,  
BURLETTA, ETC., CAREFULLY PRINTED FROM THE  
PROMPTING COPIES.

EDITED BY

**BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN;**

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER.

---

VOL. IV.

CONTENTS.

YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND- MOTHER.	WEAK POINTS.
SPRING LOCK.	NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.
THE VALET DE SHAM.	BRITISH LEGION.
THE GROVES OF HARNEY.	THE IRISH LION.
A HASTY CONCLUSION.	LYING IN ORDINARY.
THE MELTONIANS.	ONE HOUR; OR, THE CARNIVAL BALL.



WITH A PORTRAIT OF

**THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.**

FROM A PAINTING, BY JONES.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.

1838.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

wh  
ver  
De  
gra  
St  
ma  
of  
pa  
al  
in  
In  
re  
se  
en  
li  
w  
w

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH  
OF  
THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

---

THE famed city of Bath is the birthplace of Mr. Bayly, which event occurred on the 13th of October, 1799. He is very highly connected. His father was the nephew of Lord Delandere, and Sir George Thomas, Bart., was his maternal grandfather. He is also related to the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and the Earl of Errol. It may be said he "lisp'd in numbers," for at ten years of age, the writing of verses and dramas was his chief pastime, and displaying a more than ordinary talent, he was allowed to follow the bent of his inclination, having the inheritance of riches in prospect, and being an only child. In 1826 he was united to Miss Helena Becher Hayes, a near relation of Sir William Becher, Bart. In 1831 his resources, through the improvidence of others, became so crippled, as to compel him to turn his love of poesy and general literature to account, and make his pen add to his comforts as it had formerly done to his amusement. His ballads soon became so justly popular, that in private and public they

were the principal attraction, and though the number he has written is almost beyond computation, every announced new one is sought after with avidity. But it is his dramatic capabilities that gives him a niche in this work, and certainly those, in their extent, are of a first-rate order, for no pieces in our edition are pleasanter to see or to read. His farce of *Perfection*, which was his maiden effort, is indeed the perfection of fun, and his *Gentleman in Difficulties*, *Eleventh Day*, *Tom Noddy's Secret*, &c., are strong proofs in favour of an extraordinary versatility of talent, and of his being one of the most popular authors of the day. He has also been a most voluminous contributor to the magazines; and his novel of "Kate Leslie," has deservedly added considerably to his fame.

Mr. Bayly is a well-formed man, five feet seven inches in height, of a florid complexion, with auburn hair, and light blue eyes.

*October 6th, 1838.*

B. W.

sq.

umber he has  
ounced new  
ramatic ca-  
d certainly  
no pieces  
His farce of  
ed the per-  
*s, Eleventh*  
n favour of  
being one  
also been  
s; and his  
considerably

n inches in  
, and light

B. W.





ONE HOUR

ON THE

THE TREATY OF 1814

AND THE

1814

BY

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.

OF THE BARR

AND

BY

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.

OF THE BARR

AND

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.

OF THE BARR

AND

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.

OF THE BARR

AND

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.

OF THE BARR

AND

WILLIAM HENRY RAY, Esq.





*[Faint, illegible text or a decorative frame at the bottom of the page.]*

**ONE HOUR;**  
OR,  
**THE CARNIVAL BALL.**  
AN ORIGINAL BURLETTA,  
In One Act.

BY  
**THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.**  
MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULPRIT," "THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER," "YOU  
CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER," &c. &c.

As performed at  
**MADAME VESTRIS'S ROYAL OLYMPIC  
THEATRE.**

---

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST  
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF  
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

WITH  
A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, Esq.  
FROM A DRAWING BY T. SAMSON.

---

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING, BY  
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE  
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 155, STRAND.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

## Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED JANUARY 11th, 1836.

---

MR. CHARLES SWIFTLY. 1st. Fashion-  
able brown frock-coat, light kerseymere  
trousers, French gaiters, shoes, and white hat. } MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.  
2nd. The costume of a Neapolitan Peasant. }

O'LEARY. Dark mixture livery . . . Mr. BROUGHAM.

MRS. BEVIL. 1st. White dinner dress. } MRS. KNIGHT.  
2nd. Silver lama, black hat, white feathers }

JULIA DALTON. 1st. Pink silk dinner  
dress. 2nd. Costume of a Neapolitan peasant } Madame VESTRIS.

FANNY. 1st. Blue silk. 2nd. Gold lama. . Miss PAOET.

Time of representation, fifty minutes.

---

### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second  
entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance  
left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C.  
right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right.  
Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

TO

LIEUT. COL. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT  
CLAYTON, BART., M. P.

THIS LITTLE DRAMA IS DEDICATED,

BY

HIS FAITHFUL AND OBLIGED FRIEND,

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

*Athenæum Club,*  
*Aug. 23, 1838.*

# ONE HOUR ;

OR,

## THE CARNIVAL BALL.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A chamber in Mrs. BEVIL's residence at Naples. A large practicable clock is a conspicuous object in the scene—a cage with two birds, a glass globe with two gold and silver fish—a table with work-box, guitar, writing materials. Mrs. BEVIL at an embroidery frame ; n. FANNY writing, L.*

*Mrs. B.* I wish you would lay aside your pen, Fanny, and talk to me ; I can guess to whom that letter is to be addressed ; you are always either thinking of him, or writing to him.

*Fan.* It is my duty, dear aunt ; aye, and my pleasure too ; but now I have come to a full stop, and as it will be in time for the ambassador's bag to-morrow, I will have a little chat. (*Leaves the table, and sits by Mrs. BEVIL.*) Besides, I have something to tell you ; who do you think is just arrived at Naples ?

*Mrs. B.* I cannot guess.

*Fan.* My indefatigable persecutor, Mr. Charles Swiftly.

*Mrs. B.* Swiftly ! good gracious ! indefatigable indeed ; I thought he was still at Florence.

*Fan.* Yes, he *was* there last week—is here this—and where he will be the next, who shall say ! I'm certain I saw him pass the house an hour ago in his travelling carriage.

*Mrs. B.* I trust he is not in pursuit of you, for he must be aware that we left Florence so suddenly, on purpose to avoid him. Poor young man, he said he loved you to distraction.

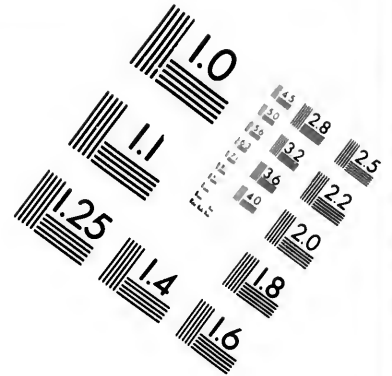
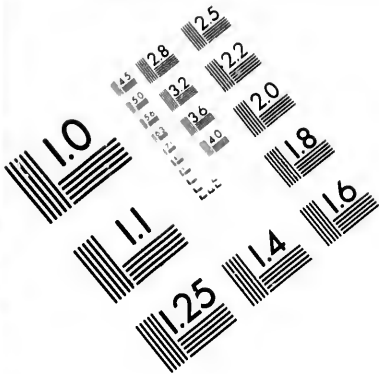
*Fan.* There is very little appearance of *sanity* in any thing he does ; therefore, were I to admit the existence of the *love*, I'd be the last person in the world to deny the distraction.

*Mrs. B.* Why, he would neither look *at*, nor speak to anybody else.

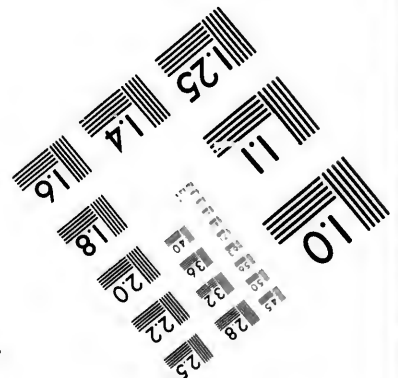
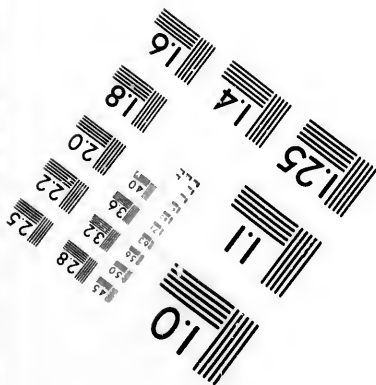
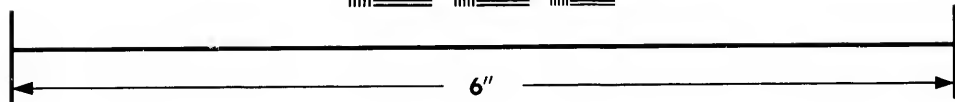
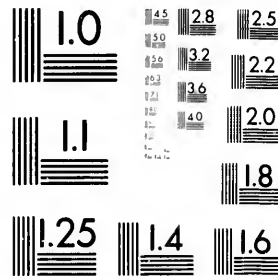
*Fan.* Because I was the only person who avoided him. He is really an exceedingly nice person ; but, situated as I am, he is the very last I could have wished to be exclusively attentive to me.

*Mrs. B.* And, why, pray ?





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

13 28  
16 32 25  
19 22  
20  
18

11  
10  
9  
8  
7  
6  
5

*Fan.* Because he is so gay, so agreeable, so good looking. Being married, and for a certain time obliged to keep my marriage a secret, until my husband has in person communicated with his rich relations in England, of course it behoves me to act with extraordinary caution in his absence.

*Mrs. B.* You are right,—right in this instance, but very wrong to marry in such a clandestine manner ; indeed I am not without blame myself.

*Fan.* That cannot be helped now, dear aunt ; but I think your other niece, I mean the niece of your late husband, my dear cousin, Julia Dalton, seemed to admire Mr. Charles exceedingly.

*Mrs. B.* Ay, but I don't think he ever deigned to look at her.

*Fan.* Because, before they met, he had been piqued by my coldness ; otherwise he would have preferred her to me.

*Mrs. B.* Would that we could tell him of your secret marriage, but that is impossible ; for were your husband's relations to hear of it from any one but himself, they would never forgive him.

*Fan.* It is too true ; so should Mr. Swiftly find us out here, I must again endure his harassing attentions.

*Mrs. B.* I wish he would transfer those attentions to Julia ; he is a spoilt child, accustomed to have his own way in every thing ; your coldness has, as you say, picqued him, and therefore pride makes him persist in the pursuit ; change your plan, Fanny, smile on him, seem more accessible, and the spell will be broken.

*Fan.* And the good old English gossips of Naples will tell my husband, when he returns, that I have been flirting with Mr. Swiftly in his absence.

*Mrs. B.* That will never do ; yet, as I am certain that he and Julia would suit each other, I wish we could think of some plan—

*Fan.* Hush !—I hear Julia's step.

*Mrs. B.* Come then to my room, and let us talk it over before they meet—come. [Exit, E. II.

Enter JULIA, L. II.

*Jul.* Is it possible ?—yes, I am sure I saw him looking up at the house : and what is that to me ? What am I about, what am I thinking of ? I, Julia Dalton ! I, of all women in the world, to interest myself about a man who certainly never thinks of me ! I'll ascertain out of mere curiosity, whether it be really he. (*rings bell.*) If so we shall have him here to a certainty, paying his addresses to the only lady in the family who cannot listen to him ; my aunt being a widow, and I an interesting spinster.

Enter O'LEARY, L. II.

Oh, you are there ?

O'Lea. Yes, madam, here be some bits of card, if you please.

*Jul.* How often have I told you to deliver them on a silver waiter?

*O'Lea.* Ah, now—and that's true; because of your aversion to my finger and thumb; but it's all along of my not being used to the indoor matters of a house you perceive: Oh, and I'll hurry and fetch the little tray—its Mr. Swiftly.

*Jul.* Your old master!—put the cards on the table.

*O'Lea.* With the fingers and thumbs!—you can't mane it.

*Jul.* Yes, yes, yes, place them there. (*O'LEARY puts down cards, JULIA looks at them.*)

*O'Lea.* Being just arrived, he laves 'em, P. P. C. like, to ask how you all are. Oh, my old master's a rale gentleman; I'm a judge, and know it—when I was in his sarvice, I looked after the horses, poor bastes, and the stable commodities; but now I'm riz to be a futman—oh hone!

*Jul.* And pray, why did Mr. Swiftly part with you? he gave you an excellent character.

*O'Lea.* Is it the character? Oh, by the powers he didn't give me *that*; I've had it all along of my very own; but he parted with me because I got into a low way.

*Jul.* Indeed!

*O'Lea.* Oh, shocking! horrid low! mind me though, and no mistake, not low in the blackguard line, but low in spirits--the heart in my bussum's as heavy as lead.

*Jul.* If anything serious is the matter, confide in me.

*O'Lea.* Confide! and is it to be confidential that you are asking of me; oh, the kindness of that, and the descention to listen to a poor sarvent's inconveniences! I'm thankful to you, mistress, and ever shall; oh, and I'll tell you my misfortunes; and isn't it a dreadful blow to be over on one side of the galantic ocean, and to have left the best part of one's heart on the 'tother side? faith and I'm crazy like about it.

*Jul.* Oh, that is all;—love?

*O'Lea.* All! its plain, and clear, you never felt that same, or you would'nt say all. Its Meary O'Donnovan, such a pet of a girl,—sells the milk that's fresh from the hen, and the eggs that's fresh from the cow.

*Jul.* And do you correspond?

*O'Lea.* In figure? Yes, she's pretty enough on a small scale. Oh, you mean write; ah no, there's the mischief, I can't; and I envy that boy, my brother Mick, his freeknowledgey.

*Jul.* Phrenology!

*O'Lea.* Yes, sure; all his knowledge came *free* at a *Freeschool*.

*Jul.* (*laughing.*) Oh, I comprehend. But now attend to me: did you open the door when Mr. Swiftly called?

*O'Lea.* And to be sure I did. Faith he hardly knew his old groom in these new jerrymentals.

*Jul.* Did he leave any message?

*O'Lea.* He asked a deal about mistress—I begs pardon, Miss—*I mean Miss Fanny.*

*Jul.* I hope you never betrayed that secret, O'Leary!

*O'Lea.* Oh, never; but, faith, he did ask a mortal sight of

questions about her, pertaining to how she was, and how she looked, and the like.

*Jul.* And—a—did he ask—any other questions ?

*O'Lea.* No, ma'am.

*Jul.* Not about Mrs. Bevil—or—

*O'Lea.* Just asked, for the sake of asking, how ould lady did ; but as he didn't stop to be answered, I take it he didn't much care.

*Jul.* And—a—any thing about *me*.

*O'Lea.* Divil a word ! he said, he'd be back as soon as he had tied his person to pay his respects.

*Jul.* You may go.

*O'Lea.* Yes, ma'am. (*aside.*) Oh, Meary O'Donovan, my heart will break ! [Exit, L. II.]

*Jul.* So, then, we shall meet again ; yes, and I'll prove my power, and having won him, I'll treat him with the coldness he deserves ; as to really caring for the man, I don't *think* I do—I *hope not*. Ah, here's my cousin.

*Enter FANNY, R. II.*

*Fan.* Well, Julia, do you know who is arrived ?

*Jul.* There are three precious little cards upon that table, which announced to me the important event to which I suppose you allude. You are in a pretty scrape, for he has followed you, of course.

*Fan.* Get me out of the scrape, by making him follow you.

*Jul.* Perhaps he may not so readily follow a new leader ?

*Fan.* I'll answer for that ; he is at present all frivolity, easily caught and easily lost ; now I wish *you* not only to catch him, but also to keep him.

*Jul.* I'm exceedingly obliged to you, Fanny.

*Fan.* Well, then, for *my* sake endeavour to attract his attention ; remember how unpleasantly I am situated.

*Jul.* Unpleasantly ! oh, you mean *married* ! yes, yes.

*Fan.* No, no, you giddy girl ; but you know very well what I do mean ; and pray accede to my wishes.

*Jul.* Hush ! (*aside.*) I accede more willingly than she suspects.

*Enter O'LEARY, L. II.*

*O'Lea.* There's Mr. Swiftly below, ma'am.

*Jul.* Admit him !

*O'Lea.* (*aside.*) I can't bring *he* up on top of a silver waiter, suppose ! [Exit, L. II.]

*Jul.* Now I shall sit as quiet as a mouse, while you two make love.

*Fan.* I !

*Jul.* Oh, in all love-making, one must listen, while the other talks.—Now for it (*goes to the table and pretends to be writing, merely bowing coldly to SWIFTLY as he enters.*)

*Swi.* (*without.*) Where is she ? where is the inestimable, incomparable, adorable— ?

Enters L. II.

Ah, here she is. My dear madam, how are you? (*bows coldly to JULIA scarcely looking at her: and crossing to FANNY seizes her hand.*) What an age it is since we met?

*Fan.* (*coldly.*) Not quite a month.

*Swi.* A month! pooh—months, years, centuries, ages! must be—seems so—at all events, seemed so to me. To you, alas! perhaps—

*Fan.* (*carelessly.*) It seems to me as if we had parted yesterday.

*Swi.* I thought you'd say so, and yet I ought to say it seems but yesterday; I give you my honour I never ate or drank since.

*Fan.* Not eat or drink for a month?

*Swi.* Nothing whatever!—that is, except little bits of snacks, and absolutely necessary drops of comfort;—merely satisfied the cravings of appetite, nothing more; no dinners, no suppers, no meals of any kind.

*Jul.* (*aside.*) Poor little man! he keeps up his stamina wonderfully.

*Swi.* And as for sleep, I positively have not slept; wouldn't let any body else sleep; walked about the house, up-stairs, down-stairs, here, there, and every where; drove my landlady distracted. Ever since you left Florence, my night-cap has hung upon a peg.

*Jul.* (*without looking from her paper.*) Almost enough to make you hang yourself upon another, sir?

*Swi.* (*starting.*) Madam! Who's there! I beg pardon; I forgot there was any body else in the room.

*Jul.* Oh, don't mind me—I'm writing letters.

*Swi.* (*to Fanny.*) Don't you observe how thin I'm grown?

*Fan.* No, indeed—your figure was always slight.

*Jul.* Oh, yes; very slight, almost equivalent to nothing at all.

*Swi.* Madam! Oh, *now*—yes, yes, *now* I'm very thin, emaciated, a living skeleton; my bones rattle as I walk. *Your doing, ma'am, all your doing!* (*JULIA laughs. "Ha, ha—a walking rattle!"* *SWIFTLY aside to FANNY.*) That cousin of yours is an exceedingly disagreeable person. (*aloud.*) I am positively so altered that my old servant, O'Leary, didn't know me when he opened the door.

*Jul.* Fanny, ring the bell, and we'll introduce him.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) I never liked her; but she used to be inoffensive—now, there's no bearing her flippancy. (*to FANNY.*) Shall I never have an opportunity of speaking to you alone!

*Fan.* No, sir, certainly not.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) The old story, cold as an icicle. (*aloud.*) The carnival commences to-day, are you going to join the riotly group at the ball to-night?

*Fan.* No,—you remember I rarely went out at Florence.

*Swi.* How very disagreeable. (*JULIA has been writing on the*

back of a card, crosses behind FANNY to R. II. and gives it to her.)

Jul. Fanny, have you seen this card ?

Fan. (*reads aside.*) I understand. (*aloud and carelessly.*) If I do go, I shall for once, as a frolic, assume a character.

Swi. What character, dear madam, tell me ?

Fan. The costume of a Neapolitan peasant,—*adieu, sir,*  
*[Exit, R. II.]*

Swi. Gone ! I wanted a little conversation with her ; one hour. How provoking ; could I but contrive one uninterrupted hour, e'er I meet her at the ball. A Neapolitan peasant ! charming costume ; short petticoat, pretty foot—I'll get a dress also. (*sees JULIA.*) Oh, I forgot Miss Thingamee was in the room.

Jul. Surely, you'll never find a dress that will fit so thin a man ?

Swi. (*aside.*) What a satirical little devil it is ! (*during the scene he scarcely looks at her.*) Never mind, I'll try ; it's easy to fill out a dress that's too big, but when you've got one that's too little, the case is hopeless. I'm charmed with the thoughts of this Carnival Ball. They wanted to detain me at Florence, and the day before I left it, I dined with such a glorious set of fellows !

Jul. Dined ! did you say dined ?

Swi. Yes, madam, dined ; Lord Filmer, Charles Nugent, Sir Harry, three ambassadors.

Jul. Dined !

Swi. Yes, I say, dined at my apartments. Such a dinner ! such wines !

Jul. Dinner ! wines !

Swi. (*rapidly.*) Exquisite ! three courses—*Potage à la reine, saumon à la Tartare, dindon à la chipolate, bœuf roté, petits patés aux huitres purée de champignon, ris de veau piqué aux tomates, sauté de volaille aux truffes, les asperges, le pois nouveaux, Charlotte Russe, gelée au Marasquin, soufflée à la vanille—fondus—*

Jul. Stop, stop ! you'll make me ill !

Swi. Oh, I hav'nt half done.

Jul. But, of what dinner are you speaking ?

Swi. (*aside.*) Exceedingly stupid young person ! (*aloud.*) My dear madam, as I said before, of a dinner I enjoyed with my friends at Florence.

Jul. You ! you enjoy a dinner after Fanny's departure !

Swi. Yes, madam. (*recollecting himself.*) That is—when I say dined, I don't mean that—others dined—I looked on.

Jul. Oh ! others dined—you looked on ?

Swi. Yes, yes—sat at the table ; couldn't eat ; tried, but couldn't ; sniffed at every thing. *Mais je ne mange pas de tout.*

Jul. And, pray, when did you leave Florence ?

Swi. Came here as fast as possible : wouldn't stay at Rome a day. Dear Rome ! not one day ; I only slept there—excellent bed—particularly snug.

Jul. Slept there—slept at Rome ?

*Swi.* Yes, like a top—devilish tired I was.

*Jul.* Slept! what, took your nightcap off the peg?

*Swi.* Hem—off the peg—to be sure—obliged to take it off the peg to pack it up; but when I say I slept, I—I only mean I went to bed, and lay awake. (*aside.*) Hang me, if ever I met with such a little woman as that.

*Jul.* (*yawning.*) Oh, you lay awake; beg pardon, nothing to me, you know.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) 'Pon my life, I should think not; very deficient I take it, poor thing, about the noddle.

*Jul.* (*aside.*) He will not look at me; how very provoking. If he would but look, I think I might induce him to listen; but this indifference is hopeless.

*Swi.* Perhaps, madam, you would do me a favour. I wish to be permitted to converse with your cousin for one uninterrupted hour; now, if you would but run—

*Jul.* (*languidly.*) Run! oh dear, never I never run; and you really talk so fast, it hurries and worries me; slow and sure is my motto. Oh dear me, what a tedious long morning it is—I should so like a cosey nap. [*Exit, yawning, r. u.*]

*Swi.* (*looking after her.*) Upon my word, she has a good figure; never observed her points before. But what a daulle! never runs! But, hang her, I must think of her more fascinating cousin. How to obtain this hour's conversation. Ah! here are pens, ink, and paper. I'll write to the aunt, and solicit her intercession. (*sits down, writes.*) "Dear madam—um, um, um—fascinating niece—um, um, um—permission to visit her alone—um, um—for the space of one hour—have the honour to remain, most obedient humble servant—Charles Swiftly." There, that will do; now to dispatch it at once. (*rings bell.*) How slow servants are. When I marry and settle, I'll make it a point with my footmen that they shall stride up stairs six steps at a time. (*rings again.*) Footmen, indeed! snails, dormice, creeping things—I'll pull the bell down. Oh, I forgot—I'm not in my own house. Ah! here's somebody—a sloth in livery.

*Enter O'LEARY, L. II.*

*Swi.* What, O'Leary, is it you? By Jove, its lucky for you. You used to move quicker when you were in my service.

*O'Leary.* Oh, faith, and truth, I was a different man altogether, though it was myself; for then my heart was light, and the step of a man always keeps pace with his heart. But now! oh thunder and devilry! Meary O'Donnovan! to her side the salt ocean, oh hone!

*Swi.* Pooh, cheer up, man: bustle: don't walk about lamenting your fate like that. Here, take this note to Mrs. Bevil.

*O'Leary* (*takes note.*) And won't you be after listening to—

*Swi.* Not a word—run—

*O'Leary.* But my late master now—

*Swi.* Late master! if you don't fly, you shall be my late servant with a vengeance, for hang me if you shall be in the



land of the living. Vanish. (*Pushes O'LEARY out, R. II.*) Now I'll sit still until the answer comes. (*sits.*) No, I can't do that. (*jumps up.*) I know what I'll do—there are one hundred and fifty stone steps to my apartments at the hotel, I'll go and see how often I can run up and down in a quarter of an hour.

[*Exit SWIFTLY.*]

*Enter FANNY, R. II.*

*Fan.* This persecution is not to be borne. I am loth to request my aunt to forbid him the house, because, as a friend, I esteem him; and were he conscious of my real situation, he might learn to appreciate my cousin.

*Enter Mrs. BEVIL, with a note in her hand, R. II.*

*Mrs. B.* Here is a note from Mr. Swiftly, requesting permission to visit you for an hour.

*Fan.* How very disagreeable!

*Mrs. B.* I really know not what to say to him. Here is Julia, let us consult her.

*Enter JULIA, R. II.*

*Jul.* A consultation!—here I am—what is the matter in debate?

*Mrs. B.* Let me ask you seriously, what you think of Mr. Swiftly?

*Jul.* Would you have me waste a thought on a man who evidently thinks not of me? who would not even look at me.

*Mrs. B.* Assuredly not; then we must decline receiving his visits.

*Jul.* Yet, could I but manage to have one hour's interview with him—one little hour—

*Fan.* Well, what then?

*Jul.* You will perhaps laugh at my vanity, Fanny, but I do flatter myself I could make him not only think of me, but remember that hour all the days of his life.

*Mrs. B.* How so, my dear, how so?

*Jul.* How so! why simply thus—I have never been taught to believe that either my person or my accomplishments are actually contemptible.

*Mrs. B.* Assuredly not, my dear—but—

*Jul.* But, you would say, that Mr. Swiftly's apathy arises from his having an attachment elsewhere: but no, aunt; amiable and delightful as my dear Fanny is, I am sure he does not really love her. Circumstanced as she is, she has been obliged to withhold from him the fascinations which she possesses.

*Fan.* Thank you, Julia, for the compliment; and now, as I, being already married, cannot encourage him, *you* being free, and moreover being a little bit in love with him, mean to—

*Jul.* Hush, Fanny! I confess I am not quite prepared to have all my motives and intentions scrutinised; he is my brother's friend; and—in fact—I *should* like to engage his attention.

*Mrs. R.* You shall have your wish. He has written to request an hour's conversation with my niece, meaning Fanny; I will accede to his wishes, and, pretending to misunderstand him, will cause him to be conducted hither.

*Jul.* Oh, delightful. (*rings the bell.*) Now you mark the result; he'll not want to go away at the end of the first hour, depend on it.

*Enter O'LEARY, R. H.*

*Jul.* Quick, dear aunt, quick; give O'Leary your message—quick.

[*Mrs. BEVIL goes to table to write.*

*O'Lea.* (*aside.*) By the powers, she's as great a bustle to her late master; I wish he'd just turn over his attentions to her, instead of the married one.

*Jul.* What are you about, my dear aunt, fidgetting there? don't wait to write; O'Leary will take the message.

*Mrs. B.* Very well: go to Mr. Swiftly, with my compliments, and say my niece will be happy to receive him.

*O'Lea.* I'll do that same. (*aside.*) She manes the married lady! Oh, shocking! he's to be what they call here in Italy her *Calvury Sarvanty!*

*Jul.* Oh, I wish he were come. What shall I do to amuse myself?

*Fan.* (*shows a miniature to JULIA.*) Have you seen my husband's picture, Julia?

*Jul.* No—yes—I can't think of it now; and pray go away both of you; for as his hotel is but two doors off, and he is as nimble as a harlequin, we shall have him here in two minutes. (*moves a worktable, chair, and stool to the front.*)

*Fan.* (*puts a miniature on the table.*) Very well. Adieu.

*Mrs. B.* It is just five o'clock; at six precisely I shall interrupt your interview.

[*Exit Mrs. BEVIL and FANNY, R. H.*

*Jul.* Hark! yes—I hear him coming—now for it.

[*The hand of the clock has been moving ever since the commencement of the piece, and it now points to five. JULIA takes a long strip of muslin out of workbox, and begins hemming it.*

*Enter SWIFTLY, L. H., starts at seeing JULIA, and looks anxiously round the room.*

*Jul.* (*affecting great surprise.*) Mr. Swiftly!

*Swi.* Yes, your most obedient; beg pardon—I—I expected—that is—I think they must have shown me into the wrong room—Mrs. Bevil—

*Jul.* (*working.*) Oh, if you want to talk to Aunt Bevil—

*Swi.* No, no—hang aunt Bevil;—I beg your pardon, I don't by any manner of means intend any disrespect—but—a—Fanny.

*Jul.* Oh, Fanny; yes—she's somewhere or other; she'll be here by-and-by, no doubt. But, now I think of it, Mrs. Bevil mentioned to me that you had written her a note?

*Swi.* Oh, she did!

*Jul.* And she told me—bless me, I can't thread my needle—she told me you wanted an hour's conversation with me.

*Swi.* With *you*, ma'am !

*Jul.* These needles are shocking bad ;—yes, with me.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) What a silly blundering old body.

*Jul.* And having nothing particular to do, I said certainly, if she had no objection—and so here I am.

*Swi.* Yes, so I see, and here am I.

*Jul.* Yes, here we are for one hour ; mind, you came precisely at five, and you are to stay with me until six, and make yourself exceedingly agreeable.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) Oh, there's no tolerating this ! yet I can't be so very rude as to say I won't remain an hour—no, that will never do.

*Jul.* Any thing the matter ?—I thought of course you had something particular to say.

*Swi.* Yes—no—nothing—no—nothing particular.

*Jul.* Oh, merely a morning visit ? very well, amuse yourself ; sit down ; if it bores you to talk, don't exert yourself, I've a thousand things to think of.

*Swi.* (*walking up and down the room.*) Considerate creature.

*Jul.* Why don't you sit down ? do as you like though ; walk about if it's your way, you've plenty of time, its only five minutes after five.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) An hour all but five minutes ! I must say something. (*aloud.*) Hera—a—a—the—(*aside*)—what the devil shall I say ?

*Jul.* Hush ! don't talk ; I've made a long stitch.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) No escape 'till the hour is over, it would seem so rude ; if I could but get upon a chair I might contrive to poke the hands of that vile slow going clock on a bit.

*Jul.* (*aside.*) Poor man, how I pity him.

*Swi.* (*looks at the cage, aside.*) There are two poor little dicky birds shut up together, I've a fellow feeling for them, poor little feathered songsters.

*Jul.* I wonder what he is thinking about. I must attract his notice.

*Swi.* (*looks into the glass globe, aside.*) Ah ! another pair of unfortunates, one with a gold tail, and one with a silver tail—waggle, waggle, all day long, and day after day ; poor little fishy, shiny, scaly individuals, how precious sick you must be of one another. Oh dear, there's no ending this, I will get on a chair and poke on the hands of the clock.

[*Cautiously getting on a chair, puts it under the clock, and stands on it with a parasol in his hand, with which he is trying to alter the clock, JULIA looks round.*

*Jul.* What are you about ?

*Swi.* (*jumping down, he sits in the chair, with the parasol expanded over his head.*) I ! oh, nothing—I'm very apt to—

*Jul.* Stand upon the chairs. Ha ! ha ! ha ! what an odd habit ; but do come here for one minute, and sit down quietly,

I want to see if I have cut this piece of muslin straight; you hold that end so, and I'll hold this; there, that's it.

[Gives him one end of a long strip of muslin, she takes the other end, and with a pair of scissors cuts it even, of course approaches him until she is quite close.

*Swi.* (aside.) Upon my life she's exceedingly pretty!

*Jul.* Thank ye, that will do.

*Swi.* (aside.) I remember admiring her figure this morning, and really her face is——

*Jul.* You like travelling, don't you?

*Swi.* Oh, that is the very——

*Jul.* Stop! that is my very own particular favourite theme. I never let any body talk about travelling but myself.—I know all the roads, and all the inns, and all the lions, and all the churches, and all the steeples; those guide books are all paltry things, I'm worth twenty of them; and as to books of tours, none of them come up to my notion of what that sort of thing ought to be. I take notes myself invariably; historical, descriptive, botanical, fossilological, and characteristic.

*Swi.* (aside.) And she can talk too. What a metamorphosis!

*Jul.* I dare say you have thought me dull and cold and odd in my manner; don't answer, I hate people to interrupt; I know it, I was so; but I am a variable creature, and now my mood is changed.

*Swi.* I'm delighted to hear it,——

*Jul.* Yes, yes, that is all very well; I know what you intended to say, and its true as far as it goes; but are you not weary of Naples? do you not wish for wings to waft you away?

*Swi.* Why it is only two hours ago that——

*Jul.* True, very true; but two hours in one place—tedious, insupportable; I love to live on wheels, travelling night and day for weeks together.

*Swi.* Weeks! what no sleep?

*Jul.* Sleep! oh, no; when I travel I always hang my night-cap on a peg; beg your pardon, borrowed that phrase from you; vile phrase after all, not worth borrowing; but as I said before, on I go—on, on, on, day and night, lose nothing by it, see all the prospects, hills, vales, cataracts, ruins, see them all, have people on purpose to rouse me at the proper places, and see every thing that's worth seeing by torchlight.

*Swi.* Why you never told me all this before?

*Jul.* To be sure not; if I had do you suppose I should have told it to you now? I never tell the same thing twice over, unless to fusty old men with dilapidated memories.

*Swi.* But now that I do know it, what travelling companions we should be?

*Jul.* Not a bit of it, quite a mistake; two talkers in one close carriage would never do, nobody to listen: besides, my travelling would take away your breath; I, long for a continental rail-road, and a steam-carriage, which from its extreme velocity will be imperceptible to the naked eye.

*Swi.* Oh, madam, there never were two people so much alike as you and I.

*Jul.* Don't perceive it, sir ; looked in the glass half an-hour ago, and don't perceive it, dare say you mean it for a compliment ; but—

*Swi.* Nay, hear me—

*Jul.* Hear you ! it's impossible to do otherwise, you never cease talking ! chatter, chatter, chatter. I never met with such a man, and as I do not indulge in such volubility, I'm obliged to listen whether I will or no !

*Swi.* Well now, really, I must say—

*Jul.* There ! you want to be talking again ; but I will have my turn ; besides you must assist me here, I've some silk that has got terribly entangled. Sit you down on that little stool. (*Swiftly sits on the little stool.*)

*Swi.* (*aside.*) Upon my word ! but really she's one of the most lovely women I ever—

*Jul.* (*sits down on the chair before him.*) Now for it—hold up your hands so. (*he holds up his hands, she places a skein of silk on them, and winds it off on a card.*)

*Jul.* That's right—a little higher.

*Swi.* Have you travelled in England ? No, no, of course not.

*Jul.* Not so high, please.

*Swi.* Nobody does. Cits who see the lake of Como, never visit Windermere.

*Jul.* Beg pardon, a little lower.

*Swi.* I do though go every where, Highlands of Scotland, Killarney, Giant's Causeway, Scarborough, Tenby, Cowes, Penzance.

*Jul.* Look on the silk, sir, not in my face.

*Swi.* Can't help it, it's the principle of attraction.

*Jul.* Perhaps you are tired ?

*Swi.* Not a bit, I could sit here three weeks, quiet as a silk-worm on a mulberry leaf. (*aside.*) She is lovely, a glow-worm I should have said.

*Jul.* (*puts by silk.*) There, that is done : now there's a paper of pins, stick them all one by one into that pincushion, and I'll tune my guitar.

*Swi.* (*starts up.*) Guitar ! the very thing I—

*Jul.* Sit down again pray ; mind the pins, (*makes him sit down, and he sticks the pins awkwardly into the pincushion, occasionally pricking his fingers.*) Do you sing ? yes, yes, I know you'll say yes ; all the men try now, and breathe forth little confidential whispers, the words of which are strictly confined to the man and the guitar.

*Swi.* But I—

*Jul.* Attend to the pins ; but music to please me must be something quite out of the common.

*Swi.* Can you sing ?

*Jul.* Oh—just—no—nothing worth speaking of.

*Swi.* You've got a voice ?

*Jul.* Ay, that I have.

*Swi.* And an ear?

*Jul.* I don't think, were I once taught, I should ever sing out of tune.

*Swi.* (*jumps up, putting part of the paper of pins in his pocket.*) My dear madam, I've stuck in all the pins, and now pray do let me teach you a pretty little song!

*Jul.* Oh! I doat upon a pretty little song.

*Swi.* So do I; give me the guitar, and now attend.

SWIFTLY sings.

AIR.—“Weber's last waltz.”

To linger near thee, to see and hear thee  
 Shall be for ever my prayer,  
 Those eyes enchant me, oh, lady grant me.  
 One smile to banish despair.  
 With thee I'll wander, still growing fonder,  
 Thy willing captive I'll prove;  
 Though once a rover, all that is over,  
 For thou hast taught me to love.  
 Thy notes I'm sure dear, are soft and pure dear,  
 Then let my song be thy choice;  
 Don't pause a minute, at once begin it,  
 Oh, how I long to hear thy voice.

*Jul.* (*sings the two first lines out of tune, and then with great triumph says:*) What do you think of that?

*Swi.* Oh, mercy! not a note in tune. I thought I should have died of it.

*Jul.* Shall I give you the rest?

*Swi.* No, no, no, by no means, it will fatigue you.

*Jul.* Not at all, if you'll come here for an hour a day, I'll sing to you all the time.

*Swi.* (*aside.*) I was beginning to be charmed with her; but it's all over!

*Jul.* Oh! stop, stop, you must listen: sit there; I can't sing if you look at me.

[SWIFTLY goes and sits by the table, stopping his ears; but as she proceeds looks round and takes a chair close to her.

Song.

“Love is the theme.”

Love is the theme, love is the theme,  
 Of the minstrel all over the earth;  
 List to the light-hearted *chanson* of France,  
 Trace the burthen of German romance,  
 Hear the guitar in the sweet orange grove,  
 Of what sings the Spaniard? oh, is it not love?  
 Yes—love is the theme  
 Of the minstrel all over the earth.

List to the song in the camp of the brave,  
 Hear the sailor, the sport of the wave,  
 In court, or in cottage, wherever you rove,  
 Of what sings the minstrel? Oh, is it not love?  
 Yes—love is the theme,  
 Of the minstrel all over the earth.\*

*Swi.* Rapture, transport, I never heard any thing so charming! one more, I entreat, I implore.

[*The hand of the clock has been imperceptibly moving, and it now points precisely to six. JULIA points to it.*

*Swi.* Nay, madam, another hour; one more. Another skein of silk—several papers of pins,—anything you please: but give me one more hour.

*Enter Mrs. BEVIL, R. II.*

*Mrs. B.* I trust, sir, your conference with my niece is finished?

*Swi.* No, no—that clock goes wrong—it gallops.

*Jul.* I'm quite ready to accompany you, aunt. But I almost fancy there has been some mistake; Mr. Swiftly had nothing particular to communicate to me; I therefore think it must have been my cousin Fanny that—

*Swi.* (*aside.*) Here's a dilemma. (*aloud.*) No, madam, you wrong me; I—I—won't you let me come to-morrow?

*Jul.* You hear what he says, dear aunt?

*Mrs. B.* Impossible, sir. Come, Julia.

*Swi.* One word. Shall you go to the masked ball?

*Jul.* (*nods and smiles.*) I'm not quite sure.

*Mrs. B.* Come, Julia, come.

*Swi.* In what costume?

*Jul.* Don't know.

[*JULIA puts her finger to her lips, laughs, and shakes her head.—Exeunt Mrs. BEVIL and JULIA, R. II.*

*Swi.* Charming creature—worth forty thousand of her cold repelling cousin; and to that frosty individual have I been for months breathing the warmest protestations—indefatigably striving to thaw an iceberg! and, what's worse, I do believe I saw a little symptom of melting this morning, when she condescended to tell me what dress she would wear at the ball: I'm in a devil of a scrape. After paying such exclusive attention to the North Pole, can I hope to prosper with my Love among the Roses? Oh, Charles, Charles, what a harum-scarum chap thou art! always getting into mischief and pricking your fingers. Oh! (*puts his hand in his coat pocket and pricks his fingers with the pins.*) Hold, I've one chance yet; that gleam of sunshine was so unlike Miss Fanny, that she'll probably freeze again at night; and egad should it be so, no breath of mine shall ever take off the chill. I'm on slippery ground; but to gain the adorable Julia, I'd skate across the Bay of Naples, on ice as thin as a wafer. [*Exit, L. II.*

\* This song is published by Messrs. Chappell, Bond-street.

SCENE III.—*A chamber in Mrs. BEVIL'S house.*

*Enter O'LEARY, with the miniature in his hand, L. H.*

*O'Lea.* I'll tell him—I've made up my mind—oh, faith, I must spake to my poor ill-trated master—he must know that insinuating young female has a husband already, shut up in this little red box. Here he comes, and I'll make no bones about it, but tell him all.

*Enter SWIFTLY, R. H.*

*Swi.* I can scarcely find my way out of this overgrown old tenement. Ah, here is O'Leary.

*O'Lea.* Can I spake one word to you, late master of mine?

*Swi.* What do you want?

*O'Lea.* Oh, sir, it's my conscience, I can't keep their bad sacret any longer; I come to divulge.

*Swi.* Why, what is the matter?

*O'Lea.* They're after using you shamful bad in this house.

*Swi.* What are they doing?

*O'Lea.* There's nobody listening to us two but ourselves—not the way you came, I mean—if they heard me, they'd show me the outside of the door before a cat could lick her whisker. I've just fetched this thing from the room, where you and the young miss was, and there's nobody there now.

*Swi.* No—nobody but the dieky-birds and the water wag-tails.

*O'Lea.* Water wagtails! Oh you manes the little red herrings in the big white bottle! Whisht—hush—Oh, faith and it's past a joke, or a jew dy spre; you'll faint away dead as a herring when I tell ye—you loves one of them naces of Mrs. Bevil—I mean.

*Swi.* Yes, the one that—

*O'Lea.* Yes, yes, in course. (*aside.*) He forgets how he scrutinised me about her state of health at the door this morning.

*Swi.* Well, go on, what of her?

*O'Lea.* Well, listen—you see this bit of a red box!

*Swi.* Well, well, what of it?

*O'Leary.* Why, it's husband to she.

*Swi.* What do you mean by husband to she?

*O'Leary.* It's the effigies of Mr. Smith.

*Swi.* And who the devil is Mr. Smith?

*O'Leary.* Why Mrs. Smith's husband, what's away.

*Swi.* And who is Mrs. Smith—do I know her?

*O'Leary.* Know her! faith and I believe you do too; step this way; hush—if any living soul should hear me prevaricate the particulars—Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Bevil's nace, *that un*, married surreptitious like, at Florence—out of the Pope's eye!

*Swi.* Mercy on me, can it be possible—you have driven a dagger into my heart, lacerated, torn my finer feelings into shreds—it's a lie; a horrid, loathsome, wicked lie, and I'll shake the breath out of your body.

*O'Leary.* Here's the gratitude of the late master.

*Swi.* But what motive can he have for deceiving me! Married! there's an end of hope. (*seizes the picture.*) I never in



my life saw such a disagreeable-looking person—vile abominable daub—I could trample it under my feet.

*O'Leary.* Oh, don't think of it—she loves it dearly, looks at it every quarter of an hour, and faith, I'll be bound, pops it under her downy pillow in the night time.

*Swi.* The man seems to grin out of the ivory at me. Is there no earthquake to swallow me up—oh, for floods of lava—I wonder if Vesuvius smokes. (*runs to the window.*)

*O'Leary.* Not to-day, your honour. I suppose he's out of backy ; but I do—p'raps you like a pipe.

*Swi.* Hold your tongue, sir ; leave the room.

*O'Leary.* Well, but—

*Swi.* Begone—vanish. (*he paces the room.*)

*O'Leary.* (*aside.*) Faith, and if *Vesuvy* don't smoke, here's an eruption with the *cratur*, at all events ! Oh, well I'm gone—better take a pipe to discompose your nerves. [*Exit, L. n.*]

*Swi.* What is to be done ! carry her off by force, get her divorced from this abominable Smith, and then marry her myself ? No, no—disreputable, impracticable—loves him no doubt—puts his paltry little picture under her pillow. Besides, what shall I do about her cousin Fanny ? At all events, to this abominable ball I must go, for, as a man of honour, I must come to an explanation with her. But Julia, Julia—confound it, I must call her Julia—Mrs. Smith. That ever I should live to call her Mrs. Smith. [*Exit, L. n.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A splendid Ball-room, with a distant view of Naples, Vesuvius, and the Bay, by moonlight.—Masked figures, in various costumes, are finishing a quadrille.*

*Chorus.*

Naples is ever joyous and gay,  
Dancing and music closing the day ;  
Come with a mask, or with no mask at all,  
Welcome you'll find at the Carnival Ball.

*A Waltz.*

*Enter JULIA, in Neapolitan costume, with MRS. BEVIL and FANNY, from centre.*

*Jul.* He is not yet come : do you see him Fanny ?

*Fan.* No, but depend on it he'll soon arrive. Take care you support your character.

*Jul.* Never fear ; he shall take me for a native of Bella Napoli. [*Exit, R. n.*]

*Neapolitan Song, with the original words.*

*Chorus renewed.*

Naples is ever joyous and gay,  
Dancing and music closing the day ;  
Come with a mask, or with no mask at all,  
Welcome you'll find at the Carnival Ball.

SWIFTLY dances on.

Welcome Italian, Spaniard, and Greek,  
Strangers to look on, friends when you speak ;  
What though all nations honour the ball,  
Love is the language common to all.

Though you may mask,

I never doubt,

Easy the task,

To find you out.

Beauty her veil

Long cannot keep,

Soon without fail

Forth she will peep.

Poncinella,

Tarantella,

Lazaroni,

Macaroni,

Oh happy day !

Sings Neapolitan Song.

*Swi.* My brain is in a whirl—I must sing, I must dance, I must keep moving, or I shall throw myself on the earth in a paroxysm of despair. I know what I'll do—any thing to banish thought—I'll ask that pretty little girl to dance a tarantella with me. Come here.

*He goes to a lady who is not masked, in a Neapolitan costume, she advances with him, and they dance a Neapolitan tarantella. After the dance, they go off together—maskers pass occasionally at the back.*

Enter SWIFTLY, with JULIA, masked, from centre.

*Jul.* Do you know me ?

*Swi.* Yes, madam, and I was seeking you.

*Jul.* Indeed ! who am I then ?

*Swi.* The fair Fanny—am I right ?

*Jul.* (*aside.*) He mistakes me, as I could wish : for, after such a sudden change, I shall very much like to hear what my gentleman will say for himself to the lady he has abandoned.

*Swi.* You do not answer me : your name is Fanny ?

*Jul.* Had I intended to make myself known to inquisitive people, do you suppose I should have come here in a mask ?

*Swi.* I am sure I am right ; and, as I said before, you are the very person I was in search of.

*Jul.* (*aside.*) In search of ! I suppose he is going to change back again.

*Swi.* I have a confession to make. (*aside.*) Though Julia is married, Fanny is sure to hear of my attentions to her, and she shall hear it from myself first.

*Jul.* Indeed ! I am no Father Confessor ; you had better seek—

*Swi.* No, no, to you alone I must confess. You—that is—

I—mean, madam, both of us. (*aside.*) Hang me, if I know how to begin.

*Jul.* Well, sir, I am all attention.

*Swi.* Well, madam, I will be as brief as possible. For many months, madam—I—I—I have—ventured—with the—utmost respect—to—to—to—to

*Jul.* Yes, yes ; you have been making incessant love to the Fanny that you take me for.

*Swi.* You forget that this morning you told me you should wear that dress.

*Jul.* Did I ? Why, yes, I believe I was more kind to you to-day than usual ; more complying ; but you know, sir, perseverance will, in the end, conquer all difficulties ; and really your following us to Naples was—

*Swi.* Madam !

*Jul.* Sir !

*Swi.* (*aside.*) Why, she's actually going to accept me. I must nip that in the bud ; for, though Julia is married, I'll never marry any one else. (*aloud.*) Madam ; chilled by your incessant coldness, I—(*aside.*) What a thing to tell her.

*Jul.* Well, sir ?

*Swi.* I, this day, relinquished my presumptuous hopes, and—

*Jul.* Sir !

*Swi.* And transferred my—my attentions to your cousin.

*Jul.* (*affecting agitation.*) To my cousin ! Oh, this is too cruel.

*Swi.* There—I might have known how it would be. She'll faint, she'll die ; go into a decline ; haunt me for ever. Don't take it to heart, ma'am, pray, ma'am. I'm not so fascinating as you think me.

*Jul.* Water ! water ! my mask—take it off.

[*He catches her ; takes off her mask, and she jumps away laughing.*]

*Swi.* Julia ! cruel woman. Laughed at too ; this is barbarity !

*Jul.* Nay, there is no harm in laughing at so innocent a frolic. I have the best reasons for knowing that Fanny will not lament your desertion. Come, if you wish for my company, let us join the dancers.

*Swi.* Dancers ! how can you trifle with my feelings thus ? You think I am not aware of your situation, but I am.

*Jul.* (*aside.*) My situation ! what can he mean ?

*Swi.* Yes, madam, my faithful O'Leary told me all. Look at this picture, madam. (*Shows miniature.*)

*Jul.* Oh, yes, I see—Smith's picture ; very like him too. You don't know him ? no, if you did, I think you'd like him. He's a nice little man in his way.

*Swi.* In my way, madam—very much in my way ; and though you may talk thus carelessly of your husband—

*Jul.* (*aside.*) My husband.

*Swi.* You surely should not trifle thus with the feelings of an honourable man.

*J.* (*aside.*) Delightful. I must tease him a little bit.

Enter MRS. BEVIL, R. H.

Mrs. B. Oh, Julia, who do you think is just arrived from England?—Mr. Smith!

Swi. Mr. Smith! Distraction.

Jul. Mr. Smith! how apropos.

Enter FANNY, R. H.

Fan. Julia, have you heard the news? My husband is arrived!

Swi. (*in amazement.*) Husband! Mr. Smith *her* husband!

Jul. (*laughing.*) Oh, that is not *my* Mr. Smith.

Swi. But have you got a Mr. Smith at all? No, no. I see my error. I shall be delighted to make Mr. Smith's acquaintance. Mrs. Smith and I are very old friends; I hope we shall now be cousins. Mrs. Bevil you are the aunt of divinities, and therefore of course a divinity yourself. Julia, you are—  
'gad. I've no words to say what you *are*, but you will be—

Jul. What?

Swi. Mrs. Swiftly.

Fan. My husband brings me excellent news—his friends have sanctioned our marriage.

Swi. Oh, then, we'll all go to England together. Julia and I will be married at the Embassy, and then we shall travel a very agreeable family party.

Jul. Indeed—upon my word! Well, if you prove your constancy, and behave yourself well.

Swi. Yes.

Jul. Exceedingly well.

Swi. Go on.

Jul. Then, at the expiration of ten years, I may be induced—

Swi. Ten years! I give you my honour I couldn't wait—I would if I could, but I couldn't; I know I should carry you off by sea or land in some extraordinary manner; I give you due notice. Ten years! I should fret myself to fiddlestrings; there'd be nothing of me left.

Jul. I'll not abate an hour.

Mrs. B. Nay, nay, you shall be tormented no longer; prove that you deserve her, and she shall be yours.

Jul. Upon my word, good people, you seem to manage matters all your own way. I suppose every body is satisfied, and I hope that Mr. Swiftly is not the only person here to whom the time has appeared short. Friends, have *you* been pleased with my company? If so, visit me often. My cards are distributed every morning, and you will find me at home every evening for the rest of the season. Pray drop in sometimes, if only for *one* hour.

(*The Chorus is repeated, and the Curtain falls on a dance.*)

M

*The Bo*  
*the*  
C

SAM

8

# MONSIEUR JACQUES

A MUSICAL PIECE

BY

MORRIS BARNETT,

AUTHOR OF

*The Bold Dragoons; Spirit of the Rhine; Yellow Kids; Out on  
the Loose; Mrs. G.; Tact; Lillian Gervaise; Sarah the  
Creole; Married Unmarried; Power and Principle;  
Serve Him Right; Circumstantial Evidence,  
&c., &c.*

---

THE MUSIC BY JOHN BARNETT.

---

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

## MONSIEUR JACQUES.

*First performed at the St. James's Theatre,  
January 12th. 1836.*

---

### CHARACTERS.

MR. SEQUENCE - - - MR. STRICKLAND.  
MONSIEUR JACQUES - MR. BARNETT.  
VIVID - - - MR. SELBY.  
ANTONIO - - - MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.  
NINA - - - Miss P. HORTON.

### SCENE—DOVER.

---

### COSTUMES.

MONSIEUR JACQUES.— Old dark smalls, grey worsted stockings, rather darned, slippers, dark waistcoat, grey woollen morning gown, iron grey wig, shirt collar open.

SEQUENCE.—White trowsers, stockings and shoes, light vest, brown coat, white neckerchief.

VIVID.—Dark trowsers, blue coat buttoned up, boots, black hat, gloves.

ANTONIO.— Black smalls and stockings, shoes with buckles, black vest, brown straight cut coat, stick, gloves.

NINA.—A handsome but plain white dress, bonnet, &c.

## MONSIEUR JACQUES.

---

SCENE.—*An Attic. Door, L. H., leading to another room. A door, R. H. Window in flat, through which is seen a view of the sea. A pianoforte, L. H., upon which is scattered loose sheets of music (MS.) and a full score. An old book case in flat, R. H., containing a few odd volumes and printed music. A small table and buffet—some chairs, one or two of which are bottomless. The whole scene wears an air of extreme poverty. At the rising of the curtain a knocking at door, R. H.*

*Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. door.*

SEQUE. (*putting his head in at the door.*) I suppose I may come in? Eh! the orchestra empty? Madam, follow your leader. Mind the stairs!—this way, I am used to act as conductor—this way!

*Enter NINA, R. H. door.*

I am really very sorry you should have had to mount *four octaves*—I mean four stories high. Quite a bit of luck to have had the honour of meeting you last night at Signora Squeakini's concert. Would it be taking a very great liberty to ask if you are musical?

NINA. I have studied music from my infancy.

SEQUE. Bravo! then the affair, I trust, is settled; you really must take my apartment. I am perfect master of every instrument—am principal kettle-drum at the Dover Philharmonic, and, though I say it, I have produced some works.

NINA. I am aware that the public is already indebted to you for several charming ballads; the one sang last night was singularly beautiful.

SEQUE. Oh, what! my "*Azure Eyes?*" You have not yet seen my "*Radiant Locks?*" The young amateurs prefer "*My Faithless Bride,*" though I think very little of *that one myself.*



NINA. I believe this is the apartment you intend for my servant? From what you said, I supposed it much larger. Indeed, Antonio is rather a friend than a servant.

SEQUE. You have not seen all, madam; there is another, much larger and more commodious. I intend to have them both fresh papered; cherubins blowing trombones—quite charming, if your servant is musical. (*goes towards door, l. H.*) Perhaps you would like to see the other room. (*tries the door and finds it locked.*) Dear me, it's locked! (*peeping through the keyhole.*) Not up yet; at this time of day, too—*forty bars rest.* A lazy old fellow, madam; but I'll soon rouse him.

NINA. Do not disturb any one, I beg. I can call again.

SEQUE. There is no need of ceremony with him. He's a horrid bad lodger—owes three quarters' rent.

NINA. (*going towards piano.*) A musician?

SEQUE. Yes—um—a *sort* of musician, a poor devil! He used to give lessons, but it wouldn't do; his pupils found him rather cracked, so he soon lost the few he had. Bless you, he will sit for hours at that window as though he expected the arrival of some vessel: he fancies he sees it sailing towards him—rushes down stairs in 6-8 time, and watches the face of every passenger as they come ashore; then, disappointed, his head drops, and he wanders back to this wretchedly furnished room: the furniture is *his own*, madam.

NINA. Unfortunate being!

SEQUE. You perceive there is no necessity to—(*going to door, l. H.*)

NINA. Hold, sir! your story of the poor old man has much interested me: he must not be turned out on my account.

(*she goes to piano and looks at the loose music.*)

SEQUE. Well, madam, if you do not wish him to go, your servant can occupy the other room; for there is another lodger on this floor: he's a *poet*, but unfortunately as destitute as the other.

NINA. (*who has been looking at a sheet of music.*) This is very strange! Why this is the ballad that was last night sang at the concert.

SEQUE. (*confused.*) My ballad? Oh, yes, yes, it is my ballad. You see, from motives of charity, I frequently give this poor devil my music to *copy*. (*aside.*) The old fool has kept the original; I thought I had them both. I'll take better care for the future. (*footsteps heard.*) I think I hear your servant.

*Enter ANTONIO, R. H. door.*

NINA. (*crossing to ANTONIO.*) Have you made any discovery?

ANT  
NIN  
posses

As the  
s

VIV  
thousa

NIN  
VIV

ANT  
SEQ

poet of  
NIN

VIV  
ANT

NIN  
SEQ

duet yo  
you ple

(SEQ  
cu

VIV  
friend!

guardia

(runs to  
resides i

finale a

Enter J  
arms

rushe  
sighs

note.—

JACQ

volelai

reverro

dear Jac

soon we

ago dat

rader d

wid line  
dese are  
heel as  
upon m

ANTONIO. (*aside to NINA.*) It is of that I wish to tell you.

NINA. I engage your apartments, and will to-morrow take possession. Come, Antonio.

*As they are going, enter VIVID at door L. H., rapidly, with a sheet of paper in his hand; he does not perceive them.*

VIVID. My dear friend, here is the finale. (*sees NINA.*) A thousand pardons, madam!

NINA. (*aside.*) Again this young man!

VIVID. As I live, my incognita!

ANTONIO. (*to SEQUENCE.*) Who is that person?

SEQUE. Oh, the old man's fellow lodger. (*to NINA.*) The poet of whom I spoke to you.

NINA. If I mistake not, we have met before.

VIVID. Yes, miss—madam—on the beach.

ANTONIO. Come, madam, we have much to do.

NINA. Yes, let us begone.

SEQUE. Allow me, madam—(*crosses to R. H. door.*) I'll conduct you down; take care of the step—this way, madam, if you please.

(*SEQUENCE goes out first; VIVID bows timidly to NINA, who curtseys and goes out, followed by ANTONIO, R. H. door.*)

VIVID. She here! in the humble apartment of my poor friend! What could have caused this visit? Perhaps, like a guardian spirit, to succour him. I dared not even look at her. (*runs to window.*) What if I follow and ascertain where she resides? No, no, it would be worse than folly. I will leave my finale and seek one more glance, though I feel 'tis madness.

*Exit hastily, door R. H.*

*Enter JACQUES at door R. H.; he is absent and pensive, his arms folded. He walks about the stage slowly; suddenly rushes to the window—returns—throws himself into a chair—sighs despondingly—rises and draws from his bosom a small note.—Music.*

JACQUES. (*reading.*) "Pars! fuis! mon cher Jacques; je volerais sur tes traces aussitôt que je pourrai; bientôt nous nous reverrons." (*repeats, without reading.*) "Go! fly away, my dear Jacques; I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able; soon we shall to see one another again." Here is twenty years ago that she write this, and she has not yet arrive! De age, or rader de deep suffering have ridé mon visage—ruled my face wid lines, and she has not yet arrive. (*he kisses the letter.*) Ah, dese are not de light words to be brake—"I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able." Have she not been able yet to be upon my heel? Mais, I am tranquille—elle viendra. Ah,

oui—yes—she shall come, becose she know dat I expect her dis twenty years. (*he folds the letter carefully and places it in his bosom.*) Mariana! chère Mariana! let us to look once again. (*goes to window.*) Rien! noting but de boat of de fishman! (*returns.*) Ah, it shall not be no more to-day dat I strain my eye. Mais—but—demain—to-morrow, peut-être—perhaps—yes, I do expect her to-morrow, to-morrow!

## AIR.

Dat word wich console us—"To-morrow, to-morrow,"

He bring wid him hope when he come to de heart—

Mariana, my wife, come and banish my sorrow,

And jamais—non, never—again shall we part!

When, day after day, I feel life away wasting,

And dis hand vitch was fort tremble now more and more;

Now my hair it is silver'd—no happiness tasting—

Still "to-morrow" I vispare—but soon 'twill be o'er.

Allons! allons! let me drive far away from me dose ideas (*goes to piano, sees paper that VIVID has left.*) Qu'est-ce-que-c'est ça? vat is dis? Ah, my finale! A la bonne heure! Vivid have already been here; he are so good boy—he not had wish to wakes me. (*reads paper.*)

"Sound the clarion! strike the drum!

War her flag of courage waving—

The warriors cry—'They come! they come!'

Patriot hearts all danger braving!"

Très bien! it is capital—and my musique is a capital also. This night, pendant le silence—when all was hush, I compose my overture; and the emotion vich it make me prove that my musique is handsome. Après my déjeuner, after my breakfast, I shall compose dis finale. (*opens buffet.*) Mon dieu! I forgot—il n'y a plus rien! dere is noting no more leave. (*shuts buffet.*) Ah! c'est vrai—it is true; I remember I eat yesterday for my souper the little bit fromage—the cheese that remained me. Never mind, it is already late, and the morning wili soon be finish. Tinking of my opera, I shall forget my stomach. Let me see—voyons le premier vers—dis is de first verse.

"Sound the clarion, strike the drum."

(*he rushes to the piano, and arranges the loose sheets; begins to play, trying several motions to the above words.*)

Enter SEQUENCE, R. H. door.

SEQUE. Ah, there he is composing, and composed! He may

keep this little room! for by taking a trifle off his rent, I can have as much of his music as I want, which I can publish under my own name, as I have done before. Friend Jacques!

JACQUES. (*absorbed.*) Dis is a triumph march—I must have an accompaniment of eight horns, six trompettes, five trombones, and four long drums! I don't like him myself—mais, but de publique like very much noise. (*he plays again and sings*)— “Sound the clarion, strike the drum.”

SEQUE. Friend Jacques!

JACQUES. (*still singing*)—

“Sound the clarion, strike the drum.”

SEQUE. (*louder.*) Good morning, Mr. Jacques.

JACQUES. Ah? c'est vous, Monsieur Sequence—bless a my soul, it am you! You have come by chance on purpose to carry away wid you the two römance?

SEQUE. Why, not exactly; but I can take them at the same time. (*aside.*) Now to open the concert. The fact is, I have come to say—

JACQUES. Oh, oui, yes—mais—but, je suis bien fâché, I am sorry very much, great deal, but I have had no time—de musique is not ready—was malade yesterday—very sick—bad of de head—oh, very—I was oblige to a good hour, to go to my sleeps.

SEQUE. (*pointedly.*) I suppose then you were playing after you were in bed?

JACQUES. Comment?

SEQUE. You were composing?

JACQUES. Oh, no! I was snoring my nose, like one bassoon.

SEQUE. Oh! then I suppose you got up in your sleep, and hammer'd away till two this morning?—hem!

JACQUES. Comment? (*embarrassed.*) till how many?

SEQUE. Till two.

JACQUES. Den you have hear?

SEQUE. A most charming overture.

JACQUES. Ah, ah! den you have found him good—eh?

SEQUE. It's a masterpiece! is it Mozart or Rossini?

JACQUES. Non, monsieur, it was my own! (*then, with a confidential air.*) Ecoutez! my opera is at last finish—c'est mon ouverture que vous avez entendue—dat was my overture vitch you have hear.

SEQUE. Really! (*aside.*) I couldn't have believed it!

JACQUES. I have now no more to do as de finale

(*he plays with his fingers while he sings*)

Sound the clarion, strike the drum!

On battle field, dey cry—“We come!”

SEQUE. (*aside.*) An opera! an opera! Now if I could but manage it, it would set all Dover by the ears. I'd have it produced in London. I should be called upon the stage—praised by the press—my portrait lithographed; and as I walked in the streets, people would point at me and exclaim, "There goes the celebrated Sequence!" Zounds! it's worth the trial!

JACQUES. (*absorbed.*)—

"On battle field dey cry—'We come!'"  
Pram! Pram! Pram!

SEQUE. It's a pity that this opera, the fruit of your talent and your old age, should be entirely lost.

JACQUES. Lost! And what for it shall be lost?

SEQUE. Because, my worthy friend, you can't have the slightest hope ever to see it performed; it's without the pale of reason?

JACQUES. Vat is dat pail?

SEQUE. You doubtless intend to present it to one of the Metropolitan theatres? You must be aware that you could not command attention.

JACQUES. Et pourquoi que non?—and what for not? Is it because my costume annonce de want and de pauvreté?

SEQUE. Alas, my friend, it is but too true; it is hard—cruel! but believe me, your opera will die with you.

JACQUES. How! my opera shall die wid me! Non, non! je te dit, it shall immortalize my name, for a long time, never no more! My opera die wid me! de labour of my old age; all gone away, for noting at all!

SEQUE. There might, to be sure, be a plan to get it performed—but you wouldn't listen to it.

JACQUES. I not listen—dites moi—tell to me—oh, parlez—speak!

SEQUE. Well, then, since you are willing to listen to sound sense, I will speak—the true artiste is above being caught by the flatteries of the world—he is sufficiently recompensed when he hears his opera performed: as to the rest, its all fiddle-dee!

JACQUES. Yes, but what has my opera to do wid dis fiddle dee?

SEQUE. I am coming to that directly. Now, taking it for granted that your opera will never see daylight—rather than it should be lost, I have no objection to buy it of you, in the same way, that I have bought the rest of your music, and I will undertake to get it produced.

JACQUES. Sell my opera! Oh, jamais! never!

SEQUE. Oh, very well! perhaps when you think over it

you  
Fric  
thin  
frou  
does  
Jacq  
of h  
the  
awf  
the  
J  
S  
you  
sun  
J  
Two  
dat  
S  
J  
sec.  
are s  
S  
me y  
the p  
J  
my  
pas  
hous  
calm  
you  
S  
littl  
your  
turn  
J  
S  
V  
ther  
S  
pati  
sir.  
V  
—b  
wer

you'll change your mind. Good morning. (*going—returns.*) Friend Jacques, I have your interest more at heart than you think: I am considered a great composer—I am rich—an opera from me would be received and produced at once. Now, what does it matter if it comes before the public in the name of Jacques, Timkins, or Tomkins. You will have the satisfaction of hearing it—you shall have a front seat in the dress boxes—the theatre will be crammed—the leader's tap is heard—an awful silence reigns around—until the last crash is buried in the shouts and bravos of an astonished and deafened audience.

JACQUES. (*delighted.*) And I shall see all dat?

SEQUE. I have said it. Give me but the MS. and I'll give you a receipt for your arrear of rent—for the various other sums which you owe me—and further, a twenty-pound note.

JACQUES. Twenty pounds! And I shall see act my opera? Twenty pounds! I shall be able wid it to reward Vivid for all dat he has done for me.

SEQUE. Well, you agree.

JACQUES. (*hesitatingly.*) Eh bien! Nous verrons—we shall see. Je ne dis pas non—I not say no—I not say yes;—you are so hurry.

SEQUE. Well, then, I consider the affair as arranged. Give me your opera, and you shall have the money. (*going towards the piano.*)

JACQUES. (*goes up and seizes the score.*) Vat, you will take my opera—toute de suite? so very by-and-bye! Non, non! pas encore—not yet. (*to his opera.*) And shall you leave my house so soon?—for five year, every day, every hour you have calm my despair! rest near to me a little longer, before I say you my last adieu!

SEQUE. Well, I have no particular objection to leave it a little longer with you; and, in the meantime, I'll draw out your receipt, and get your twenty pounds. (*goes to door—returns.*) But remember, not a word—the usual secrecy.

JACQUES. Oui, oui! yes! (*sits at piano, buried in thought.*)

*Enter VIVID, R. H. D.*

SEQUE. Well, Mr. Vivid, have you any money for me yet?

VIVID. I have not; but I hope very soon to have some, and then—

SEQUE. Very soon!—the old put off. I have been too patient—too liberal—but you'll hear from me. Good morning, sir. Jacques, remember! *Exit R. door*

VIVID. "Hear from me!"—but I cannot think of him now—brighter visions fill my soul. My efforts to overtake her were vain.

JACQUES. (*absorbed at piano.*) Twenty pounds! Dat will take me to Palerme—to Palerme!—dat I may see her once again before to die!

VIVID. (*sees him.*) Poor old man! Palerme! ever repeating that word when his reason forsakes him.

JACQUES. Twenty pounds! and la gloire!

VIVID. His visions are ever of fortune and happiness! Jacques, my friend!

JACQUES. (*rising.*) Ah, Vivid—c'est vous—et bien?—quoi de nouveau? vot news?

VIVID. None to comfort. I had hoped by the sale of my second volume to have obtained at least the means of alleviating our present distress—but the bookseller has refused to purchase.

JACQUES. Vat a rascal fellow—ven de verses are so handsome!—mais, console yourself, mon ami, for I have some beautiful news for you.

VIVID. (*aside.*) How unfortunate? How to ascertain her address?

JACQUES. Qu'avez-vous done? Vot is de matter? You am been for dis last two, tree days, tout triste, and dull, and absently—and I am of it beginning to be very fidgets.

VIVID. Nay, 'tis nothing.

JACQUES. I am sure dere is something on de top of your head—I have remark it—you have always confide your evils to your old friend—vat is den now? am I no more your confiance—am I no more your friendship?

VIVID. Banish such thoughts—you are my only friend! I have striven to hide all from you—but 'tis vain! my brain burns while I confess my insanity.

JACQUES. You make me frightful—dépêchez donc—tell to me vat is it.

VIVID. I love! without hope—madly love!

JACQUES. Quel horreur! You love? Malheureux!

VIVID. Oh, if you knew how beautiful she is! Twenty times have I met her in my solitary walks; her eyes have encountered mine—I have deeply drank of their fascination. Yesterday, while roaming despondingly on the beach, my soul filled with visions of her elysian brightness—a music out-rivalling the music of the blest arrested me. Judge, oh! judge my rapture! those verses were mine—mine! Drunk with ecstasy, I exclaimed, “Happy the poet thus able to dim that beaming eye with the holy tear of sympathy!”

JACQUES. He also de victim of love! (*sinks into a reverie.*)

VIVID. Judge my astonishment, when bringing your finale I found, in this room, my incognita in conversation with Sequence. You do not listen!

JACQUES. Love! Oh, my friend, beware of it. And more, for de grande dame, de rank lady. Oh, Vivid, prenez garde. I have never speaks you of moi-même—of myself—of de days dat are over. You ave always seen me poor and old, and you ave takes me by de hand widout to know me; it is time dat you shall be more acquaint vid de histoire of your poor old friend. Sit yourself near to me. (*VIVID brings forward two chairs—they sit.*) It is a triste histoire—a story that is melancholick; but it will be lesson to you.

VIVID. Nay, if it pain you—(*he draws his chair nearer to JACQUES.*)

JACQUES. (*after having seemed to collect his thoughts.*) I was not born to ave de happiness, for my moder die ven I vas a vary little boy—good vile ago. I ave evince de talent for de musique, and my fader encourage it; at nineteen year old he die also—widout to leave me much money. An opportunity offer himself to go into Italy, and I take hold of him. I go to Palerme. Palerme! Palerme! ah, my brain burn only at de souvenir of dat cité.

VIVID. Compose yourself, Jacques.

JACQUES. It was at dis time I did acquaintance make vid de Count San Marco—man proud and rempli d'hauteur. He appoint me de teacher of his daughter. Oh, my friend, how was she different to her fader! Noting so beautiful never struck my eye; she vas von ange!—she vas de beau ideal: you cannot see one times vidout to love her;—et moi, and myself, while six months I am go every day to give her de lesson. I do not know how it vas, because my passion made me almost mad! mais, one night we were alone—I found myself at her foots—I confess my love—she did not seeks to fly away from me; for Heaven—de bon dieu—have mark our two souls for de love and de unité.

VIVID. You were happy?

JACQUES. Happy! I vas almost to mad. Mais, one night—oh, my friend! one dreadful night—a knock came to my door; I say to de knocker “ertrez!” A female wid a veil present herself—it was Mariana! “Jacques,” she say to me, “my fader vish to sacrifice me to a marriage detestable; but I am Italienne, and I love you. Let us this night fly away—a vaisseau go from here to England—come—viens!” How happy dat I vas you can tink; we went to part—we reach de sheeps—de signal to depart is give—I press Mariana to my heart—de tear of joy trickle in her eye. We sail for two days; but vat is den dat sheep dat cut de wave and ride wid speed behind us? (*he rises and seems to show VIVID the sea, which he imagines he sees before him, and towards which he moves his hand, imitating*



*the motion of a vessel.*) Tiens, Vivid! see you her, as she glide on de sea? She make approach! she is here—la viola! (*VIVID makes him sit—a pause.*) Mariana make a shriek and fell senseless. It is de count—it is her fader, and his soldats! Dey arrest me in de name of de grand duc—dey tie my hand—dey carry me back to Palerme, and trow me in de prison. I am try—I am accuse of de seduction—I am condemn—you understand, Vivid—condemn—to de galleys—to de galleys!

VIVID. Gracious powers! And how did you escape?

JACQUES. One night de door of my prison opens; somebody seize my arm and conduct me through the dark—place in my hand a purse and a letter—cette lettre, mon ami, this letter. (*takes letter out and reads.*) “Go—fly away! I will be upon your heel as soon as I am able.” Eh bien, I was transport away. Here is de gap in my histoire—dere is tree year of which I know noting. I remember, dey puts great deal vater on my head—puis, one morning, dey tell me to go away from de hôpital where I ave been. I vas alone in de vorld; I struggle on to give de few lessons, ven Heaven send you near to me. Oh, my friend, the bon dieu was good, for vidout you I should be dead. (*he lays his head on VIVID's shoulder, who dashes away a tear.*)

VIVID. (*after a short pause.*) And you have never since heard of your Mariana?

JACQUES. Jamais! Never! While I was jeune homme—a young man—I expect her as a wife. Mais à present, I look to see her as a dear friend, a sister; for she is now old like me. But I know it—she vill come! she vill come! Attendez!

(*he goes up and watches at window, and looks anxiously out.*)

VIVID. And this is what I am to expect—affection without hope! Mariana loved him; that thought has been the balm to heal the lacerated heart. I must cease to think of her—she can never be mine. Absence is my only safeguard. The situation of clerk to a vessel for South America has been offered to me. It will leave the docks to-morrow; what if I accept it? (*turns his eyes towards JACQUES.*) And can I then abandon him? Oh, no—never!

*Enter ANTONIO, R. H. door.*

Again!

ANTONIO. This is the room. Does Monsieur Jacques live here?

JACQUES. C'est moi, monsieur—it is me. (*coming forward.*)

ANTONIO. You! (*crossing to centre, and looking at him with interest.*) Monsieur Jacques, my mistress requests to speak with you.

JACQUES. To me?

ANTONIO. She wishes to know if it will be convenient for you to see her to-day.

JACQUES. Oui, yes, certainement; whenever she likes to please.

ANTONIO. Then she will come to-day—*she will come!*  
Heaven bless you, sir! (*he bows and exits at R. II. door.*)

JACQUES. Those words—dat man! I have seen him somewhere.

VIVID. He is the servant of my incognita. Are you aware that this young lady has been here once before to-day?

JACQUES. Vraiment! c'est bizarre! Very strange, or rader, very natural; she ave hear of my musique, and she come to take de lesson.

VIVID. Possibly.

JACQUES. (*gaily.*) In all de case, my dear boy, dis is not but some good for me. Mon dieu! vat a figuration I look! You must lend me a coat, dat little chesnut coat.

VIVID. Willingly; I'll fetch it for you. You will soon learn who she is. (*aside.*) Still will I keep my resolve and banish myself for ever. *Exit door L. II.*

JACQUES. Quel malheur! vat misfortune! dat de blanchisseuse—de washwoman—ave not brought home my cravat. It is always so; ven you not vant den dey come, and on de grandes occasion dey stops away. To be sure, I ave only two; so ven one is dry de oder is wets. Never mind! (*goes about stage, dusting chairs, &c., with his handkerchief.*) Dis visite ave produce a singular effect upon me. Suppose she should be riche, as Vivid say, I shall perhaps be able, par sa protection, to produce my opera. Oh, quelle joie it will be to see my oper perform! No, I will not never part with him!

*Enter SEQUENCE, R. II. door.*

SEQUE. I haven't been long, you see. Now, touching the overture I made to you this morning.

JACQUES. Your overture? it is my overture.

SEQUE. I mean the proposal which you agreed to. I have brought you the money, and a receipt in full of all demands.

JACQUES. Ma foi! it is true; a fine note, new all over, and a receipt.

SEQUE. Take them, my friend, they are yours; and though I have the reputation, you will be be a man of note.

JACQUES. Non, grande merci! I shall not take them, parce que, becose I ave change my mind.

SEQUE. What, you want more money, I suppose—*Crescendo* in your demand?

**JACQUES.** Non, I won't want none—I vont let my opera go away at all.

**SEQUE.** Mr. Jacques, be careful—I am not a man to be trifled with. Remember, you owe me three quarter's rent, and it is in my power to turn you into the street.

**JACQUES.** I know it.

**SEQUE.** To seize your goods and sell them under your nose.

**JACQUES.** I know it. C'est vrai, it is true, you can do all dis, but you cannot tear from me my opera from under my nose. You may throw me away out of your house—ch bien, I must looks anoder. I shall not complain so long as remain me my opera and my piano.

**SEQUE.** I shall sell that with the rest of the rubbish.

**JACQUES.** You will sell my piano! Qu'avez vous dit là? What you have say? sell my piano! You do not know dat since six year it has support me in all de misère de most affreuse—when for day to day I ave noting to eat. Ah, dat astonish you—you dat ave de superfluity, while de pauvre musician often vant a morsel of bread. Dat astonish you! In de midst of dat vant, dat misère, and dat hungry, I have forgot all, all—becose of my piano—and you have de heart to sell it? Take my bed—sell him; but leave to me—oh, leave to me my piano!

**SEQUE.** Pooh, nonsense! it shall go! (*going towards piano.*)

**JACQUES.** I am old and feeble, but Heaven will give power to this aged arm; but should that arm fail to me, it must dat day kill me; but I will never lose my hold. (*he rushes to the piano in despair—sinks exhausted—presses his head with his hands—looks round wildly.*) Ah, where I am? in Palerme! Hush!

**SEQUE.** In one of his paroxysms again.

**JACQUES.** (*the orchestra plays the air of the piece—he listens.*) It is a sheep dat glide upon de water. She is come at last—I fly to see her—Mariana! Mariana! (*he rushes off R. H. door.*)

*Enter VIVID, with a coat, L. H. door.*

**VIVID.** (*not seeing SEQUENCE.*) Here, my friend, is the—I beg pardon, I have brought poor Mr. Jacques—

**SEQUE.** Some money?

**VIVID.** No, a coat which I promised to lend him.

(*places it on a chair.*)

**SEQUE.** Very strange that you can afford to lend coats, and not pay me your rent. This day I have made up my mind, either to have my money, or you both go.

**VIVID.** Turn the old man out? Impossible! You do but jest; such a procedure—

**SEQUE.** I dare say you'll make a speech about humanity, and

then talk very poetically about pity. I don't pretend to understand it. A man can't understand everything. I am contented to be acquainted with the sound of music and money.

VIVID. Poor Jacques!—without a home—left to perish!—to be cast upon the cold world—and feeble. How much is the old man indebted to you?

SEQUE. Fifteen pounds.

VIVID. (*aside.*) Fifteen pounds! and they offered to advance me thirty: in accepting it I save my poor friend, for some time at least, from want. (*to SEQUENCE, haughtily.*) Mr. Sequence, you will not dispose of a single article.

SEQUE. And who, pray, will prevent me?

VIVID. *It!*—before the evening you shall be paid to the uttermost farthing.

SEQUE. The devil! and I shall lose the opera. (*aside.*) But you have so often promised, I would advise you to keep your word.

VIVID. Leave the room!

SEQUE. Turned out of the orchestra! Take care, sir, you keep your time!

VIVID. Begone!

*Exit SEQUENCE, R. H. door.*

And now to perform a last duty to poor Jacques. It is an act which will not only solace him, but will enable me to drive her loved image from my mind. She will soon be here; I dare not see her more, or farewell to my resolution.

NINA. (*without, R.*) Remain without, Antonio. He will doubtless soon return.

VIVID. Heavens! she here—escape then is impossible.

(*goes up.*)

*Enter NINA, R. H. D.*

NINA. (*looking anxiously round.*) Everything in this wretched apartment interests me. (*sees VIVID.*) His friend! I am delighted to find you alone, Mr. Vivid; I am anxious to have some conversation respecting your friend, Monsieur Jacques.

VIVID. Of Jacques!

NINA. A circumstance of importance has induced this visit. Is it not to be feared that any unexpected news may be too much for his reason?

VIVID. The evident interest you take in my friend—pardon dear madam, my curiosity—but it is dictated alone by the deepest sympathy with the misery and poverty which he endures;—at his age to be reduced to the most frightful privations—

NINA. Gracious heavens! is it possible? (*agitated.*) Is it come to this? Antonio! Antonio!

Enter ANTONIO, R. H. D.

(*she whispers to ANTONIO, who exits, R. H. D., hastily.*) Be satisfied, sir; I have both the will and means of serving your friend.

VIVID. It is kind, very kind, madam; but I shall this day have the means—Heaven has unexpectedly sent them.

NINA. Your noble, your disinterested conduct does honour to your nature.

VIVID. My conduct! (*aside.*) Now is the moment, or all is lost. I will fly to the captain, secure my papers, and pay this heartless landlord. (*to NINA.*) Pardon, madam, but an affair of importance obliges me thus rudely to leave you. (*looks off.*) 'Tis Jacques! I will leave you: farewell, madam, (*aside.*) for ever.

*Exit, R. H. D.*

NINA. I dread to see him. Heaven grant me fortitude for the melancholy task. And should all effort to save him prove unavailing, I will consign myself to the holy calm of a convent's walls, and forget for ever my mountain home.

SONG.—“*Palermo's Bell.*”

When last I heard Palermo's bell,  
How deep and hallowed was its power!  
How sweet each tone the tale did tell,  
Of bridal joy and death's dark hour.  
But forced to roam  
From kindred home,  
I sigh'd a last farewell,—  
To sun-lit bower,  
And golden flower,  
And dear Palermo's bell!

With listless eye that land is seen;  
For far off lands my bosom burn'd,  
Yet sigh'd to leave that long lov'd scene—  
Still early memory fondly turn'd—  
But visions bright  
As the fire-fly's light,  
Of hope and peace doth tell;  
For o'er each vale,  
And hill and dale,  
Shall sound Palermo's bell!

(*at the end of song NINA retires up, R. H.*)

Enter JACQUES, R. H. D.

JACQUES. (*not seeing her.*) Again I come back alone. (*sees*

coat.)  
is about  
la viol  
dons, r

NIN  
JAC  
are!  
chair  
will yo

Enter

NIN  
remain

JAC  
sweet

NIN  
find y

JAC  
never

NIN  
to bri

partal

JAC  
NIN

broug  
Bring

JAC  
AN

down

JAC  
his br

Vat a

NIN

JAC  
taking

a larg

sits a

Vivid

out

raven

mada  
taste  
very  
rine

coat.) Ah, ah, de coat of Vivid! Dis lady vill soon come. (*he is about to take off his coat, when he sees NINA.*) Ah, mon dieu! la viola! dere she am! and I ave not ave time to—mille pardons, madam, to receive you in dis negligé of de morning.

NINA. It is I rather who should apologise for this intrusion.

JACQUES. Comment, madam! (*aside.*) What a interest she are! Give yourself the pain to sits down. (*he hands NINA a chair with a broken seat, but instantly changes it.*) Maintenant, will you descend to instruct me of de motive of your visit?

*Enter ANTONIO, R. H. D., with a tray covered, decanter, glasses, &c., which he lays on the table.*

NINA. The business which brought me here will oblige me to remain with you a very long time.

JACQUES. Mais—tant mieux—all de better, madam. Vat a sweet eye. (*aside.*)

NINA. And fearful that, did I not come early, I might not find you at home, I did not take breakfast.

JACQUES. Oh, dat always bad—you should not—jamais, never go vidout your breakfast, it is always my system.

NINA. I have therefore taken the liberty to desire my servant to bring it here. I hope you will not only pardon me, but will partake of it with me.

JACQUES. Madame!

NINA. We can, during the time, talk upon the subject that brought me here. (*to ANTONIO, who has arranged the table.*) Bring the table down.

JACQUES. I shall obey you. (*going to the table.*)

ANTONIO. Pardon me, sir, that is my duty. (*brings the table down.*)

JACQUES. (*who has pull'd up one of his stockings, and buckled his breeches.*) Mon dieu! Madame, I am quite confuse. (*aside.*) Vat a pity it is not to be better decorated.

NINA. Pray be seated. Leave us, my good Antonio.

*Exit ANTONIO, R. H. D.*

JACQUES. It is only to obey you, madam, for I am already taking something, and I am no great appetite. (*aside.*) What a large fibs. (*he looks at the table with voraciousness.* NINA sits and eats a little, to encourage him—*aside.*) If dat poor Vivid was here, he vould also ave a breakfast; but he is always out of de vay ven anyting extraordinaire happen. (*he eats ravenously. NINA fills his glass with wine.*) You are too good madame. (*aside.*) Vine! vat it is a long time dat I ave it not taste! (*drinks.*) Dis to very good cotelette! a capital shop! very handsome vine! I assure you, madame, dat I do not ave vine upon my table always—tings are not in a flourish wid me.

NINA. And have you not tried to better your circumstances?

JACQUES. Very often—several times. Ven I ave present myself to ave de pupils, dey say—“vous êtes trop vieux”—“you are too old.” Alors, den, I go to de maison of de poor old peoples—what you call de working house—and dey say—“vous êtes trop jeune”—“you are too young”—so I find dat I am of an age most embarrassing. What a magnifique pâté—what a capital lark! Now, madame, am I able to know vat ave procure to me de honneur of your visite?

NINA. (*aside.*) Heavens! How to break it to him! You must know that I am an entire stranger here—'tis now two months since I quitted Italy.

JACQUES. (*moving suddenly.*) Italy! You came from Sicily?

NINA. A passion for music predominated from my earliest youth; I employ'd the most distinguished masters, and was making rapid progress, when circumstances obliged me to abandon my studies and come to England. This morning, chance conducted me here; some pieces of music which I happened to see on your piano gave me the highest opinion of your genius.

JACQUES. Ah, madame, your compliments flatter me.

NINA. I would become your pupil. (*rising.*)

JACQUES. It shall give me pleasure to teach to you as well my poor abilitie shall permit. I do not know why, but I cannot help to take an interest in you. Dites moi, ma chere madame! vidout doubt you ave already compose several tings?

NINA. As yet I have not attempted anything beyond the merest trifles; yet there is one I should like you to hear, but that I fear to take up your time.

JACQUES. Comment done! it will be to me a great happiness. I only regret dat my piano is such a poor box.

NINA. (*crossing.*) I tremble! The subject of the romance is founded upon fact—it really happend. The scene is Sicily.

JACQUES. (*agitated.*) En Sicile! (*he regains his composure, and draws chair close to the piano.*)

NINA. Listen! (*she watches all his emotions.*)

#### ROMANCE.—NINA.

A noble's daughter loved to madness  
 A stranger youth of low degree;  
 They wed—(but 'tis a tale of sadness  
 Told throughout all Sicily.)

JACQUES. (*with surprise.*) Told throughout all Sicily?

NINA. The sire pursues the truant maiden,  
And soon, alas! his step they hear;  
The youth is cast, with irons laden,  
Within Palermo's dungeons drear.

JACQUES. (*starting.*) Within Palermo's dungeons drear.

NINA. Still cheer thee youth  
She watches thee!  
Believe her truth,  
She'll set thee free.

JACQUES. (*looking fixedly upon NINA.*) Vat means dis  
romance?

NINA. Listen to the second verse.

Dread surrounds him, gloom is o'er him,  
Life to him no more is dear;  
When soon a mantled form before him,  
Stands within his dungeon drear.

JACQUES. (*his agitation has gradually increased.*) She stand  
within his dungeon drear?

NINA. "Fly! thy path is free from danger,"  
Cries the maid, nor cries in vain;  
"This purse—this letter—take, in stranger  
Climes we soon shall meet again!"

JACQUES. *We soon shall meet again?* (NINA, *as if to calm  
his agitation, turns the song gaily.*)

NINA. Now cheer thee youth,  
She watches thee;  
Believe her truth,  
She sets thee free!

JACQUES. (*seizing the arm of NINA, draws from his bosom  
the letter.*) Dis letter—look! see! it is here, here! Cette  
histoire—dis histoire—it is *mine!*—de prisonier is me—de  
daughter of de noble is Mariana! You know her? Speak!  
speak! it is Mariana who ave send you to me, n'est ce pas?  
She vill come herself? Oh, say me—say me, dat she vill come!  
She has me promise. Oh, speak! You reply not—you turn  
away your eye! one word—one single word? Ven I shall see  
her again?

NINA. (*impressively.*) Never! never!

JACQUES. Nevoir! Oh, mon dieu! Nevoir! Den she is—tell  
me not— (*puts his hand before her mouth.*) Dead! Mort! (*his*



*head sinks on his bosom—his frenzy returns.*) Hark! do not you hear de sound of de bell? Stand away! do not make so much noise; how can she die if you talk? (*he looks up silently, as if in prayer.*)

NINA. Nay, be calm; hear me, I intreat.

JACQUES. Mariana comes to me no more. Vat I have to do here now, but to die? (*he weeps, his hands clasping his face.*)

NINA. His reason returns.

JACQUES. Dead! vidout to have seek to see me only once.

(*he tears the letter, which he throws down.*)

NINA. Accuse her not; she would have forsaken fortune, rank, parents, country; but after your flight she was closely guarded, and her life melted away in tears.

JACQUES. (*picks up the pieces of the letter and carefully puts them into his bosom.*) Pardon to her memory. Pauvre Mariana! she vas den very unhappy.

NINA. Oh, yes—and loved you. She at length succeeded in obtaining the means of flight; all obstacles were removed—

JACQUES. And what prevent her?—

NINA. She died giving birth to a daughter.

JACQUES. Grand dieu! and dis daughter—where, where is she? where is my daughter, my child?

NINA. My father! (*she falls on her knees before JACQUES.*)

JACQUES. C'es toi! Oh, yes, my heart tell me—ma fille! my child! Ma chère enfant! (*he presses her in his arms.*) Ah, if you know how you look like her. Ah, now I not more wish to die.

NINA. Calm yourself, my father.

JACQUES. (*raising her up.*) My child—my daughter—*mine*. Ah, how she is tall—how she is beautiful! Oh, if dis shall be an illusion. Ma pauvre tête is so weak. I am not dérangé—not inad, am I?

NINA. No, no, dear father! it is indeed your child, who will never again leave you—who will soothe your grief into happiness.

JACQUES. Oui, yes! (*slowly.*) We will yet speak of her!

NINA. And now, away with want, away with poverty! The Count is no more! I am rich—you are rich, my father.

JACQUES. Riche! can it be? Eh bien, tant mieux! not for me, but for *him* who has support and suffer wid me—my good Vivid! Oh, he is a good boy! You do not know what a générosité—what a fine heart he has; no son could not have do no more for me! Oh, how he will be astonishment.

*Enter SEQUENCE, with a letter, R. H. door.*

SEQUE. My dear Mr. Jacques, I have come to tell you—

JACQUES. Dat I must go away from your lodgement. Oh, very vell, I shall leave your garret room.

SEQUE. On the contrary, I've come to say that you may stay as long as you please. I'm paid!

JACQUES. You are paid? (*looks at NINA.*)

SEQUE. This letter will explain. (*reads.*) "Enclosed is the amount my dear friend Mr. Jacques stands indebted to you; I will call and pay your demand on myself in an hour I sail for South America to-morrow, and—"

*Enter VIVID, R. H. door.*

JACQUES. (*running to and pressing his hand.*) Ah, mon ami! let me shake you.

VIVID. (*aside.*) She still here!

JACQUES. How ave you got all dat money? Mais ce n'est rien; tanks to dis angel, I ave no vant of noting! Dis beautiful lady—dis incognita, dat you speak to me about—she is ma fille—my daughter—my child!

VIVID. (*aside.*) His daughter!

SEQUE. (R.) His daughter! There goes his head again!

NINA. (*taking the hand of JACQUES.*) He speaks the truth! I am his daughter.

SEQUE. Is it possible?

JACQUES. Yes, it is possible, Mr Lodging-house. (*to VIVID.*) Now we go all three to be happy.

VIVID. Alas, it is now too late.

JACQUES. Comment! Too late! It never shall be too late! And could you tink to leave me, when you know that Mr. Sequence was go to turn me out of his house?

SEQUE. Bless you, I respect genius too much—I am too fond of music.

JACQUES. Oui!—yes, so fond of de musique, that you will take away my piano? (*to VIVID.*) And you have sacrifice everyting for me.

VIVID. I see you rich and happy—I have now no tie to bind me here.

JACQUES. But it is now my turn to make you happy. Vat, you ave no tie to bind you here? Ven I shall be older, who shall support me, eh?—has she de strength—dat dear child dere? Vid dis arm (*showing his left.*) I can lean on her; mais, but dis toder arm? Ah, tu n'as plus rien à faire ici? you ave no more tie to bind you here?

NINA. Mr. Vivid, you must not leave us—you will not go?

VIVID. (*taking JACQUES' right arm.*) Dearest lady, if you command—

JACQUES. Ah, voyez vous ça! how he is obedient to her! I remember—mais, motus—I shall say noting now—but by—

and-bye, presently, I shall speak vid both of you. (*to SEQUENCE.*) Monsieur Sequence, you perceive I am not dispose to sell my opera, becose for you see I am riche!

SEQUE. I am delighted at your prosperity; I am sure I hope your opera will succeed. (*aside.*) I'll go the first night and hiss it.

JACQUES. Yes I am riche. (*looking at NINA and VIVID, then comes forward.*) To night, in the midst of my sorrow, I tought I hear from every side voices cry, "Brava!—" "très bien!" Mais, malheureusement! my head ave been some time dérangé, and perhaps I ave only suppose dese tings. Am I mad? Did I dream dat you was please, and satisfy? Oh, assure me dat it vas not the ravings of—

## POOR MONSIEUR JACQUES.

SEQUENCE.  
R.

JACQUES.

NINA.

VIVID.  
L.

## CURTAIN.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

u. (to  
dispose  
I hope  
it and  
VIVID,  
row, I  
" très  
e time  
Am I  
? Oh,

# THE DOWAGER

A COMEDY

IN ONE ACT

BY

CHARLES MATHEWS,

AUTHOR OF

*Little Toddlekins; My Wife's Mother; Patter v. Clatter;  
He would be an Actor; The Ringdoves; Humpback'd  
Lover; A Match for a King; Two in the Morning;  
Truth, &c &c*

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

## THE DOWAGER.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, Dec. 3, 1848.*

LORD ALFRED LYNDSEY . . .	MR. CHARLES MATHIAS
SIR FREDERICK CHASEMORE . . .	MR. HOLL.
EDGAR BEAUCHAMP . . . . .	MR. BRINDAL.
SERVANT . . . . .	MR. ENNIS.
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF TRESILIAN . . . . .	MADAME VESTRIS.
LADY BLOOMER . . . . .	MISS CHARLES.
MARGARET . . . . .	MISS C. CONNOR.

SCENE.—Lady Bloomer's Country House.

PERIOD.—About 1790.

---

### COSTUMES.

LORD ALFRED.—Riding dress of the period, stone-coloured coat, braided, with silver, drab great coat, with cape, amber satin waistcoat, leather breeches, top boots, lace cravat, high brown beaver hat and buckle; powder.

SIR FREDERICK.—Same style of riding dress, green coat; powder.

EDGAR.—Walking dress of the same period, violet and gold breeches, white stockings, buckles; powder: cocked hat and stick.

DOWAGER.—Silk travelling dress of the period, open robe, demi-train, petticoat of the same material, lace handkerchief on the neck, small cloak, velvet hat and feathers; no powder.

LADY BLOOMER.—Striped silk dress of the same make; powder.

MARGARET.—White muslin, with one deep flounce, broad coloured sash; powder.

348.  
ES MATH  
AL.  
ESTRIS.  
LES.  
NNOR.  
e.  
coloured  
th cape,  
ots, lace  
der.  
en coat;  
and gold  
eked hat  
en robe,  
handker-  
eathers;  
make;  
e, broad

## THE DOWAGER.

---

### SCENE.

*A Drawing-Room, entirely open at the back, leading to a garden. An awning protects the windows from the sun. Doors R. and L.*

LADY BLOOMER, R., and MARGARET BEAUCHAMP, L.,  
*discovered seated.*

LADY B. Well, my dear Margaret, are we to pass the whole morning without exchanging a word? What makes you so silent?

MARG. I was thinking of the agreeable party assembled here during the past week, and regretting the sudden termination of our festivities.

LADY B. It certainly was very provoking; just as our private theatricals, too, were about to begin; but it could not be avoided. The letter which announced the probable arrival here, of my old aunt, the Dowager, was a death-blow to our merriment.

MARG. Is she, then, such a kill-joy?

LADY B. A formal frump; full, no doubt, of ridiculous provincial prejudices. She was many years married to my uncle, Lord Tresilian, a grave old Cornish nobleman, and vegetated at the Land's End, under the shadow of his dignity, until his death, two years ago, when business took her to Germany.

MARG. Then where did you make her acquaintance?

LADY B. My love, I have never seen her; but she is very rich, has no children, and, if I do but please her—

MARG. I understand.

LADY B. At her age, and with her austere habits, she would look upon our amusements as frivolous, and I am anxious to receive her with all due respect and etiquette.

MARG. You are quite right. (*sighing.*) It is a sad necessity.

LADY B. I have warned Sir Frederick Chasemore to be on his good behaviour. Have *you* cautioned your brother Edgar?

MARG. I have; but there's little danger of poor Edgar's transgressing. He is too timid and quiet, too sentimentally devoted to you, to bestow a thought upon any one else.

LADY B. (*rises.*) Nonsense, Margaret! Your brother has now been nearly three months domesticated here, and, in all that time has never uttered a word in the shape of a declaration, nor have I seen anything in his manner, even, to make me believe that he loves me.

MARG. That is because he has not courage to declare himself; he is too sensitive; a refusal would kill him.

LADY B. How ridiculous! I like a bold lover—ardent and enterprising, impetuous, pressing, impatient—one who will not be said nay to; like your gallant, for instance, Sir Frederick Chasemore.

MARG. Oh, don't talk of him! He is too confident of success to please me. I like a respectful lover, full of the poetry of gentle affection—sighing, musing, doubting, hoping, fearing—one who— In short, like your admirer, my poor brother Edgar.

LADY B. Come, come, Margaret; now would you pretend to deny that Sir Frederick Chasemore—

MARG. And would you, now, Louisa, pretend to deny that my brother Edgar—

LADY B. There, that will do. We won't attempt a further examination of our silly hearts; we are neither of us likely to confess the truth, so let us turn to another subject.

MARG. Agreed! And just in time, for here comes my brother.

LADY B. Now shall we be overpowered with the rattling volubility of his exuberant spirits.

*Enter EDGAR, slowly, from the garden, c. l.*

EDGAR. Do I intrude?

MARG. No, no, of course not; how can you be so foolish, brother?

EDGAR. My dear Margaret, if you were alone, I should not hesitate to join you, but—

LADY B. "But the sight of Lady Bloomer so frightens me, that—" Thank you, Edgar, for your pretty compliment.

EDGAR. Now, pray don't misinterpret— How unlucky I am! The fact is, I am foolishly bashful upon certain points. I know it is absurd, but I— (*aside.*) I feel I am blushing up to the eyes at this very moment.

LADY B. You should take a lesson from your friend, Sir Federick.

MARG. Oh, no! Pray don't give my brother bad advice.

EDGAR. I have watched him with envy. Indeed, when I am alone, I feel resolute in my determination to imitate him. I sally forth, a lion; my boldness lasts me to the very door—nay, I fearlessly turn the lock, magnanimously enter the room, behold you, and—my courage is nipped like a bud.

MARG. Poor Edgar!

EDGAR. I think I *am* a little less timid than I was, for I now and then catch myself positively gazing at you.

LADY B. Is—it—possible!

EDGAR. Oh, yes. I have even remarked the colour of your eyes.

LADY B. Ha! ha! ha! You really are making wonderful progress.

EDGAR. There—you laugh. I've done.

LADY B. I regret that my gaiety should so ruffle you. I will leave you to compose yourself. I must prepare for our expected visitor. *Apropos*, our neighbour, Lord Alfred Lindsay, may ride over here in the course of the morning; we must contrive to give him a hint, also, to restrain his accustomed mirth. Adieu, Edgar, we shall soon meet



again. Ha! ha! ha!—but I beg pardon; I will go and laugh in the next room. [*Exit, door R. 2 R.*]

EDGAR. Now, I'll just ask you, Margaret—

MARG. All your own fault. I don't pity you in the least.

FRED. (*without.*) Edgar! Edgar! Where are you.

MARG. Here comes Frederick!

*Enter SIR FREDERICK, from garden; comes down c.*

FRED. Ah! the fair Margaret here! An unexpected pleasure!

MARG. You have been playing truant, this morning.

FRED. Yes, I took horse early, and have had a delightful gallop round the neighbouring villages; breakfasted at a picturesque farm-house, on brown bread, fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, chatted with the jolly farmer, flirted with his buxom wife, kissed his pretty daughter, and cantered home again.

MARG. Upon my word, sir, a very charming confession!

FRED. You see how dangerous it is to let me run alone, and yet you won't take me into leading-strings. Ah! you smile.

MARG. (*smiles.*) Do not mistake the smile extorted by your absurdity, for approbation of your levity.

FRED. I mistake nothing; you smile, and that is all I ask. If I could but once make you *laugh*, I should instantly order the wedding gloves and bouquets.

MARG. Your courtship is a gay one, at all events.

FRED. Our marriage will be gayer still, I promise you.

MARG. Our marriage! I laugh at the idea!

FRED. You do? Then it pleases you, and I triumph.

MARG. Nonsense! There really is no talking with you.

FRED. I know it. You may as well say "yes," at once.

MARG. But I will say "no."

FRED. Do—and I will prove that you mean "yes."

MARG. Then I will say nothing.

FRED. That's right; silence gives consent.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Only hear them! only hear them!

FRED. I am a happy man!

EDGAR. You are. Your intrepidity is matchless.

What would I not give for half your hardihood with Lady Bloomer.

FRED. What! havn't you popped the question yet?

EDGAR. Popped the question!—how easy it sounds. No, I can't summon up courage.

FRED. Well, some people are much too dilatory. Are they not, Margaret?

MARG. They are; while others are much too precipitate.

EDGAR. There—you hear what my sister says.

FRED. Pshaw! man, I am sure Margaret herself will own that such timidity as yours is absurd.

MARG. Undoubtedly, Margaret will as freely own that her brother is far too fearful of failure, as that Sir Frederick Chasemore is far too confident of success. [*Exit R. 2 E.*]

EDGAR. What say you to that?

FRED. Say!—that she loves me.

EDGAR. Well, I believe she does; but blames your confidence.

FRED. Nonsense, she likes it.

EDGAR. Eh? Egad, I verily believe she does.

FRED. They all do.

EDGAR. I'm afraid you're right. What will become of me?

FRED. Follow in my steps.

EDGAR. I can't. Besides, the very thing you court most, I most dread—a laugh. If she wouldn't laugh, I think I could make her a declaration.

FRED. Well, listen to me, and I'll let you into a secret by which we shall get the laugh on our side.

EDGAR. What is it?

FRED. Lady Bloomer has announced her expectation of a visit from her aunt.

EDGAR. Well?

FRED. Her *aunt*, I say, the *dowager*—hem!

EDGAR. Her aunt—I hear you.

FRED. And you believe her?

EDGAR. Why shouldn't I?

FRED. What! are you so blind as not to perceive that this is only a manœuvre of hers, to put an end to our festivities?

EDGAR. Why so? the theatricals were of her own proposing

FRED. I know it; but—now, I don't wish to alarm you—but since the arrival of a certain agreeable neighbour of hers—

EDGAR. You don't allude to Lord Alfred Lindsay?

FRED. I do.

EDGAR. Mercy on me! I have sometimes myself fancied—

FRED. It is clear to me that, in order to pique you to a declaration, she affects a greater interest towards him than she really feels.

EDGAR. What shall I do?

FRED. Hear my secret. In order to clear the course of troublesome spectators, she has *invented* an old aunt—a starched, formal frump—and conjured her here, to frighten us out of our mirth. Now, unfortunately for her plot, I happen to know that her real aunt, the Dowager Countess of Tresilian, is not an old woman at all; for though nearly fourteen or fifteen years the wife of a twaddling old peer, and buried alive all that time in one of his Cornish mines, she was only sixteen when he married her, and consequently must still be under thirty.

EDGAR. Indeed! Well, go on.

FRED. This, then at once betrays her deceit, and has suggested my counterplot. She wanted to scare us with an *imaginary* aunt, I am going to give her a real one.

EDGAR. An aunt!

FRED. Yes. Last night I despatched my man, Robert, to London to complete my arrangements, and presently you will see the old fashioned coach, the four long-tailed greys, and the gorgeous liveries of the dowager countess come rumbling up the avenue.

EDGAR. Impossible! Why surely you would not think of—

FRED. Wouldn't! I have. I expect them every moment.

EDGAR. But what object have you in view?

FRED. First of all, a hoax—that alone would be enough—but I have another. The aunt that I have sent for is gay and lively, and will act any part that may assist us in

our jok  
her, an  
What s  
Edga  
earnest  
FRED  
Alfred  
Edga  
But wh  
FRED  
must r  
give hi  
we'll ha

EDGA

End

LADY  
MARC  
EDGA  
LADY  
dowager  
EDGA  
LADY  
lieve yo  
EDGA  
MARC  
LADY E  
and so t  
LADY  
EDGA  
(looks o  
full spee  
stride.  
LORD  
over her  
ladies?  
FRED.  
I'll join  
LORD

our joke. Suppose we both affect to fall in love with her, and so rouse the jealousy of our cruel fair ones. What say you?

EDGAR. A capital idea! But if I cannot make love in earnest, I'm afraid I shall never be able to do so in jest.

FRED. Never fear, I will assist you; and when Lord Alfred arrives, I'll get him to give you a hint or two.

EDGAR. What, my rival himself? He won't do that. But who is this pretended aunt?

FRED. Hush!—here come the ladies—not a word! I must run to be ready to meet Robert when he comes, and give him fresh instructions. Now I'm in my element—we'll have our private theatricals in spite of them all.

[*Exit into garden, L.*]

EDGAR. What a madcap!

*Enter* LADY BLOOMER and MARGARET, R. H. D.

LADY B. A very pretty discovery, truly!

MARG. Oh, here's my brother; where's Sir Frederick?

EDGAR. He was here this moment.

LADY B. Gone, I suppose, to pay his respects to the dowager.

EDGAR. What! is she arrived already?

LADY B. Oh, Edgar, would you, then, have us believe you ignorant of her movements?

EDGAR. How should I be otherwise?

MARG. True—how should he be otherwise. (*aside to* LADY B.) Let us conceal our discovery of their plans, and so turn the tables upon them.

LADY B. A capital thought.

EDGAR. Hark! I hear a horse—an out-rider perhaps. (*looks out at arch to L. H.*) No; Lord Alfred Lindsay, at full speed, as usual; off his horse, and up the steps at stride. What a flash of lightning it is.

LORD A. (*without.*) Take care of the filly, throw a cloth over her, she's very warm. Ah! Frederick, where are ladies?

FRED. (*without.*) You'll find them in the drawing-room; I'll join you there immediately.

LORD A. Don't disturb yourself; I know the way.

*Enter LORD ALFRED, from garden, L.*

LORD A. Behold them here! Ladies, your most obedient! Edgar, yours! I've had a delightful ride—a sort of morning I like—grey and soft, no sun, no wind, and the roads moist and pleasant.

LADY B. You have changed your opinion since we saw you last; for you told us then that you liked a brilliant sun, a bracing wind, and the roads as hard as iron.

LORD A. And so I do; I like both.

MARG. Nay, I have heard Lord Alfred affirm that he liked nothing so well as riding in a pelting storm, and feeling the refreshing rain fall on him like a shower bath.

LORD A. And so I do. I like them all. I like everything.

LADY B. A happy temperament.

LORD A. The world is new to me, and I enjoy it. Confined in a dreary old castle, under the paternal wing, I knew nothing, till one day my father opened my cage—out I flew, like an arrow from a bow, and never stopped till I reached London.

LADY B. And were you pleased there?

LORD A. Pleased! I was transported, transfixed! I knew not which way to turn me, I was speechless with admiration.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) I've been so many a time.

LORD A. Since then my life has been a round of delight; everything is new to me and everything enchanting!

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Only hear him run on!

LORD A. Let me be where I will, I've only to look around me, and— Now here's a delightful abode! Wood and water—park and pleasure-grounds.

LADY B. Oh, the monastery you mean.

LORD A. How happy you must be in this sweet place. At least, I never come here but *I* am.

MARG. I fear we cannot interpret that remark into a compliment, as you seem to be happy everywhere.

LORD A. Quite true—So I am.

LADY B. A most enviable state, indeed.

MARG. As well as a very rare one.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) I wish I dared venture a remark.

LORD A. Rare! How can it be rare? People have eyes—send them to London. The mere sight of the dashing carriages, the brilliant equipages, whisking from place to place, is gaiety ready-made in itself; and then the throngs of merry folks gadding to and fro, the bustle, the women—oh, the women above all! It's a paradise!

MARG. Lord Alfred seems to be an admirer of our sex.

LORD A. An admirer? An adorer! Fancy me in London; my heart was drilled through and through, like a sieve. Myriads of bright eyes surrounding me—thousands of women flitting before me, and so pretty—

EDGAR. Some of them.

LORD A. Some! They were all pretty—all beautiful.

EDGAR. Oh, all.

LORD A. All! I say all! Young and old!

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Well done!

LADY B. Your admiration, I fear, is somewhat indiscriminate.

LORD A. My weak point, I confess. The very sight of a petticoat is enough—away goes my heart.

LADY B. Indeed! Come, Margaret, I think, under these circumstances, we had better make our escape.

LORD A. Too late—it's gone already.

LADY B. Since when?

LORD A. Since the moment I beheld *you*.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) A pleasant confession.

LADY B. (*coquetting.*) How often have you said the same thing to others?

LORD A. Thousands of times! And shall again, I hope.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Good!

LADY B. (*piqued.*) Upon my word, a dangerous character. You seem to glory in your perfidy.

LORD A. Perfidy! Not at all. I love the sex, but I respect it.

LADY B. That is to say, if a woman really pleased you—

LORD A. I'd marry her.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Pleasant.

LADY B. Marry her?

LORD A. To be sure. I'd marry them all. I should like to be a Turk. To think that there really are Turks, with as many wives as they please! I'd marry a wife a-day.

EDGAR. Good; now, he'd like to be a Turk!

LORD A. I should like to be everything.

LADY B. Your sentiments have, at least, novelty to recommend them.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) I must try and say something.

MARG. Lord Alfred may well be happy, since he possesses that which half the world might envy him, content.

LORD A. Envy me! Are there really discontented people on this beautiful earth? Then there's only one punishment I know for them. Send them to play chess, in my father's old castle in Scotland.

EDGAR. Scotland! Scotland! Stay—does he live in Scotland? That reminds me of—

LADY B. What, Edgar? Come, let us hear?

MARG.

LORD A. } Ay, let us hear?

EDGAR. (*aside.*) They're bantering. Eh?—hear—what?

LADY B. What is it it reminds you of?

EDGAR. Did I say—I—dear me—I quite forget now what it reminded me of.

LORD A. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Edgar—an interesting *souvenir* indeed! (*all laugh.*)

EDGAR. (*aside.*) Good—a laugh! I've made myself absurd, and now I'll go.

LADY B. What! leaving us Edgar? Well, no ceremony.

LORD A. That's right. No ceremony—I hate it! There are only two things in the world that I detest—ceremony and chess.

EDGAR. And I, only one—a laugh! I have some letters to write, and—not having much time to—I— (*aside*) I'm sure I'm as red in the face as a turkey cock.

[*Exit into garden, L.*

LORD A. What's the matter with your brother, Miss Beauchamp? He seems absent and flurried (MARGARET *speaks apart with* LADY B.) Miss Beauchamp!

MARG. I beg pardon.

LORD A. Am I *de trop*? There seems a mystery in the house, to-day. Pray don't scruple to send me away, if I interrupt any little tête-a-tête, or—

LADY B. No—quite the reverse—for Margaret and I have just agreed to enlist you in our service.

LORD A. Charming! What's to be said? What's to be done? Some hoax to execute? Nothing in the world like so much.

LADY B. On the contrary, it is to prevent one.

LORD A. Better still, but explain?

LADY B. You are aware that I am in expectation of a visit from my aunt?

MARG. The dowager Lady—

LORD A. Tresilian. Good!

LADY B. Well, it appears that our giddy friend, Sir Frederick Chasemore, with what intent we know not, is about to introduce an impostor here in her place—an inexcusable jest, luckily confided by his valet to my maid, who very properly acquainted me with it.

LORD A. Oh, this is delightful!

LADY B. You will not say so when I tell you *who* has been selected to represent my respectable aunt.

LORD A. Who? Who? Quick, let me hear.

MARG. No other than an actress from London.

LORD A. An actress! Capital! I know her.

LADY B. How can you tell that?

LORD A. I know them all.

LADY B. Indeed! I congratulate you.

LORD A. Thank you! But tell me who it is?

LADY B. A soubrette from one of the London theatres! Scandalous!

LORD A. From one of the London theatres! Glorious!

MARG. And very pretty, too, by all accounts. Infamous!

LADY B. What say you now?

LORD A. Say? That the incident is delicious. You have discovered the plot in time to turn the laugh against them—so take my advice, retire to your rooms, caution your servants to be out of the way when the carriage arrives, and leave the task of getting rid of her to your humble servant.



MARG. Excellent! Suppose you were to affect to be struck with her charms, and—

LORD A. I know—make love to her you mean! Oh, matter of course.

LADY B. Nay, nay, I really cannot sanction such a proceeding.

MARG. Only to mystify her, you know.

LADY B. (*aside to MARGARET.*) And, at the same time, to prevent Sir Frederick from—

MARG. Hush!

LORD A. Oh, very well, only say the word. If my falling in love with her can be of the slightest service, pray command me; only give me a clear field, and I wager my head I win her before she's an hour older.

LADY B. Well, well, you have my consent. But, now, no imprudence!

LORD A. Trust to my generalship. Hark! I hear the wheels of a carriage! Only let me beg of you to retire, and I promise you a faithful account of what, I doubt not, will prove my successful campaign. (*Leads them to the door, and kisses their hands.* [*Exeunt LADY BLOOMER and MARGARET, R. D.* What an exquisite adventure! Who dares talk of the dullness of the country, where such incidents spring up? But I must have a peep at our little actress. I dare say I shall recognise an old acquaintance. (*looks out.*) Eh?—no!—a stranger, and a pretty one, too. She's not dressed in character—how's that? Here she comes! I'll get out of the way for a moment, that she may find the drawing-room as empty as the hall. Ha! ha! ha! Take care my little soubrette, you have a more difficult part to play than you imagine. [*Exit L. 2 E.*]

DOWAGER. (*heard without.*) What no one to receive me! No one to announce me!

*Enter DOWAGER, L. H. D.*

Not a soul! Instead of my niece's country house, I must have stumbled upon an uninhabited castle. Ha! ha! ha! From the accounts I have just received of her and her visitors, I suspect my presence will not be ill-timed, and, with the insight which my informant has given me into

the state of domestic politics, a couple of years spent in a foreign court, and a woman's tact, I think I shall not feel at a loss among these London fashionables.

MARG. (*L. peeping in R. H.—aside.*) I must have one peep, just to see what she's like.

DOWAG. (*I.*) Ah! there's some one at last. Come in, child!

MARG. (*aside.*) Child, indeed? The impertinent creature!

DOWAG. Don't be alarmed. I am—

MARG. The Dowager Countess of Tresilian! Am I right?

DOWAG. Quite right. But why that tone of irony?

MARG. I say you are the Dowager Countess of Tresilian?

DOWAG. I am.

MARG. Of course. Ha! ha! You perform the character admirably.

DOWAG. Perform the character!

MARG. I will be candid with you. You are known.

DOWAG. Am I?

MARG. Take my advice. Depart at once, ere the matter take a more serious turn. Lady Bloomer is much incensed against you, for she knows all.

DOWAG. Indeed! (*aside.*) How very strange! And pray what does she know?

MARG. That your visit here was preconcerted with that madcap, Sir Frederick.

DOWAG. Sir Frederick! (*aside.*) Ah! this must be Margaret Beauchamp. And who may Sir Frederick be?

MARG. Nay, now, you need not affect ignorance—Sir Frederick Chasemore—*your friend*, Sir Frederick.

DOWAG. My friend! (*aside.*) What can this mean? Here is evidently some mistake. Believe me, whatever object I may have in presenting myself here, it can but be one of perfect indifference to Sir Frederick Chasemore.

MARG. Indeed! May I believe you?

DOWAG. Come, come, my good young friend, we must understand each other better. Let me at once into the secret. You say you all know the motive of my visit?

MARG. Certainly—it was for a joke; you thought to hoax, to mystify us.

DOWAG. I! Merely on me!

MARG. Sir Frederick is most to blame, after all, for it appears it was he that brought you here.

DOWAG. Oh, Sir Frederick brought me here; and pray with what intent.

MARG. In the hope, no doubt, that with your amusing talents, he should succeed in dissipating the *ennui* which has crept into the house since the threatened visit of the Dowager, the terrible aunt, whose character you have undertaken.

DOWAG. Aha! I begin to perceive! Your gay party has been broken up, then, solely on her account? This aunt must be a most forbidding person.

MARG. A downright kill-joy!

DOWAG. I thought as much!

MARG. A methodical, country-bred bore, ignorant of the usages of fashionable life.

DOWAG. Ha! ha! Full of ridiculous prejudices, no doubt; whose rigid muscles are too firmly knit, ever to relax even into a smile.

MARG. Exactly! Ha! ha! And as to a laugh!--

DOWAG. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! a laugh would certainly be the death of her! Ha! ha! ha!

(*As they are both laughing heartily, LORD ALFRED advances between them, from his hiding place.*)

LORD A. Ha! ha! ha! Capital!

MARG. } Oh!

DOWAG. }

LORD A. You are enjoying yourselves, ladies.

MARG. Lord Alfred, how you startled me.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) Oh, the gay Lord Alfred Lyndsay.

LORD A. (*aside to MARGARET.*) Miss Margaret, you have stolen a march upon me; you were to remain in your own apartment.

MARG. My curiosity, I confess, led me—

LORD A. (*aside to MARGARET.*) Allow me, then, to conduct you—(*Offers his hand, and leads her to the door,*)

R. H.

[*Exit MARGARET, R. H. D.*]

DOWAG. So, so; I am a kill-joy, am I? ignorant of the usages of fashionable life! Very pretty, my kind friends, very pretty—but we shall see.

LORD A. (*aside.*) Now, then, to the attack. Egad, it's lucky I'm not afraid of a pair of bright eyes, for there's a waggery about those flashing diamonds of her's that would make a coward quail; fortunately, they are just the sort I like.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) I am curious to know this butterfly *par excellence*—perhaps I may gather from him who it is they take me for.

LORD A. Madam, your most obedient. We are alone, so, with your permission, we will waive ceremony, and, in two minutes, I feel certain we shall understand each other perfectly.

DOWAG. I trust we may; for, at present, I must own myself completely at fault.

LORD A. Come, come, my little saucy one (*DOWAGER draws up*), you needn't trouble yourself to look dignified any longer—you're a bad figure for the part.

DOWAG. The part!

LORD A. Yes, one sees at once that it is out of your line.

DOWAG. Out of my line!

LORD A. Take my advice. Stick to the soubrettes.

DOWAG. The soubrettes!

LORD A. The chambermaids. I know, you see.

DOWAG. Better than I know myself, apparently. Who am I then?

LORD A. A charming woman, and a most piquante little actress. Am I right?

DOWAG. That others must determine. (*aside.*) So, so, the secret's out: I must try and keep up my character at all events. Oh, I am an actress, engaged for the soubrettes?

LORD A. Yes, the chambermaids; but to oblige the manager, Sir Frederick Chasemore, have undertaken the part of an antiquated aunt, from the country, at very short notice.

DOWAG. And "hope for the usual indulgence."

LORD A. Exactly. You see I am acquainted with your

plot. But you should have disguised yourself better. You're not at all well made up for the part.

DOWAG. Don't you think, then, that I look like a crabbed, cross-grained aunt.

LORD A. You look like an arch little devil.

DOWAG. Sir!

LORD A. Oh, that air of dignity! Ha! ha! ha? No, no, to have represented the Dowager, you should have made yourself an old frump, all bone and buckram—blackened a tooth or two—worn green spectacles—and put on a cauliflower wig.

DOWAG. Ha! ha! (*aside.*) For an imaginary portrait, mine is certainly not a flattered one.

LORD A. I told you we should soon understand each other. So now the play's over, and you may go home.

DOWAG. Indeed!

LORD A. Yes. Your part's a failure.

DOWAG. Not yet.

LORD A. It isn't your fault. You didn't know the character of those with whom you had to deal.

DOWAG. I did not indeed.

LORD A. And when you talk to people you don't know—

DOWAG. You can't tell how absurd you are making yourself.

LORD A. I believe it.

DOWAG. And I am certain of it. But now I know what I'm about.

LORD A. Thanks to me.

DOWAG. Thanks, indeed! for what? Why you would strip me of all my acquired dignities—

LORD A. To leave you your own natural graces.

DOWAG. And deprive me of my character of a great lady—

LORD A. To restore to you that of a pretty one

DOWAG. Shall I gain or lose by the exchange?

LORD A. Gain, a hundred per cent.

DOWAG. You don't like great ladies, then?

LORD A. Oh yes, I do, immensely!

DOWAG. But you like pretty ones better?

LORD A. Ten thousand times, as I will prove.

DOWAG. Ay, indeed! How?

LORD A. By making love to *you*.

DOWAG. You are determined to lose no time, at all events.

LORD A. To be sure not; I never throw away a chance. Life's too short. There are but two sensations I know of in the world—the being pleased, and the being bored. To seek the one, and fly the other, are the great objects of one's existence. Therefore I hate your lukewarm courtships. Love at once, marry at once—live quick, and die suddenly, say I. What do you say.

DOWAG. Nothing. I have never tried any of those experiments.

LORD A. What, have you never loved?

DOWAG. Oh yes, often—

LORD A. So have I.

DOWAG. By rote.

LORD A. Not by heart? Then now's your time. I love *you*—that's half; love *me*—and that's all.

DOWAG. Gently there. Our acquaintance has scarcely commenced. Love must have time to grow.

LORD A. No such thing. True love never grows. Look at Cupid himself, what a shrimp he is; he has had plenty of time, and yet he'll never be any bigger. People should love at once, I tell you.

DOWAG. Before they know each other? *Apropos*, you have cunningly detected my character of soubrette, and I have answered all your questions. Now, sir, may I ask you what part of the play you perform?

LORD A. Me—oh, I—I'm a walking gentleman.

DOWAG. Is that all? Ha! ha! Your pretensions are slight, indeed.

LORD A. They were so, but since I have seen you, I have become ambitious, and have determined to change my line.

DOWAG. Ay, indeed! What do you aspire to play now?

LORD A. Smart servants.

DOWAG. Do you call that aspiring? From a gentleman to a valet is a descent.

LORD A. Not when the acme of perfection is a waiting

woman. The world is turned topsy turvy, and so am I. By Heaven! there's a thrilling something in those eyes of yours—a winning—something else—in your manner—and a—fascinating—I don't know what—in your—altogether, that makes me—I can't tell why—feel indescribably—I don't know how.

DOWAG. A most eloquent speech, truly; but it won't do at all for the "smart servants." Take my advice, stick to the "walking gentlemen." But, a truce to this badinage.

LORD A. Nay, I am in earnest.

DOWAG. In what?

LORD A. In my love for *you*.

DOWAG. Oh, of course! I happen to be the last new comer. To-morrow 'twill be some one else.

LORD A. Oh!

DOWAG. It will. The Dowager herself, perhaps, who knows? The old formal frump—all bone and buckram.

LORD A. I! in love with her? Absurd!

DOWAG. Not at all. You will find "something in her eyes, or a something else in her manner, and you'll find yourself, you can't tell why, indescribably, you don't know how." Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you "walking gentlemen" are sad ramblers.

LORD A. Can't you be serious?

DOWAG. It's out of my line; you told me so yourself.

LORD A. Then believe *me* so, and hear me swear that the impression you have made upon my heart is no common one. The new sensation that pervades my breast—

DOWAG. Ay, there it is. Who was it offered a reward for a new sensation? (LORD ALFRED *is about to speak.*) Oh, I know it wasn't you; but perhaps, had you thought of it first, it might have been. The court butterfly, roving from belle to belle, with confessedly but two feelings in your composition, the love of pleasure and the fear of pain, you pass your aimless life in creating the *ennui* you fly from, till your very successes become monotonous, and novelty is a treasure beyond price, even though it wear green spectacles, and a cauliflower wig.

LORD A. This tone of ridicule—

DOWAG. Astonishes you, no doubt; it is not often that your empty vows are so received, I know.

LORD A. I must confess it! But, pshaw! what would you have a poor woman do?

DOWAG. I would have a woman reserve her welcome for real merit, her esteem for acknowledged talent, her smile for the truly amiable, and her affection for him whose life is glorious and useful.

LORD A. I am surprised! amazed! What is all this? You are more than you appear.

DOWAG. And so, for your own sake, I trust, are you.

LORD A. I am—I will be. I will be anything you please.

DOWAG. Then be silent, for some one approaches.

FRED. (*heard without.*) But I assure you it is no such thing.

LORD A. Chasemore's voice! Provoking interruption!

DOWAG. Ah! Sir Frederick! the inventor of this pretty plot; he must pay for it.

LORD A. The ladies are with him. (*goes to meet them.*)

DOWAG. It is now my turn. The enemy is at hand—a little audacity and the day is mine.

*Enter* LADY BLOOMER, SIR FREDERICK, MARGARET,  
and EDGAR, R. H. D.

LADY B. Your conduct is unjustifiable!

FRED. It would have been, I own; but ere the moment for action arrived, the fear of displeasing you crossed my mind, and I renounced the notion altogether.

MARG. How can we believe this, when before our very eyes— (*indicating the DOWAGER.*)

FRED. It is the truth, I pledge my honour!

DOWAG. What! your sacred word of honour! Oh, Frederick! Frederick!

MARG. }  
LADY B. } Frederick!

FRED. Frederick!

DOWAG. Nay, it is useless to attempt further concealment. Our plot is discovered.

LADY B. You hear, sir; you hear.



FRED. Our plot!

DOWAG. (*to* SIR FREDERICK.) Yes, *our* plot—or *yours*, if you *will* claim all the credit. But have you forgotten it? Did you not send for me to assist you in mystifying an “old frump of an aunt, and her coquette of a niece?” Those were your words.

LADY B. Coquette!

DOWAG. And in exposing the opposite follies of a timid, dull-pated sloth, who dares make love to nobody—

LORD A. (*nudging* EDGAR.) Hem!

EDGAR. Eh! Infamous!

DOWAG. And a flippant lordling, who is ready to make love to anybody.

EDGAR. (*nudging* LORD ALFRED.) Hem!

LORD A. Eh? Ah! Capital!

FRED. Confusion! (*to* LADY BLOOMER.) Madam, let me assure you—

LADY B. I will listen to nothing, sir!

FRED. Margaret! I swear—

MARG. Silence, sir!

FRED. Edgar!

EDGAR. Oh, for shame!

FRED. Alfred!

LORD A. Oh, shocking! Ha! ha! ha!

FRED. But hear me! I repeat I am ready to swear, upon the honour of a gentleman, that I never saw that lady till now.

LORD A. Eh? What's that you say?

DOWAG. What! does the presence of your noble friends make you ashamed to recognise the humble acquaintance whose poor talents have so often dispelled your fits of *ennui*—*ennui* brought on, as you assured me, by the vapid society of those very friends, too! Oh fie!

LADY B. This is beyond endurance!

FRED. Once for all, I disclaim all knowledge of the lady!

LADY B. Lady, indeed! I am thunderstruck, Sir Frederick. Abuse my hospitality, introduce an impostor here, to play a vile part beneath my roof! I'll never forgive it—never!

MARG. Nor I!

DOWAG. Nor I! It is a vile part, indeed; the worst I ever played. (*to SIR FREDERICK.*) You promised me I should have the entire comedy to myself, whereas, I find you have engaged a whole company to play all the principal characters.

LADY B. Mercy on me! Do you take us, then, for actresses?

DOWAG. Certainly! Is it not to act a part, to pass for what one is not? To sacrifice, for instance, the man one really loves, to achieve the conquest of a coxcomb, for whom one doesn't care a rush?

EDGAR. (*aside.*) That's the most sensible thing she has said yet.

DOWAG. Or to assume the simpleton, by witnessing such conduct, and yet lack resolution to break from the thralldom of a heartless coquette.

EDGAR. (*aside*) My face feels like a furnace!

DOWAG. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) Or to sigh, to die, and to affect to breathe one's heart out at the feet of every woman one meets. In what line do you class the last character, Lord Alfred?

LORD A. It doesn't belong to the "walking gentlemen." Ask your friend, Sir Frederick.

DOWAG. No, no; though he is a little fickle, we must excuse him. Too well assured of the sincere affection of an artless girl, he seeks eternally for amusement, as a relief from what he calls the over-strained sentiment of a love-sick child.

MARG. (*crying.*) The monster!

FRED. (*to DOWAGER.*) Madam! madam! you are ruining me!

DOWAG. Why, what's the matter with the man? I thought I was obliging him. I'm sure I've done my best to amuse; but you don't laugh. Ha! ha! ha! One would really think we were acting a tragedy, to look at your long faces. Well, well, I take my leave. I see you don't like my sketches of character.

LORD A. I do. I glory in them. I could listen to you for ever.

DOWAG. For ever! Oh, you mean for half-an-hour.

LORD A. Not at all.

DOWAG. (*to* LADY BLOOMER.) Madam, I thank you for your hospitality, though I confess you have taken a singular mode of showing it. But I will not complain; you do the same by your love. (*to* EDGAR.) What! still bashful, Mr. Edgar? Courage, man! Ask your friend, Lord Alfred, to give you a lesson in gallantry. (*to* MARGARET.) Miss Margaret—mark me! It is not always policy to let one's love be too well known, lest it be lightly valued. (*to* SIR FREDERICK.) Frederick, you will drop in and see me soon. Come, give me one smile before I go, won't you? You were to die with laughter at the ridicule of your friends, you know—ha! ha! ha!—and, after all, the most ridiculous figure is—ha! ha!—yourself! Mr. Edgar, you are the least dangerous of the party; therefore may I ask your arm? Ladies and gentlemen, pardon my ignorance of the usages of fashionable life. I rashly undertook the part of a dignified old dowager, for which you flatteringly pronounce me unfit. It is my first appearance in the character, I assure you; and now, having resigned it, I thankfully resume my own, and remain, ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient, very humble servant—ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit with* EDGAR, L. H. D.

FRED. I'll not rest till I have this mystery cleared up. Lady Bloomer—Margaret—excuse me for a moment, I *must* follow her.

[*Exit hastily*, L. H.

LORD A. You saw she was afraid to accept *my* arm—that spoke volumes! Oh, don't despair! I'm making rapid progress, I assure you.

[*Exit hastily*, L. H.

MARG. Louisa!

LADY B. Margaret! } (*both seated.*)

MARG. How do you feel?

LADY B. I don't like it at all!

MARG. Nor I! One would almost fancy they left us, to follow her.

LADY B. (*rises.*) Do you think so? I begin to fear we have been very foolish.

MARG. Oh, Louisa! don't frighten me! It's too bad of Frederick, when he knows my affection for him.

LADY B. And of your brother, too, when he knows how I love him.

MARG. Do you really?

LADY B. Of course I do! How can you ask me such a question? And to be positively deserted in this manner.

MARG. And deserted for such a woman, too!

LADY B. An artful—

MARG. Designing—

LADY B. Impertinent—

MARG. Ugly—

LADY B. (*embracing her.*) Do you think her ugly?

MARG. Eh? Why—don't you?

LADY B. Me—oh—I'm afraid I don't, Margaret.

MARG. And I'm sure I don't, Louisa. I've a dreadful misgiving that she's rather pretty.

LADY B. My love, the creature's beautiful.

MARG. So she is; and agreeable, too.

LADY B. Delightful! The wretch! (*crying.*)

MARG. The monster! (*crying.*)

LADY B. But what's to be done? Are they really gone?

MARG. Oh, no; to prevent the escape of this impostor, I ordered the servants to secure her horses.

LADY B. Hark! Some one is coming—perhaps our rival! I will not submit to a second interview with her, I'm determined. Come to my room, and we will contrive some plan to win our lovers back again.

MARG. Yes, yes. Quick! quick!

LADY B. Edgar! Edgar! why were you not bolder in your wooing?

MARG. Oh, Frederick! Frederick! why were you so bold?

[*Exeunt R. II.*]

*Enter LORD ALFRED, from the garden.*

LORD A. Ha! ha! ha! this is better than all; carriage, horses, servants, all have disappeared, and so departure is impossible. Matters are not desperate yet. But what a strange adventure! I feel an interest in this woman, that I never felt in any woman yet. Is she an actress? or what is she? No matter—I love her—love her seriously; have told her so, and yet she ridicules me.

But does she really so? Who can tell? She is a riddle, and I'm fairly puzzled for a solution.

*Enter EDGAR cautiously from the garden.*

EDGAR. Alfred!

LORD A. Edgar! you here? How's this, is the lady gone?

EDGAR. No, Sir Frederick is now trying, at her request to find her carriage; and, in the mean time, as she said nothing, and I could find nothing to say, she made me a curtsy, implying she would'nt detain me, and I made her a bow, and left her.

LORD A. You did? Ye gods! what a man! And why?

EDGAR. I wanted to ask your advice.

LORD A. Indeed!

EDGAR. Yes, you must know I am very unhappy.

LORD A. Unhappy! I can't think how people can be unhappy! How d'ye set about it?

EDGAR. Oh! there are plenty of ways! I'll tell you one. I'm in love.

LORD A. I know it.

EDGAR. No you don't.

LORD A. Why, you've just told me so—and if you hadn't, do you think all the world doesn't know it? Pshaw, man! But you shall have my advice. You set the wrong way to work, then; moping and sighing will never move the heart of a woman of spirit, like Lady Bloomer! Why don't you do as I do?—run gaily to your love—talk, sing, romp with her! Won't she chatter? chatter for her! Won't she dance? make her! Won't she laugh? damme! tickle her!

EDGAR. Oh, what an idea! I never could do that. Besides, you are mistaken in the lady.

LORD A. Mistaken! nonsense! Lady Bloomer is the fair object of your devotion.

EDGAR. No, she isn't. It is true, I once loved her ardently; but I have done with her. I love another.

LORD A. Another!

EDGAR. Hush! (*whispers.*) The lovely stranger yonder.

LORD A. Who? Why, you don't mean the—(*points off—aside.*) This is as well to know. You amaze me. Why, you inconstant rogue, you're a positive Don Juan.

EDGAR. No, no, you wrong me; on the contrary, I had the misfortune to be born timid.

LORD A. Timid! How very odd! I'm not timid.

EDGAR. No, exactly. I dare say, now, you wouldn't be afraid to tell a woman you loved her.

LORD A. Afraid! Ha! ha! ha! How is she to know it, if you don't tell her?

EDGAR. That has often struck me.

LORD A. You'll say that your eyes can speak.

EDGAR. No I shan't—I daren't look up.

LORD A. No!—why you coward! I dare! But listen, Edgar, I must let you into a secret—you've a rival!

EDGAR. I know it.

LORD A. The deuce you do!

EDGAR. Yes—Sir Frederick.

LORD A. Eh? (*aside.*) Another discovery! I must be cautious here.

EDGAR. Now my idea is this—to write to her! A letter doesn't blush, you know. I could tell her plainly all I feel.

LORD A. You ruin yourself at once! (*aside.*) I mustn't give him such a chance as that! He may be eloquent on paper! A letter's so cold, so formal—you'll freeze her. You mustn't write—you must speak to her! (*aside.*) And then I think I'm quite safe.

EDGAR. But I don't know how to begin.

LORD A. Oh, a thousand trifles will afford you an opening. The dropping of her glove, her fan—anything will give you an opportunity of showing your gallantry; and, once started, you will find the rest follow, as naturally as possible.

EDGAR. Shall I? I feel very courageous now. If I thought it would last—

LORD A. Never doubt it—strike, while the iron's hot—seek an interview with her at once.

EDGAR. (*going towards garden, R. H.*) I will—that is—I'll go and think about it.

(*Going, R. H., turns, and Exit into garden, R. H.*)

*As he goes out, SIR FREDERICK peeps in, R. H. I R.*

FRED. Is he gone?

LORD A. All's safe. Have you found the carriage?

FRED. No—I havn't even looked for it.

LORD A. How's that?

FRED. I want your advice, and quickly.

LORD A. You shall have it.

FRED. First, you must know, I'm in love.

LORD A. A good beginning.

FRED. Margaret loves me in return.

LORD A. Agreeable enough.

FRED. I want to be married.

LORD A. Notning more natural. Why shouldn't you?

FRED. In vain have I for months implored her to name the happy day—till at last I have determined to hasten her decision by affecting a love for another.

LORD A. Oh—*affecting* a love for another—I understand. (*aside.*) The artful rogue! He wants to deceive me. It's lucky I was prepared for him.

FRED. Yes, and the person I have pitched upon to aid that effect, is the very stranger who so provokingly claimed acquaintance with me to-day.

LORD A. You really did not know her then?

FRED. I have already pledged my honor.

LORD A. I'm satisfied. (*aside.*) And am convinced that she is a person of rank. But how am I to help you in the matter?

FRED. Thus—as time is short, and I am unskilled in the art of lady-killing, I want your advice as to the shortest method of getting the credit of being in her good graces.

LORD A. Oh, only the credit, eh? You couldn't have applied to a better person. Let me see—are you timid?

FRED. Not a bit. The women complain I am too bold.

LORD A. (*aside.*) A dangerous quality in a rival. I daren't trust him with an interview. I'll fetter him. You must write to her.

FRED. (*going.*) I will directly.

LORD A. Stay! (*aside.*) His very rashness may help to destroy him. On second thoughts, 'twill be better for you to see her.

FRED. And I like that better.

LORD A. Yes; a letter will delay you, and may put her on her guard. One interview is worth all the letters in the world. Attack her at once, while unprepared—fluster her—

FRED. And if she won't surrender at discretion—

LORD A. Storm her!

FRED. I will. (*going.*)

LORD A. Above all, try and obtain some trophy that you can show—snatch up a bouquet, a ring, a bracelet—no matter what, and you have ostensible proof of your victory.

FRED. That's a bold expedient. Have you ever purchased a trophy in this way?

LORD A. Ever! I've drawers full of them.

FRED. Enough—I'll do it.

LORD A. (*aside.*) If that doesn't disgust her, I don't know what will.

FRED. A thousand thanks. Excuse my mixing you up in love affairs that don't interest you.

LORD A. On the contrary; believe me, I take the liveliest interest in them.

FRED. You're very good.

*Enter EDGAR from R. garden.*

LORD A. (*aside.*) Here's the other.

EDGAR. Ah! Sir Frederick! Well, is the carriage forthcoming?

FRED. No signs of it. (*aside.*) Keep him out of the way while I commence the siege.

LORD A. (*to SIR FREDERICK.*) Yes, yes; I'll take care of that.

EDGAR. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) I've made up my mind—I'll speak to her, that is, if I dare.

LORD A. (*to EDGAR.*) Never fear, man, your modesty will please her.



EDGAR. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) Do you think so?

LORD A. (*to SIR FREDERICK.*) You can't be too pressing—she'll like your boldness.

FRED. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) I'm glad to hear that.

LORD A. (*to EDGAR.*) Remember, the first step is the difficulty.

EDGAR. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) Don't mention it.

LORD A. (*to SIR FREDERICK.*) Never mind how you begin, but don't leave her without a trophy.

FRED. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) Trust me for that—but get rid of Edgar for me.

EDGAR. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) What does Sir Frederick want here?

LORD A. (*to EDGAR.*) Eh?—Hush! the fair one approaches—leave me, and I'll prepare her to receive you.

EDGAR. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) That's capital!

(*going R. H.*)

LORD A. (*to SIR FREDERICK.*) I've sent him away, and you had better go, too, for I see her coming. I'll pave the way for you.

FRED. (*to LORD ALFRED.*) Excellent! (*going L. H.*)

EDGAR. (*returning to LORD ALFRED.*) I say, you rogue, if you can instruct another so well, what a devil you must be when you are acting for yourself.

LORD A. Nonsense!—there—go, go.

[*Exit EDGAR, garden R. H.*]

FRED. (*returning.*) Alfred, what do you say, shall I make you a present of the trophy to add to your collection?

LORD A. Yes, yes, you shall—but vanish, I tell you. Phew! a curious position I am in here.

[*Exit SIR FREDERICK, L. H.*]

*Enter DOWAGER, L. H. D.*

DOWAG. (L.) So, it appears I am a prisoner. I beg pardon, I thought I saw your two friends with you.

LORD A. (R.) They were, madam, and they were speaking of you.

DOWAG. Of me! And did you join them in their censure?

LORD. A. Censure! There was no danger of that: they were confessing to me that they loved you.

DOWAG. Loved me! What! both of them? This is too absurd!

LORD. A. It is no less true. (*crosses to L.*) But here comes one who will convince you better than I can do I will retire, madam—my presence may be troublesome.

[*Exit, L. H.*

DOWAG. No, no; pray do not leave me. He is gone! How very unkind! His manner, too, is changed! What can all this mean?

*Enter SIR FREDERICK, L.*

FRED. Madam, I have sought your carriage in vain, and I cannot but rejoice in my failure, since by detaining you here, my happiness is prolonged.

DOWAG. Sir!

*Enter EDGAR from Garden R. he stops short.*

EDGAR. (*aside.*) I am too late, of course.

FRED. This morning you laid claim to my acquaintance—oh! do not now reject it. I must be plain with you, for the moments are short and precious. Let me then, at once, declare my admiration for you.

DOWAG. Are you mad, sir?

FRED. Raving!

EDGAR. (*aside.*) He is.

FRED. Take pity on me: I do not expect to be accepted, but grant me the slightest mark of your favour; if only a smile, a look, and while I press this fair hand to my lips. (*attempts to take it.*)

DOWAG. Hold, sir!

(*She withdraws her hand hastily, and, in doing so, drops her handkerchief. SIR FREDERICK instantly falls on his knee, and seizes it. EDGAR at the same time advances, falls on his knee, and seizes the other end of it. The DOWAGER bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter. LORD ALFRED enters at the same time, and joins in the laugh.*)

LORD A. (*aside.*) My advice has had its intended effect.

DOWAG. Oh, this is too ridiculous!

FRED. The trophy's mine!

EDGAR. I'll not part with it, with life.

LORD A. (*advancing.*) Then I must cut the gordian knot. (*takes the handkerchief from them, and gives it to the DOWAGER.*) Madam, your handkerchief.

DOWAG. (*receives it from him.*) Rise, gentlemen, and let this folly have an end. You have tried to turn the tables on me, but you have failed. Now, a truce to our hostilities. As it seems I am a prisoner, let me see if I cannot employ the period of my captivity, in restoring peace and happiness among you.

LORD A. How will you set about it?

DOWAG. That is my secret. You are all three discontented. Mr. Edgar is dying of jealousy, Sir Frederick of impatience, and Lord Alfred—

LORD A. of Love!

DOWAG. No;—of curiosity. Only second me well, and a skilful leech will restore life to all.

EDGAR. Impossible!

LORD A. I would give the world you could succeed.

FRED. What must we do?

DOWAG. Promise obedience in whatever I command.

LORD A. I am willing.

FRED. And I.

EDGAR. And I.

DOWAG. Agreed. I have your words.

ALL. You have.

DOWAG. Then I'll undertake the task.

*Enter SERVANT, R. H.*

LORD A. Well, sir, what do you want?

SERVANT. My lady desires her compliments to Sir Frederick Chasemore and Mr. Beauchamp, and requests the pleasure of their company immediately.

DOWAG. As I expected—a good beginning. (*to SERVANT.*) The gentlemen return their compliments to your

mistress and Miss Margaret, and decline the honour of waiting on them.

FRED. } Eh?  
EDGAR. }

DOWAG. They are on the point of starting, you believe, for London. [*Exit SERVANT, R.*] Gentlemen, you will not suffer me to utter a falsehood, I am sure; so, quit the house instantly, and contrive it so that your cruel fair ones may see you depart. Then leave your horses in the village, and slyly return here on foot to await further orders.

FRED. Yes, but—

EDGAR. How if—

DOWAG. Hey-day! Ifs and buts! Is this your obedience?

FRED. True! Come, Edgar.

DOWAG. Quick, then!

EDGAR. We fly to obey you.

[*Exit slowly, hurried by SIR FREDERICK, L.*]

DOWAG. As for you, my lord—

LORD A. I remain, and nothing on earth shall move me. I have wagered that I will not quit this spot until I know to whom I have the honour of speaking.

DOWAG. And supposing I had wagered that you should never know it?

LORD A. In that case one of us must lose.

DOWAG. And that will be you.

LORD A. Or you.

DOWAG. Well, time will show

LORD A. Do you think then that a man, with a little tact, cannot discover any secret that a woman would fain conceal from him?

DOWAG. And do you think that a woman, with a little management, cannot prevent a man from knowing anything of which she chooses to keep him ignorant?

LORD A. Answer me truly, two questions, and I'll tell you who you are.

DOWAG. Only two! As many as you please. But, first, your reason for interesting yourself thus about a stranger?

LORD A. Have I not already told you—what can be

more simple, or more plain — I love you, and would make you my wife?

DOWAG. Your wife! The noble Lord Alfred Lyndsay wed an actress!

LORD A. You really are one?

DOWAG. Oh, you shrink already—you fear to blot your proud escutcheon.

LORD A. Not I, by heaven! 'Twill be embellished.

DOWAG. Remember, my armorials must be quartered with yours.

LORD A. They shall be so.

DOWAG. A tambourine and a dagger, with harlequin and columbine for supporters.

LORD A. Yes.

DOWAG. No, no. Content with my lot, I would not climb to your high station.

LORD A. Then I will descend to yours.

DOWAG. Ha! ha! ha! delightful! "This evening, will be performed the play of Blue Beard—Blue Beard by Lord Alfred Lyndsay, (his first appearance on any stage.)" There's an announcement!

LORD A. Ha! ha! ha! Your lively fancy quite enchants me. Ours is a merry courtship, in good sooth, and hits my humour exactly. The questions I intended to ask, I waive, and am content to believe you are what you tell me. Now, then, to what is of infinitely more importance. I love you, and would wed you; there are the essential points thoroughly established. It only remains for me to convince you that you cannot refuse me.

DOWAG. Ah! that will be curious.

LORD A. Nothing more easy. My fortune is large—pshaw! you are not of an age to be swayed by motives of interest. No; it is only indispensable that you should find a man whose disposition, taste, habits, and pursuits, entirely sympathize with your own. Now, I am that very man.

DOWAG. Really, you decide that point for me.

LORD A. At once.

DOWAG. Do you then know so well my tastes and habits?

LORD A. No; but I know my own, and they will be yours, whatever yours may be.

DOWAG. A most accommodating disposition, truly.

LORD A. Nay, put it to the proof. Are you fond of dress, company, noise, dust, crowds, and splendour? We'll have matchless equipages, and dazzling toilets; we'll be seen at every fashionable resort; never miss a soirée, or a ball; dance from night till morning; play at *ecarté*, and—

DOWAG. I have already told you that I love not such high pursuits.

LORD A. Nor I. So far, you see, we agree.

DOWAG. My happiness lies snugly at home in the chimney corner.

LORD A. The chimney corner! I adore the chimney corner! How well we agree, you see.

DOWAG. Could Lord Alfred tolerate what is called “a good housewife?”

LORD A. The very thing a woman should be.

DOWAG. A quiet, stupid, stitching animal?

LORD A. The very companion I have sighed for.

DOWAG. That most dreadful of all bores—“a good manager?”

LORD A. I doat on a good manager! I fancy I see her now, in her band-box of a house, counting the snow-white linen, marking the towels, pickling, preserving—eh?

DOWAG. Unfashionable accomplishments, my lord.

LORD A. The best accomplishments in a wife are, to regulate her servants, and make her children's pinafores—to cherish her husband—prepare his dressing gown—be at the window to greet him as he comes up the street—

DOWAG. The street! Oh, no, thank you; he must renounce town entirely—I'm all for the country.

LORD A. And so am I. There's nothing like a country life. Oh! how I enjoy the getting up on a lovely spring morning, to see the sun rise; the fresh walk in one's own fields before one's breakfast of bread baked in one's own ovens—honey from one's own bees, and eggs from one's own hens: then the superintending one's young plantations—the visiting one's hunters—the cropping one's

hounds' ears—feeding one's pigeons, one's rabbits, one's ducks, one's pigs—oh! it's delicious!

DOWAG. He's very mad!

LORD A. In short, madam, there is nothing on earth that I dislike—will you have me?

DOWAG. Not so fast. I certainly admire many good qualities in you, but—

LORD A. But if my past life has been marked by any inconstancy and frivolity, it is because I have never till now found a woman who could really fix me.

DOWAG. How very embarrassing.

LORD A. You have already awakened in my breast the noble desire of being useful; follow up this good by teaching me in what way I may become so.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) I'll teach him no more: I meant but to give him a salutary lesson, and I fear I shall get one myself.

LORD A. You do not speak.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) The pupil is certainly getting the better of his teacher.

LORD A. Could I but make you know the sort of affection I feel, you must love me in return, you couldn't help yourself.

DOWAG. Indeed—I fear—

LORD A. What?

DOWAG. I fear—that is—I was thinking that we are beginning not to understand each other at all.

LORD A. On the contrary. I was thinking we were just coming to a perfect understanding.

*Enter SERVANT, R. H.*

What the devil do you want?

DOWAG. He brings two letters: one for Sir Frederick Chasemore, the other for Mr. Beauchamp.

SERVANT. Yes, madam.

DOWAG. I was sure of it. You have orders to send them, without delay, to London?

SERVANT. I have, madam.

DOWAG. Give them to me. I can save you the trouble.

SERVANT. But madam—

DOWAG. Go! I will be answerable for them.

[Exit SERVANT, L. H. D.]

I guess what these letters contain.

LORD A. You discover everything.

DOWAG. And you nothing.

LORD A. I have discovered all I wished to know.  
(*taking her hand.*) I am in earnest, nor will I suffer you to  
jest with me longer. On my knee I implore your pity.

(*kneels.*)

*Enter LADY BLOOMER and MARGARET, R. H., from garden; and, at the same moment, SIR FREDERICK and EDGAR, L. H., from garden. All laugh at LORD ALFRED and DOWAGER.*

ALL. (*except LORD ALFRED and DOWAGER.*) Bravo!  
Bravo! Capital!

LADY B. (*advancing.*) Bravo, my lord! I congratulate you.

LORD A. Congratulate me?

LADY B. Your manner was really so tender that, had I not remembered that the joke was settled between us—

LORD A. Joke! (*remembering.*) Ah!

(*makes signs to* LADY BLOOMER.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) A joke! What is this, madam, pray explain—

LADY B. Oh, nothing—merely a little plan arranged this morning between his lordship and myself, in order to revenge—

LORD A. Not at all. I arranged nothing.

LADY B. But it would be too ungenerous to continue the deceit—too cruel any longer to expose a woman to the seductions of so dangerous a man as Lord Alfred Lyndsay. He undertook to win your love, and then amuse us by a faithful account of his success.

FRED. (*aside.*) Capital! And gave me advice, too, how to woo her.

EDGAR. (*aside.*) And me too.



LORD A. Madam, the words you heard me speak—

DOWAG. Are even now forgotten, sir!

LORD A. What must she think of me?

DOWAG. All is over, madam, and I go; but ere I depart, I have two letters which I promised I would deliver to these gentlemen.

(SIR FREDERICK L. C. and EDGAR L. come forward.)

LADY B. (R. C.—*aside to MARGARET.*) Our letters! They were not gone after all!

MARG. (R.) I told you there was treachery!

DOWAG. (C.) Gentlemen, you have kept faith with me, and here are your rewards. These letters (*gives them.*) will assure you, better than I can do, that you are loved. My stratagem has succeeded.

LADY B. But who are you, then, madam?

DOWAG. Ask Lord Alfred, he undertook to gain the affections of a woman he did not love, and to discover her name. Is he doomed to lose all his wagers?

LORD A. No! By my honour I swear they shall not be lost! This morning I was an aimless, useless being; flitting here and there, idle as the wind itself. A few hours only, and my nature is changed. How? By a woman, and that woman a stranger, her very name a mystery! That name I promised to make known, ere I quitted her. Have I your permission, madam, to pronounce it?

DOWAG. Oh, certainly—what is it?

LORD A. Lady Alfred Lyndsay. (*takes her hand.*) Ah! give but your consent, and I have spoken the truth.

DOWAG. (*aside.*) I was not prepared for this!

*Enter SERVANT, L. H.*

LORD A. That fellow is determined to be the death of me! What now?

SERVANT. His Grace the Duke of Landwood requests permission to pay his respects to the Countess of Tresilian whose carriage he recognised at the entrance to the park.

LADY B. What do I hear?

DOWAG. (*laughing.*) 'Tis well—admit his Grace, and I will receive him immediately—with my niece's permission.

LADY B. Can it be possible? Are you, indeed, my aunt?

ALL. Your aunt!

LORD A. I thought as much.

DOWAG. Ay, Louisa, your old formal frump of an aunt.

LADY B. Oh, pardon! pardon! Indeed, you took us by surprise!

DOWAG. In future, have nothing to conceal, and surprises will never be dangerous. But I have been almost as much to blame as yourself, and am afraid that I have somewhat compromised the venerable name of Tresilian.

LORD A. You see, madam, you had better consent to change it.

DOWAG. (*smiling.*) Ah, not quite so fast.

LORD A. One cannot resolve too quickly to be happy.

DOWAG. There is such a thing as being too precipitate.

FRED. (L. C.) That was my fault.

MARG. (R.) It was a good fault, after all. It proved your ardour.

LORD A. And there is such a thing as being too punctilious.

EDGAR. (L.) That was my error.

LADY B. It was an error on the right side. It marked your delicacy.

DOWAG. The great secret is to avoid extremes, and choose the right moment to urge your claim.

LORD A. And that is now. Take my hand—and so the comedy ends.

DOWAG. Well, I believe it will be but poetical justice. There it is. I should have known that the play must end so. You see I cannot quite throw off my theatrical jargon. I have been playing a part so long, that I begin

to fancy myself really an actress, ambitious only of your applause.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

To-day, my friends here (*to the actors.*) have compelled the Dowager to play the actress—with the kind sanction of my friends here, (*to the audience.*) to-morrow the actress will play

“THE DOWAGER.”

---

*Curtain.*

DOWAGER.    LORD ALFRED.

SIR FREDERICK.

LADY BLOOMER.

MARGARET.

EDGAR.

A.

B.

us only of your  
prs.) have com  
-with the kind  
ce.) to-morrow

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XXXII.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

A Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

BY CHARLES DANCE, ESQ.

BLOOMER.  
EDGAR.  
L.

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS  
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
122 NASSAU STREET (UP STAIRS.)

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<i>Royal Olympic,</i>	<i>Park, 1848.</i>	<i>Olympic.</i>
<i>Admiral Kingston</i> ... Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Gilbert.	Mr. Nickinson
<i>Lieut. Kingston R.Y.</i> " C Matthews.	" Walcot.	" Walcot.
<i>Short</i> ..... " Wyman.	" Hamilton.	" Conover.
<i>Dennis</i> ..... " Brougham.		" Everard.
<i>Mrs. Pontifex</i> ..... Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Turner
<i>Miss Mortimer</i> ..... Mad. Vostris.	Miss Rose Telbin.	Miss Clark

---

## COSTUMES.

**ADMIRAL KINGSTON**—Handsome modern and naval uniform, epaulettes, gold stripe of lace down the trousers.

**LIEUTENANT KINGSTON, R. N.**—Handsome modern naval uniform &c.

**SHORT**.—[Landlord of the Fountain, at Portsmouth.]—Black coat and trousers, figured cut velvet waistcoat, white neckerchief, pumps.

**DENNIS**.—[Waiter at ditto.]—White trousers, buff waistcoat, blue stripe narrow tailed jacket, white neckerchief.—After the first scene, he wears a black narrow tailed coat.

**MRS. PONTIFEX**.—A puce satin pelisse, lace cap and lappets.

**MISS MORTIMER**.—A white muslin pelisse over a blue slip, blue flowers in the hair.

---

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R, means *Right*; L, *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R, means *Right*; L, *Left*; C, *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

# NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall at the Fountain Inn at Portsmouth.*

DENNIS discovered asleep in a chair, L., with a napkin in his hand.

Den. [*Talking in his sleep.*] Thank you, Captain! thank you! God bless your honour, and thank you a thousand times! Upon my conscience, the army's a fool to the navy for generosity! [*After a pause.*] Och, Colonel, and is all this money for me? By my soul, the navy must knock under to the army for generosity, any way. [*Bell, L.—Waking.*] What bell is that? [*Bell.*] Oh, no hurry; it's only the travellers' room. [*Sleeps.*]

*Enter* SHORT, L., returning from market.

Short. How plaguy dear the fish is, 'o be sure! That won't do. While the fishmongers make me pay such rascally prices, I shall never be able to charge my customers above twice what I give! there's some infernal roguery somewhere. [*Seeing Dennis.*] Well, I'm sure! this is a pretty time of day to go to sleep! I'll indulge him with an Irish wake. [*Goes close to him, and bawls in his ear.*] Dennis!

Den. Coming. [*Starts up and nearly knocks SHORT down.*] Och! murder! master dear! is it you called out Dennis?

Short. (L.) It was. But you have nearly killed me.

Den. (u.) Sure, I'm sorry it's asleep I was; I was quite block'd up.

Short. And I was almost knocked down.

Den. Sure, I didn't go to do it.

Short. How did you come to do it?

*Den.* There's not a jury in England that wouldn't say my pushing you was accidental death. Arn't you my master? and wouldn't my running against you be running against my own interest?

*Short.* But what business had you to be asleep at eleven o'clock in the morning? or, indeed, what business has a waiter *ever* to go to sleep?

*Den.* Ah! master, now, don't be hard upon me. Sure the young gentlemen that dined up stairs yesterday, never went home to their mammies till seven this morning, and it's the devil a bit of a bed I've had.

*Short.* You don't say so! did they all stay till seven?

*Den.* They did, sir.

*Short.* And were they drinking all the time?

*Den.* They were, sir.

*Short.* Why, it was enough to make 'em all ill.

*Den.* You may say that, sir.

*Short.* A pretty penny it will cost their poor parents.

*Den.* It's to be hoped they're not very poor parents, sir.

*Short.* Don't you joke upon such a subject, Dennis. I'm quite shocked to hear of such young men drinking so much—without eating.

*Den.* Sure they'd the devil's own supper at two, sir.

*Short.* I'm glad of that, for so much drinking, without eating is bad for every body. Did they order any breakfast before they went?

*Den.* Some coffee, sir.

*Short.* It would have been better for all parties if they had had a complete breakfast; however, charge it as a breakfast, and it may serve as a warning to them. Young men who drink hard over 'night are sure to pay for it in the morning.

*Den.* Very true, sir. Are you quite sure I didn't hurt you, sir?

*Short.* I'm quite sure you *did*. Has there been any arrival while I've been out?

*Den.* Yes, sure, sir. There's ould Admiral Kingston in No. 8.

*Short.* Any body with him?

*Den.* A young lady, sir.

*Short.* What is she?

*Den.* What is she? faith, she's mighty pretty

*Short.* I mean, who is she ?

*Den.* Who she is ? that I don't know, sir.

*Short.* Have they ordered any thing ?

*Den.* They have, sir.

*Short.* What ?

*Den.* A pair of horses, sir.

*Short.* [*Laughing.*] A pair of horses ? Did they order any thing to eat ?

*Den.* Nothing but the horses, sir.

*Short.* Any body else come ?

*Den.* Yes, sir ; there's a young naval officer in No 14.

*Short.* Any body with him ?

*Den.* A middle-aged female ; supposed to be his mother

*Short.* What's his name ?

*Den.* I don't know, sir.

*Short.* Has he ordered anything ?

*Den.* He has, sir.

*Short.* At last—what is it ?

*Den.* He ordered me to hold my tongue when I asked—

*Short.* Is your tongue any thing to eat, pray ?

*Den.* It's to be hoped not, sir ; for I bit it once, and I didn't like it.

*Short.* Well, I can make nothing of you, so I shall go and see what I can make of them. The Admiral is an old customer, and he must do as he likes ; but the younster shall eat something, whether he's hungry or not.

*Den.* That's right, master ; make him eat something, if it's only just that you may put down upon paper that he has.

*Short.* I know what I'm about, Dennis.

*Den.* The devil a doubt of it, sir. You're not such a fool as you look.

*Short.* Whereas, you, on the contrary, don't look such a fool as you are.

[*Going.*]

*Den.* Long life to your gentility, master ; for you're never behindhand at returning a compliment.

[*Exeunt at opposite sides.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same, with c. doors, and doors R. and L. 2 E., MRS. COL. PONTIFEX and LIEUT. KINGSTON discovered ; the former at work on settee, c., small work-table and basket before her the latter a. c. facing*



*the audience, with his legs across a chair, his hands crossed on the back of it, and his chin resting on his hands. The room is furnished with round table, R., covered with writing materials, books, portfolio of prints, vase of flowers, &c.; sofa, L., and chairs, covered with chintz furniture; the settee and two chairs on which Mrs. PONTIFEX and the LIEUTENANT are seated must be set in front of the second grooves, so that the third scene may close up, leaving them on the stage, with the side doors as used in this scene, and painted to match the third.*

*Mrs. P. (c.)* A penny for your thoughts, Kingston, dear.  
*Lieut. K. (R. c.)* They're not worth it.

*Mrs. P.* Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, for you can't have been thinking of me.

*Lieut. K.* Indeed I was. [*Rises and walks restlessly to and fro.*] I never did know any thing so worrying, so teasing, so perplexing in my life. [*Resumes his position.*]

*Mrs. P.* As I am?

*Lieut. K.* No, no! not you.

*Mrs. P.* A penny for your thoughts *now*, Kingston dear

*Lieut. K.* My dear Mrs. Pontifex, I assure you, they are not worth it.

*Mrs. P.* Now, Kingston dear, why do you call me Mrs. Pontifex? It seems very formal to a woman whom you are about to marry. When the late Col. Pontifex—*then* only Captain Pontifex—was making his addresses to me he always called me Selina.

*Lieut. K.* And I'll call you Selina if you wish it.

*Mrs. P.* Now, Kingston dear, that's very kind of you—very. You're not annoyed with me for alluding to poor dear Colonel Pontifex, are you?

*Lieut. K.* Who? I? Oh! by no means; [*Relapsing into thought.*] died at Gibraltar about three years since.

*Mrs. P.* [*Rising, and coming to him.*] I'm quite aware of that,—but what on earth makes you mention it just now, Kingston dear?

*Lieut. K.* [*Rising.*] I beg your pardon—I was thinking aloud. The fact is that my head is full of my approaching interview with my father, and I was wondering how he would receive—

*Mrs. P.* How he would receive you?

Lieut. K. No, no! I have no fear about that.

Mrs. P. How he would receive me, then?

Lieut. K. No, not exactly you.

Mrs. P. Kingston dear, there's a mystery; I have thought there was for some time past, and now I'm sure of it; so don't attempt to deny it, but give me an explanation, and a chair.

Lieut. K. I beg you a thousand pardons.

[Gives her a chair, L. c., they sit—Mrs. P. makes herself up to listen.—LIEUT. K. relapses into thought.]

Mrs. P. (R. c.) [After a pause.] Well—

Lieut. K. (L. c.) Are you speaking to me?

Mrs. P. Oh! Yes, I was speaking to you, and I should think you very well knew what about; however, to prevent the possibility of mistake, I'll tell you again. There is evidently some uneasiness in your mind about meeting your father. You have always told me that you lived and parted with him on the best of terms, and therefore I am bound to suppose that the uneasiness relates in some way to me. We are within ten miles of his house, and, as we say in the army, I demand an explanation.

Lieut. K. Then, Selina, as we say in the navy, you must have it; but it's very awkward—upon my life it is [Aside.] How shall I tell her. [Aloud.] You know my father?

Mrs. P. (R.) No, I don't know your father.

Lieut. K. (L.) No, I know; but you know what I mean.

Mrs. P. Well—go on.

Lieut. K. My father and I have ever lived together, as I have often told you, on the best of terms.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. More like brothers, than father and son.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. With but one opinion, as it were, between us upon every subject.

Mrs. P. Yes.

Lieut. K. No jealousy—

Mrs. P. No.

Lieut. K. No concealment—

Mrs. P. No.

Lieut. K. No mistrust—

Mrs. P. No.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] Confound her monosyllables, she doesn't help me out in the least. [*Aloud.*] You have no idea how curiously well we agreed.

*Mrs. P.* I ought to have a very good idea of it, for you repeat it often enough.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] It's of no use, I must bring it out somehow. [*Aloud.*] It went even to this extent—we had but one opinion about marriage.

*Mrs. P.* And that was—

*Lieut. K.* That it was a point on which every person had a right to please himself, without reference to the opinion of relation or friend. This was the very last topic we discussed two years ago, when I left England for Gibraltar, where I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with you. Now, considering that I was just five-and-twenty, and an only son, and that my father was a widower of five-and-fifty, with a large fortune, I think our sentiments argue considerable liberality on both sides.

*Mrs. P.* Well! I think they do, Kingston dear; and such being the case, there can be no doubt that your father will cheerfully consent to our marriage.

*Lieut. K.* No—exactly—but—

*Mrs. P.* But what? You're getting mysterious again.

*Lieut. K.* Why, the truth is, that in some cases it is possible for people to agree to well; and in giving each other a *carte blanche* upon the subject of matrimony, there was one reservation—I can't help it, and so you must pardon it—we entered into an engagement that neither of us was to marry a woman of an age unsuitable to his own; this little thinking into whose delightful society I was going to be thrown, I, in a moment of indiscretion, agreed to; and if either broke the engagement, we agreed—

*Mrs. P.* You agreed to quarrel, I suppose?

*Lieut. K.* Not exactly, but it is awkward—isn't it?

*Mrs. P.* I don't know that. Some people are more reasonable than others. I see nothing so very unsuitable in our ages.

*Lieut. K.* Nor I.—In short, I never thought about it.

*Mrs. P.* I am not a giddy girl, to be sure.

*Lieut. K.* No, that you're not.

*Mrs. P.* Nor are you a decrepit old man.

*Lieut. K.* Certainly not; and so if you'll put on your

bonnet, we'll order a chaise, be off at once to my dad's, and know the worst of it.

*Mrs. P.* You're quite right, Kingston dear, any thing is better than suspense. You always like to know the worst of a thing, that's the best of it. [Exit c. d.]

*Lieut. K.* Yes, we'll be off to my dad's, tell our story, throw ourselves upon his generosity—

*Enter SHORT, L. S. E.*

ask for his consent, and—[meeting *SHORT*] who the devil are you?

*Short.* Short, sir; master of this inn.

*Lieut. K.* Short? why you haven't been here long, Short?

*Short.* No, sir; short of a twelvemonth.

*Lieut. K.* I thought I remembered that I didn't recollect you.

*Short.* Would you please to take any thing, sir?

*Lieut. K.* Yes! I am going to take myself off directly

*Short.* Then I should recommend a nice mutton cotelet sir.

*Lieut. K.* [Impatiently.] Mutton devil!

*Short.* As you please, sir,—but devils are more commonly taken for supper; a nice mutton cotelet I should say for you, and a broiled partridge for the lady.

*Lieut. K.* I haven't time to wait.

*Short.* Then, sir, decidedly some cold chicken and tongue.

*Lieut. K.* My good friend, I'm not well.

*Short.* Oh! I beg your pardon, sir. You wish for some soup.

*Lieut. K.* I don't wish for any such thing. I am well enough in health, but I am fatigued—and bothered—and low spirited.

*Short.* If I *might* suggest, sir, I should say there is nothing better than a sandwich, and a couple of glasses of champagne, for any any one who is rather low.

*Lieut. K.* Then, my friend, as you seem *rather low*, you had better swallow them yourself. Order me a chaise, and a pair of horses.

*Short.* Where for, sir?

*Lieut. K.* I want to go about ten miles on the London road;—to Admiral Kingston's, in short. I dare say you know it.

*Short.* Oh, yes! I know it, sir. Do you know him?

*Lieut. K.* I ought—he's my father.

*Short.* You don't say so, sir? then, sir, to see your father, you needn't go farther, for your father is nearer than you think for.

*Lieut. K.* What! is he in Portsmouth, this morning?

*Short.* He's in this very house.

*Lieut. K.* My father in this very house? Why, I haven't seen him for these two years. You have absolutely given me a palpitation in the heart.

*Short.* Old sherry, sir, is considered an excellent thing for that.

*Lieut. K.* Now don't bother me about old sherry, but lead the way to my father's apartment—Or stay, tell me the number of it.

*Short.* No. 8, sir.

*Lieut. K.* Now, stand clear of the gangway, and I'll soon find it. *[Pushes him aside, and exit, l.]*

*Short.* Let me see—for I suspect that this encounter will turn out luckily for me. They were all four going to the Admiral's;—good! They can't all four go in one chaise;—good! The Admiral and his son can't part the moment they meet;—good! and the two ladies can't go in one chaise, and leave the two gentlemen to go in the other;—good! It follows, therefore, that they must all stop here and order a dinner;—good! very good!

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same—the ADMIRAL'S two doors in flat, R. and L.*

*Lieut. K.* *[Opening L. D. F., and rushing in.]* My dear father! I am delighted to find—*[Stops and looks about.]* No one here? What an ass that landlord is!—*[Rushes out again, R. D. F.]*

*Enter, at another door, R., ADMIRAL KINGSTON.*

*Adm.* It's time we were off; or else that youngster will be at home before me—*[Goes to door of inner Room, R. 2 E., and knocks.]* Mary, my dear! Mary!

*Miss M.* *[Within.]* Coming, grandpapa.

*Adm.* *[Coming away from the door.]* Psha! I wish the little baggage would leave off that silly custom of calling me grandpapa.

*Enter Miss MORTIMER, R. S. E.*

*Miss M.* Here I am, grandpapa—What do you want?

*Adm.* Why, my dear, in the first place, I want you to leave off calling me grandpapa; now that we are going to be man and wife.

*Miss M.* (n.) I'll try, but I think it will be very difficult; I have been used to it so long. You know, you taught me to call you so yourself, when I was a little girl, and used to sit upon your knee.

*Adm.* (l.) That's very true, my dear; but that was twelve or fourteen years ago, and it was a joke. I have changed my opinion since, and now I think it's no joke.

*Miss M.* Well, just as you like, grand—I mean, just as you like, sir.

*Adm.* No, I don't like "sir," neither.

*Miss M.* What then?

*Adm.* Why, to say the truth, there is a little awkwardness about it. My christian name, as you know, is Theodore; but as there is *rather* more than the usual difference between our ages, perhaps that would sound a little romantic.—Suppose you call me Admiral?

*Miss M.* I shall like that better than any thing, for I hope you don't think that I am going to marry you, because you're rich.

*Adm.* [*Taking her hand.*] Delightful little creature! I may flatter myself, then, that you are not induced to consent to this step for the sake of my money?

*Miss M.* Oh! dear, no!

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] Frank, confiding soul!—I can't deny myself the luxury of hearing a further confession. [*Aloud.*] You marry me, then, my dear Mary, for my—

*Miss M.* For your rank, to be sure.

*Adm.* [*Letting of go her, and aside.*] Oh! confound the rank.

*Miss M.* You remember that I used to read of Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jarvis, until I always told papa that I would marry an admiral; though, to be sure, I little thought my words would ever come true.

*Adm.* Well, my love, we won't pursue that subject any farther just at present. My son has landed here this morning, from Gibraltar; I have missed him somehow, and I

suppose he has taken a chaise, and gone post-haste home to see me. Your father has given me leave to take you over, and introduce you to him; so I have ordered horses to my carriage, and I want you to be ready in five minutes.

*Miss M.* I won't be two. I haven't seen my old play-fellow, Tommy Kingston, since he first went to sea,—a little bit of a midshipman.

*Adm.* He's only a lieutenant, *now*.

*Miss M.* I don't care a straw about his rank; I like him for himself.

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] I would change ranks with the young dog, to have her say that of me. [*Aloud.*] You must bear in mind, my dear, that you and Tom are not of an age to be playfellows now.

*Miss M.* Aren't we? Oh, la! I forgot I was going to be his mother.

*Adm.* And there is another thing that I wish to mention to you. I have a particular reason for not letting my son, *Lieutenant Kingston*, see you, until after I have had some conversation with him.

*Miss M.* La! grand—sir!—admiral! how mysterious you are. If there's a secret, do tell it me.

*Adm.* No, no, there's no great secret about it; only—come now, put on your things.

*Miss M.* I won't go till you tell me what all this means. If I'm to be Mrs. Admiral Kingston, I ought to know every thing that you know.

*Adm.* Well, well! you *are* to be Mrs. Admiral Kingston; and you *shall* know—but it's really nothing. I only want to see my son first, to inform him of my intended marriage—to prepare him for it—to break it to him, as it were.

*Miss M.* Break it to him? what, do you think it will shock him?

*Adm.* Shock him! Oh, no!

*Miss M.* What then?

*Adm.* Why, he might object to it.

*Miss M.* Has he any right to object to it?

*Adm.* Certainly not: that is,—not any natural right.

*Miss M.* Well, then, it wouldn't signify.

*Adm.* [*Aloud.*] The little baggage has got the weather-gage of me, and she won't give me a chance. [*Aloud.*] I

don't say that it would signify; but he is my son, and can't you understand that I would not willingly hurt his feelings.

*Miss M.* I don't understand any thing about it, sir; do you expect that he will want to marry me himself?

*Adm.* Want to marry you? Oh! I've no fear of that.

*Miss M.* Well, he *might*, you know;—there's no knowing.

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] Egad! it's possible that he might; and that's another reason for my seeing him first.

*Miss M.* I shall find out what all this means, some day or other. You tell me that you are as anxious as possible to see your son, and yet you seem so fidgety at the idea of seeing him, that you don't know what to do.

*Adm.* I fidgety at the idea of seeing my own son? Come, I like that!

*Miss M.* (R.) Indeed you do, Admiral; fidgety and nervous to a degree.

*Enter DENNIS, L. F.*

*Adm.* (C.) I nervous? and about meeting Tom? that's capital—that really is capital!

*Den.* (L.) Lieutenant Kingston, sir, R.N.

*Adm.* [*Jumping round.*] Who do you say, sir?

*Miss M.* I say, Admiral—"I nervous? I fidgety?"

*Adm.* Be quiet one moment, there's a good girl. [*To DENNIS.*] What is it you say?

*Den.* Lieutenant Kingston, sir, R.N., has been looking for your honour all over the house.

*Adm.* He hasn't been here?

*Den.* I beg your pardon, sir; he was here a little ago, and as he told me there was nobody in the room, I thought I'd come in and let you know that he couldn't find you.

*Adm.* Where is he now?

*Den.* Faith, sir! he's every where at the same time, for he doesn't stop more than two minutes in one place.

*Adm.* Now, Mary, my love! oblige me by retiring to your own room till I call you.

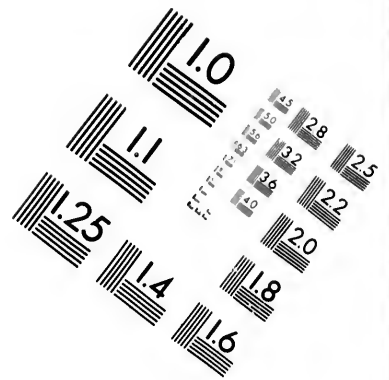
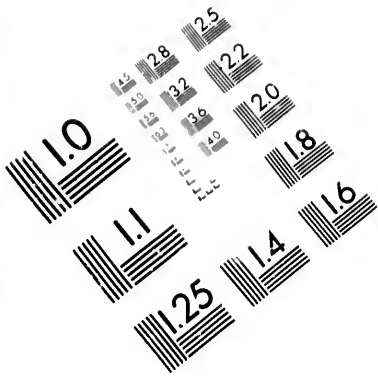
[*Leading her towards the door.*]

*Miss M.* You shall own something or other to me before I go, that I'm determined—aren't you nervous?

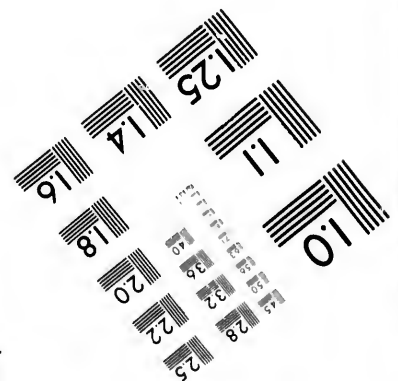
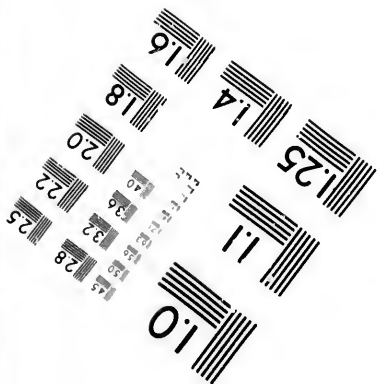
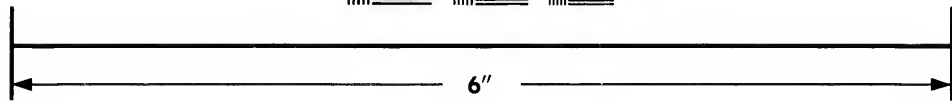
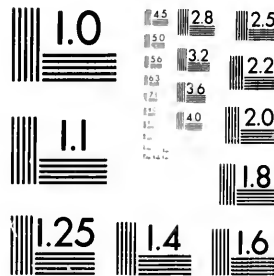
*Adm.* Well, well! a little—now, go in.

*Miss M.* Aren't you fidgety?





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

10



*Adm.* The least thing in life. There—go and—

*Miss M.* Isn't there a mystery?

*Adm.* Yes, there is. Now *pray* go in.

*Miss M.* I *knew* there was a mystery.

[*Exit to room, R. S. E.*]

*Adm.* Waiter!—whatever your name is,—go in.

*Den.* Dennis, sir! my name is Dennis.

*Adm.* Well, Dennis with all my heart—

*Den.* Oh! bless you, sir, that's not a bit like it. Dennis Magrath is my name!

*Adm.* The devil take your name.

*Den.* The devil take my name, sir? Och, never, sir! The devil's not enough of a gentleman to be allowed to take the name of Magrath; though there's none of the Magraths that isn't universally allowed to have a bit of the devil in them.

*Adm.* Now, sir, hold your tongue, and listen to my orders.

*Den.* To be sure, sir.

*Adm.* The young gentleman you spoke of, is my son.

*Den.* Your son? then you're his father?

*Adm.* Do keep silence—I don't wish to see him *here*; I mean, not in this room. Go you, therefore, and find him and tell him that I am not yet come back.

*Den.* May-be he won't believe *me*, sir; because he's so mighty eager to see you. Hadn't I better go tell him that you told me yourself, you wasn't here?

*Adm.* Take your own way, but get him to his room, and I'll follow him there.

*Den.* Consider the thing done, sir. [*Exit, L. F.*]

*Adm.* It is a devilish hard case, that a man is to live to the age of five-and-fifty with a fair reputation for courage, and then to be, all on a sudden, half afraid of meeting his own son.

[*Exit, L. F.*]

[*Miss Mortimer opens the door, R. S. E., and peeps out.*]

*Miss M.* It is astonishing how curious women are! Here am I peeping out, and I have no reason to give for doing so half as strong as that I was desired not. The Admiral has sailed, and the coast is clear—there's no enemy's cruiser in sight, and I shall venture out. [*Goes to door, L. F., and listens.*] I hear no one,—I'll open the door [*Opens it gently.*] Gracious! there's somebody coming

[*Attempts to close the door, which Lieut. K. pulls open.*]

*Lieut. K.* [*Entering, L.*] Don't shut the door, old gentleman! I've found you at last—a lady!

*Miss M.* (R.) A stranger! [*Turning away and aside.*] I remember him, though he doesn't remember me; but I mustn't appear to know him, or the Admiral will be angry

*Lieut. K.* I beg you pardon—I fear you must have thought me very rude, but I took you for Admiral Kingston.

*Miss M.* It is the first time I have been so much honoured, sir.

*Lieut. K.* I mean, I took this for Admiral Kingston's room.

*Miss M.* You were quite right, sir. He will return immediately. I am about to retire, and if you will take a chair, I have no doubt you will see him in five minutes.

*Lieut. K.* Nay, madam! rather allow *me* to retire? I couldn't think of causing you to leave your—to leave his—to leave this room. (*Aside.*) Who the deuce can she be?

*Miss M.* [*Going.*] I have only one word more to say, sir; you will particularly oblige me, by not mentioning to the Admiral that you have seen me.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] What on earth does that mean? [*Aloud.*] One moment, ma'am, pray. Have I the honour of addressing a relation of Admiral Kingston?

*Miss M.* Not exactly, sir! but I think *I* have.

*Lieut. K.* You have the advantage of me.

*Miss M.* [*Curtesying.*] And I mean to keep it.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] How provoking she is. [*Aloud.*] Excuse me, but you seem aware that I am the Admiral's son; you will therefore wonder at my natural curiosity upon a subject which—in short—Madam—Is my father married.

*Miss M.* Not that I am aware of, sir.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] That's some relief. [*Aloud.*] Then pardon my asking, are you here with him?

*Miss M.* How can I be, when he is absent?

*Lieut. K.* No—but I mean—is he here with you?

*Miss M.* The same answer applies.

*Lieut. K.* There is some mystery.

*Miss M.* There is, indeed.

*Lieut. K.* You own it?

*Miss M.* And the Admiral owns it.

*Lieut. K.* It must and shall be cleared up.

*Miss M.* Will you promise me that?

*Lieut. K.* I will.

*Miss M.* Then you are a very delightful young man that I will say. [*Going towards the door of her room, R.*]

*Lieut. K.* And you're a most extraordinary young woman—that I must say.

*Miss M.* And so ends the first interview between Lieutenant Thomas Kingston, R. N.,—

*Lieut. K.* [*Eagerly.*] And?

*Miss M.* [*Curtesyng.*] His most obedient servant.

[*Exit to room, R. S. E.*]

*Lieut. K.* A young lady in my father's apartments, who knows him and knows me, but whom I don't know, and who declines to tell me who she is! I suspect the old gentleman is running a little wild. [*Takes a chair.*] Well! when one can't understand a thing, the best way is to sit down quietly [*Sits*] and wait patiently for an explanation. [*Jumping up.*] I can't stop here by myself!

[*Exit, L. D. F.*]

SCENE IV.—*As 2nd.*—*The Lieutenant's Apartments, as before.*

*Adm.* [*Knocking without, and calling, L.*] Ship ahoy! Tom, my boy, where are you? [*Entering.*] Tom, you rascal, where are you, I say?

*Mrs. P.* [*From her room, c.*] Is that you, Kingston dear?

*Adm.* [*Starting.*] Who the devil can that be?

*Mrs. P.* [*Entering, and speaking as she enters, c.*] I say, is that you, Kingston dear? [*Starts on meeting Admiral.*] Bless me!

*Adm.* (L.) I certainly am Kingston, ma'am; but I am not so fortunate as to be dear to you, that I know of!

*Mrs. P.* (R.) I beg your pardon, sir—

*Adm.* Don't apologise, ma'am, pray. [*Aside.*] She's a very nice-looking woman!

*Mrs. P.* I presume you are looking for Mr. Kingston?

*Adm.* Just so, ma'am.

*Mrs. P.* Is there any thing I can do for you when he returns?

*Adm.* You're very kind, ma'am. My principal business with him is to embrace him.

*Mrs.*  
*Adm*  
*Mrs.*  
can!  
honour  
fare sa  
*Adm*  
apartm  
*Mrs.*  
*Adm*  
*Mrs.*  
*Adm*  
I have  
have sa  
you wi  
his wife  
*Mrs.*  
*Adm*  
be—  
*Mrs.*  
the kin  
*Adm*  
*Mrs.*  
son ret  
gret to  
is again  
but wh  
*Adm*  
ticular  
apartm  
says i  
here!  
wild.  
*Lie*  
miral?  
*Adm*  
dog.  
*Lie*  
*Ad*

*Mrs. P.* Sir!

*Adm.* Don't be alarmed, ma'am—I'm his father.

*Mrs. P.* [*Aside.*] The Admiral! What a nice-looking man! [*Aloud.*] You are aware, sir, that I had not the honour of knowing you. Mr. Kingston will be here, I dare say, in two or three minutes.

*Adm.* I was rightly directed, then; and these are his apartments?

*Mrs. P.* If they were not, sir, I should not be here.

*Adm.* Indeed! [*Aside.*] That's very extraordinary!

*Mrs. P.* [*Aside.*] I've made a foolish speech.

*Adm.* You will excuse the natural anxiety of a father; I have not seen my son for two years, and after what you have said, it behoves me to ask a question which I trust you will see the propriety of answering candidly—are you his wife?

*Mrs. P.* No sir, I am not.

*Adm.* Then, ma'am, I very much fear that you must be—

*Mrs. P.* [*Interrupting him, and curtesying.*] Nothing of the kind, sir, I assure you.

*Adm.* Will you oblige me by telling me who you are?

*Mrs. P.* (R.) You must excuse me? I think I hear your son returning. I really must beg to retire, although I regret to own that appearance, at this particular moment, is against me. I can't exactly explain why I can't explain, but when you see your son, he will explain every thing.

[*Curtesys, and re-enters room, c.*]

*Adm.* (L.) Yes, ma'am, and *dis*-appearance at this particular moment is against you, too. A lady in my son's apartments who refuses to tell me who she is! and who says if they were not his apartments, *she* shouldn't be here! I suspect the young gentleman is running a little wild.

*Door opens, l. s. e., and Lieut. K. enters hastily.*

*Lieut. K.* [*Stopping on seeing his father.*] What! Admiral?

*Adm.* What! Tom, my boy! come to my arms, you dog.

[*Lieut. K. runs to him—they embrace.*]

*Lieut. K.* (L.) And how are you, sir?

*Adm.* Hearty as a buck, my boy, thank you; hearty as

a buck, fresh as a four year old, and jolly as a sand-boy. How has two years in the Mediterranean agreed with you?

*Lieut. K.* Oh! very well, sir.

*Adm.* So I see—so I see. You're looking famously. I thought you were gone home, and I should have been off after you, if I had not heard accidentally that you were here.

*Lieut. K.* I suspect we have missed one another by being in the same house, sir.

*Adm.* Not unlikely, faith. But no matter for that now, I have found you, and by George, I'm as glad as if I had found a large bag of money;—nay, more so; for I don't want money, and I do want my son. [*Shaking hands with him again.*]

*Lieut. K.* You forget our old compact, sir. I am not your son—we are brothers!

*Adm.* True, boy, true; we are indeed, and always were, more like brothers than father and son. No concealment—

*Lieut. K.* No restraint—

*Adm.* No evasion—

*Lieut. K.* No black looks—

*Adm.* No disobedience—

*Lieut. K.* No harsh commands—

*Adm.* Well, well, we won't compliment one another any more. I believe we both went upon the right system, and we can't do better than stick to it: and so get a chair, [*Lieutenant places chairs.*] sit you down, and let us have a chat together upon the old principle.

*Lieut. K.* (L.) Without saying any thing about father and son, sir, I must say I think it was a little curious that any two men of such different ages as you and I are, should have agreed so exactly upon every subject that could be framed.

*Adm.* (R.) Well, I think it was.

*Lieut. K.* I remember that we both liked the same pursuits—

*Adm.* We did.

*Lieut. K.* The same amusements—

*Adm.* We did.

*Lieut. K.* The same people—

*Adm.* We did.

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

was an

agreed

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

stood be

objectio

*Adm.*

the agre

it was.

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

the dev

*Lieut.*

can't ha

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

den av

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

I can't

*Lieut.*

marri

male

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

*Lieut. K.* The same things to eat and drink—

*Adm.* We did.

*Lieut. K.* And, what was more singular still, though I was an only son, and you were a rich widower, we even agreed upon the subject of marriage.

*Adm.* Eh?

*Lieut. K.* Why, we did, sir—didn't we!

*Adm.* Oh! yes—yes; I believe we did.

*Lieut. K.* Believe we did, sir? Why, wasn't it understood between us, that neither was to make the slightest objection, let the other marry whomever he might?

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] Perhaps he has forgot the other part of the agreement. [*Aloud.*] To be sure it was—to be sure it was. [*Shaking hands with him.*]

*Lieut. K.* That is—provided—

*Adm.* [*Letting suddenly go of him, and aside.*] Oh! the devil take it! he has not forgotten it. Can he suspect?

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] The Admiral seems annoyed—he can't have any suspicion, surely.

[*They both turn aside, and relapse into thought. After a pause of mutual embarrassment, the Admiral speaks.*]

*Adm.* Tom!

*Lieut. K.* Sir. [*Another pause*]

*Adm.* Tom!—Why don't you go on speaking, Tom!

*Lieut. K.* I have nothing more to say sir. [*Another pause.*]

*Adm.* Pray, Mr. Tom, what is the meaning of this sudden awkwardness between us?

*Lieut. K.* I really can't explain, sir.

*Adm.* It never used to be so.

*Lieut. K.* That's just what I was thinking, sir.

*Adm.* I think it's a great pity.

*Lieut. K.* So do I, sir.

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] I want to break my marriage to him, but I can't yet. I'll tax him about that lady.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] It won't do to talk to him about his marriage while he's in this mood. I'll ask him who his female friend is.

*Adm.* [*Aloud and sharply.*] Tom!

*Lieut. K.* [*Same tone.*] Sir!

*Adm.* I won't bear this any longer.

*Lieut. K.* That's right, sir



*Adm.* [Turning his chair, and facing *Lieut.*] Sir! I paid a visit to your apartments in your absence, and there I found a lady—

*Lieut. K.* [Turning his chair and facing *Admiral.*] Sir! I paid a visit to your apartments, in your absence and there I found a lady—

*Adm.* [Rises.] Sir! that lady refused to tell me who she was—

*Lieut. K.* [Rises.] Sir! that lady refused to tell me who she was—

*Adm.* Well, sir! I shall set you a good example; you won't explain and so I will. [Aside.] Now for it. [Resuming their seats.] [Aloud.] You alluded just now to our old engagement, that either of us were to marry any one he pleased.

*Lieut. K.* I did, sir. [Aside.] What is he after?

*Adm.* Well! without further preface, I am going to be married.

*Lieut. K.* You, sir?

*Adm.* Have I your free consent?

*Lieut. K.* Oh, surely, sir; that was the engagement provided—

*Adm.* Don't be in a hurry: I'm coming to that. I remember the proviso; and I want you to release me from it. I am going to marry a young woman—

*Lieut. K.* A young woman? [Aside.] Surely not the girl I saw in his room!—Oh, I see, he has got some scent of my intention, and this is a pretence to try me. I must appear to consent.

*Adm.* Well?

*Lieut. K.* Why, sir, although I had, and indeed have a very strong opinion upon the subject, I admit there may be a case in which particular prejudices ought to be waived.

*Adm.* Spoken like a man of sense. Tom, your voyage has improved you every way. [Aside.] That difficulty is soon got over.

*Lieut. K.* I'm glad you think so, sir. [Hesitatingly.] I'm going to be married, too, sir.

*Adm.* You? Pooh! nonsense!

*Lieut. K.* Fact, sir, on my honour.

*Adm.* Well, with all my heart. Who is the girl?

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

rewind

ing a

*Adm.*

ean th

ascal is

isappoi

at the

ught to

*Lieut.*

ands w

iven wa

*Adm.*

xplanat

he lady

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

world?

*Lieut.*

*Adm.*

*Lieut.*

he lady

although

is a ver

panion.

met he

sidered

*Adm.*

at Gibr

rives in

noodle

service

fresh fr

they se

at last,

tion, an

selves

*Lieut.*

you ha

*Lieut.* Sir!  
ce, and then

*Admiral.* Sir  
absence and

tell me why

to tell me

ample; you

for it. [*Re-*

t now to our

rry any one

after?

going to be

engagement

hat. I re-

se me from

ely not the

some scent

e. I must

eed have a

here may

ght to be

ur voyage

ifficulty is

gly.] I'm

rl?

*Lieut. K.* She is not exactly a girl, sir.

*Adm.* Why, you're not going to marry a boy?

*Lieut. K.* No, sir; but it's curious enough—I was just  
rewring up my courage to ask your consent to my mar-  
rying a lady some fifteen years older than myself—

*Adm.* Were you, really! [*Aside.*] Zounds, he can't  
mean the woman I saw in his room—Oh, no, the young  
ascal is shamming, just to see what I will say; but I'll  
disappoint him. [*Aloud.*] I quite agree with you, Tom,  
that there may be a case in which particular prejudices  
ought to be waived.

*Lieut. K.* Sir, you are liberal to a degree. [*Shaking  
hands with him—aside.*] I had no notion he would have  
given way so easily.

*Adm.* And now, sir, as I have led the van in the way of  
explanation, perhaps you'll follow in the wake. Who is  
the lady in that room?

*Lieut. K.* That is *the* lady, sir.

*Adm.* *The* lady? Why, is there but one lady in the  
world?

*Lieut. K.* Only one that I'm going to be married to.

*Adm.* Come, nonsense, nonsense! you're joking.

*Lieut. K.* I assure you, sir, I never was more serious;  
the lady is the widow of the late Colonel Pontifex, and  
although, as I said, some fifteen years older than I am, she  
is a very charming woman, and a most delightful com-  
panion. We came home in the same packet; but I first  
met her two years ago at Gibraltar, where she was con-  
sidered the most attractive woman in the garrison.

*Adm.* Very likely, sir; but the most attractive woman  
at Gibraltar is sure to be superseded the moment she ar-  
rives in England. Tom, Tom, you're going to make a  
noodle of yourself. How often have I seen youngsters on  
service in the colonies commit this folly. They come out  
fresh from England, and make a joke of every woman  
they see; by degrees they grow more civil to them; until,  
at last, they select one from the flock for particular atten-  
tion, and because she is the best *there*, they flatter them-  
selves she must be the very best every where, and so marry.

[*They rise.*

*Lieut. K.* Well, sir, it can't be helped now; and so, as  
you have no intention of marrying yourself, I hope you

*Adm.* What do you mean, sir? Didn't I tell you that was going to be married? Didn't you see a young lady in my apartments?

*Lieut. K.* [*Laughing.*] My dear sir, you can't mean her? Why, she must be thirty years younger than you are.

*Adm.* And suppose she is? if there must be a difference in ages, it's far better that the wife should be younger.

*Lieut. K.* *Something* younger, yes; but fifteen years under is better than *thirty* years younger.

*Adm.* I disagree with you, sir.

*Lieut. K.* I differ from you, sir.

*Adm.* I shall have the dutiful attention of a daughter combined with the affection of a wife.

*Lieut. K.* While I shall find united in one person, the fond wife and careful mother.

*Adm.* Careful grandmother! you'll be nicely henpecked if you marry that widow, depend upon it.

*Lieut. K.* Very likely, sir! and you marry that giddy girl, and you'll get your highly respected wig most carefully combed, I promise you.

*Adm.* Your wife will never let you out of her sight.

*Lieut. K.* Your wife will constantly let herself out of yours.

*Adm.* You'll be wretched from morning till night.

*Lieut. K.* That's my business.—You won't know quiet moment.

*Adm.* That's mine.

*Lieut. K.* Well, sir! you may break our engagement if you will, but I'll never give my consent.

*Adm.* Nor I.

*Lieut. K.* Just now you said there might be cases—

*Adm.* And so did you,

*Lieut. K.* I beg your pardon, sir; I said *a* case.

*Adm.* And so did I.

*Lieut. K.* I was alluding to my own.

*Adm.* I was alluding to *my* own.

*Lieut. K.* Well, sir! it appears that we can't agree upon this subject, and so we had better part.

*Adm.* By all means, sir.

*Lieut. K.* Good bye then, sir.

[*Going towards inner room. c.*]

I tell you that  
a young lady

can't mean  
anger than you

be a difference  
be younger.  
fifteen years

f a daughter

ne person, the

ely honpecke

ry that gidd  
ig most care

her sight.  
herself out of

ill night.  
on't know

engagement

case—

case.

t agree upon

er room. u.

*Adm.* Good bye, sir. [*Going towards the outer door, L.*]  
*Pray*, go to your *widow*.

*Lieut. K.* And you, sir,—to your boarding-school miss.

*Enter at the same time, from c. D., Mrs. Pontifex, and  
from outer, Miss Mortimer, L. S. E.*

*Miss M.* (L.) My dear Admiral! What is the matter?

*Mrs. P.* (R. C.) Kingston dear! what is the matter?

*Adm.* (L. C.) Let me pass, Mary. I won't stay here  
another minute.

*Miss M.* [*Checking him.*] Nay, sir—

*Lieut. K.* (R.) Pray, stand aside. I wish to leave the  
room.

*Mrs. P.* [*In an imploring tone.*] Kingston dear—

*Adm.* [*Mocking her, and aside.*] “Kingston dear;” she'll  
make me sick.—Come, Mary love, come!

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside.*] “Mary love!”—Well done, old gen-  
tleman.

*Mrs. P.* Never mind! it's for you to give way—he's  
your father.

*Miss M.* Consider, sir! and make some allowance for  
your son.

*Mrs. P.* Speak to him, or he'll be gone.

*Lieut. K.* Admiral!

*Adm.* Well, sir?

*Lieut. K.* Don't go.

*Adm.* I will.

*Lieut. K.* Stop!

[*Coming down.*]

*Adm.* I won't.

*Lieut. K.* Well, sir! do as you like;—[*Crosses to Adm.  
and brings him down.*] but there are ladies in the room  
and I presume you won't like them to report that we have  
behaved unlike gentlemen.

*Adm.* (L.) Well, sir! what do propose?

*Lieut. K.* (R.) Why, as it seems that an introduction  
must take place at some time or other, had not it better be  
done at once?

*Adm.* With all my heart.

*Miss M.* Now, come, sir, that's quite right.

[*Takes hold of his arm, and tries to walk him down  
towards the centre; he edges her off to side opposite  
the others.*]

Lieut. K. [*Taking Mrs. Pontifex's hand, putting her across, and looking the other way.*] Selina! allow me to present you to my father?—Admiral Kingston!

[*She curtseys.*  
Adm. [*Bowing, but not looking at her.*] Ma'am, you're most obedient! [*Turns away and looks at pictures as he introduces them.*] Mary, my love! that's my son out there—Lieutenant Kingston; Lieutenant Kingston, this is Miss Mary Mortimer.

Lieut. K. [*Starting.*] My little playfellow! [*Running and shaking hands with her.*] How dull I was not to remember you.

Adm. [*Uneasy.*] Mary!

Mrs. P. [*Uneasy.*] Kingston, dear!

Adm. That will do.

Mrs. P. That's quite enough.

[*Miss M. goes to Adm., and Lieut. K. to Mrs. P.*

Lieut. K. You ladies haven't been [*Gets to R.*] introduced to each other now.—Miss Mortimer! allow me to introduce to you Mrs. Pontifex—my intended wife.

Adm. Faugh!

Mrs. P. "Faugh," indeed!

Miss M. [*To Mrs. P.*] Take no notice of it.

Lieut. K. (R.) Mrs. Pontifex! Miss Mary Mortimer!

Adm. Yes, ma'am! my intended wife!

Lieut. K. Absurd!

Miss M. (L. C.) "Absurd!"

Mrs. P. [R. C., *shaking hands with Miss M.*] Never mind what he says—I'm very happy to make your acquaintance.

Miss M. You're very kind.

Adm. It will be rather a short acquaintance, I suspect.

Mrs. P. I hope not, sir.

Adm. Then, ma'am, you had better cease to encourage my son in his folly.

Mrs. P. Folly sir?

Miss M. (*soothing her.*) Don't be excited.

Lieut. K. Come, that's pretty well, governor: considering the outrage that you are going to commit.

Miss M. Outrage! Mr. Kingston?

Mrs. P. (*soothing her.*) Pray, be calm.

Lieut. K. Don't call me Mr. Kingston, Mary.

*Adm.* I say, do; and don't you call her Mary.

*Mrs. P.* (to Miss M.) Don't let us be annoyed whatever they say, and then we shall have some chance of their following a good example.

*Miss M.* An excellent plan; they may say what they please for me.

*Lieut. K.* There's something perfectly ridiculous in the notion of a man's marrying a little chit, young enough to be his grand daughter.

*Miss M.* "Little chit," and "grand-daughter!" That rather too much to bear.

*Mrs. P.* Now, you promised that you wouldn't mind anything they said.

*Miss M.* Yes! but there's a medium.

*Adm.* I should say, it was infinitely preferable to a rumpety boy's marrying a woman old enough to be his grandmother.

*Mrs. P.* (screaming.) Ah! Who is to bear that, I should like to know?

*Miss M.* Now you said *you* would.

*Mrs. P.* Very likely, my dear! but there is reason in all things.—Kingston dear! I shall leave the room, and I request you to come with me.

*Enter SHORT and DENNIS, D. L. H.*

*Adm.* That's the most sensible proposition I have heard of. Mary, come with me.

*Miss M.* (looking back at *Lieut. K.*) I shall have great pleasure, sir, in leaving the society of the rudest young man in Portsmouth.

*Lieut. K.* (going to her.) Nay, Mary, I had no intention—

*Adm.* Go away, sir. Come along, love.

[As they are going out at the door, *L. E.*, *SHORT* goes to *ADMIRAL* with bill of fare.]

*Short.* Won't you please to order dinner, sir?

*Adm.* No, sir! [Shuts door in his face.]

*Mrs. P.* Come, Kingston dear.

[He goes to her—*SHORT* follows him, and as they are going through the door-way,

*Short.* Won't you please to order dinner, sir?

*Lieut. K.* No, sir! [Shuts c. door in his face]

*Short.* They are all mad!

[Returns to door L. H. D., and as he is going out—

*Den.* (who has followed him.) You had better order the dinner yourself, sir.—

*Short.* No, sir!

[Shuts door in his face

*Den.* I'll not be out of the fashion any way; so I'll see something to myself, bounce out of the room, and bang the door in my own face. "Dennis!" "Sir to you!" "Will you order dinner?" "No, sir!"

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—As Scene 1st. Act 1st.—The Hall in the Fountain Inn.

Enter R. DENINS, cautiously.

*Den.* Master, dear! botheration! the more I search for master, the more I misses him. [Exit same way,

Enter L. H. SHORT.

*Short.* Surely I heard that stupid follow Dennis, calling me—Why, there he is; Dennis!

Re-enter DENNIS.

*Den.* And it's there you are at last, master dear; no I'd be mighty glad if you'd just tell me where you've been to?

*Short.* Where have I been? nowhere.

*Den.* By the powers! that's just what I thought, for I've looked for you everywhere.

*Short.* The way not to miss a person is to remain in the same place.

*Den.* Then I won't easily miss you again, sir; for I'll not leave my present place in a hurry, you may depend upon it.

*Short.* Well, what have you found out?

*Den.* Nothing, sir.

*Short.* What did you want to tell me then?

SCENE  
De  
ing to  
Sho  
Den  
willin  
if you  
ezingly  
waiter  
side of  
Sho  
too thi  
Den  
Sho  
more a  
Den  
rooms  
for all  
they w  
Sho  
is to ri  
inform  
me.  
Den.  
Sho  
he is go  
Den.  
hear an  
Sho  
Den.  
elegant  
Sho  
Den.  
Sho  
Den.  
enough  
[T  
Sho  
Den.  
[T

*Den.* Why, sir! I wanted to tell you that I've got nothing to tell you; and there's some information in that.

*Short.* Useful information, truly!

*Den.* Well, then, I declare it's no fault of mine, I'm willing to serve you through thick and through thin; but if you will have the doors of this respectable inn so amazingly thick, it's quite impossible for the most attentive waiter to hear what people's a talking about on the other side of 'em.

*Short.* The doors are thin enough; it's your head that's too thick.

*Den.* If I thought that I'd have it shaved once a day

*Short.* Neither the Admiral nor his son has said a word more about the horses they ordered, I believe?

*Den.* Not a word, sir! they have both been in their rooms ever since, talking away like fun to their ladies; but for all I could catch, it might as well have been Hebrew they were speaking.

*Short.* (*aside.*) To send such a noodle as this to listen, is to risk the character of my house without getting any information in exchange. (*Aloud.*) Now Dennis, listen to me.

*Den.* Yes, sir!

[*Going.*

*Short.* Never you listen to any body again. (*Seeing that he is going.*) Why don't you listen to me, you rascal?

*Den.* You told me not, sir; beside, sir, listeners seldom hear any good of themselves.

*Short.* Go along about your business.

*Den.* Ah! now, don't call it business; you're such an elegant master, that my business is my pleasure.

*Short.* You're a humbug.

*Den.* I'd rather hear you say that than think it, any day.

*Short.* Now get away; there's one of the ladies coming.

*Den.* (*looking in opposite direction.*) So there is sure enough!

[*Turns to go off the same way he comes on, and encounters Miss Mortimer, R. entering. [Short turning to go off, L. encounters Mrs. Pontifex, entering.*

*Short.* I beg your pardon, ma'am!

*Exit L.*

*Den.* I ask your pardon Miss.

*Exit R.*

[*The ladies approach each other, both seeming rather confused.*



*Miss P.* (L.) [After a pause.] I am happy to have met you, my dear. I was just coming to knock at your door and ask the favor of a few minutes conversation with you.

*Miss M.* (R.) How very odd! I was seeking you, with the same object in view.

*Miss P.* That's curious enough.

*Miss M.* Isn't it?

*Miss P.* It is indeed!

*Miss M.* Very.

*Mrs. P.* [After a pause.] Well, my dear! what was it you were going to say?

*Miss M.* Upon my word, when I left my room I thought I knew; but popping upon you so suddenly has put it quite out of my head.

*Mrs. P.* I think I can guess; and moreover I strongly suspect that our motives in seeking each other are very similar. You feel with me the peculiar awkwardness of the circumstances under which we have first met?

*Miss M.* Indeed, I do.

*Mrs. P.* And you would be glad if, by laying our heads together, we could devise some plan to relieve that awkwardness?

*Miss M.* Indeed, I should.

*Miss P.* It seems that the Admiral and his son never had a dispute in their lives till now.

*Miss M.* Exactly.

*Mrs. P.* I must say, I think that the Admiral is a little unreasonable; because, after all, I am but fifteen years older than my Kingston.

*Miss M.* Well! and I am but thirty years younger than mine.

*Mrs. P.* Yes, my dear; but look at the difference between fifteen and thirty.

*Miss M.* I do; but look at the difference between a woman and a man; you know that a man ought to be a good many years older than his wife.

*Mrs. P.* Very likely my dear; but when you are my age, you will have learnt that men are not always what they ought to be.

*Miss M.* Why are you going to marry Lieutenant Kingston?

*Mrs. P.* That is rather an abrupt question: but it is at

all events frank, and I will frankly answer it. We were thrown a great deal into each other's society at Gibraltar, he paid me much attention; he became ill and I returned that attention; he recovered, expressed his wish to marry me, and I consented.

*Miss M.* And do you think he still wishes to marry you?

*Mrs. P.* What an odd girl you are! Certainly I do, or I would release him from his engagement in a moment.

*Miss M.* Well, that is very good natured of you, though, I must say.

*Mrs. P.* Now perhaps you'll tell me why *you* are going to be married?

*Miss M.* With pleasure. I always said I would marry an admiral: and papa wishes me to marry Admiral Kingston.

*Mrs. P.* Well, as matters seem to be settled for both of us, the only rational way is to make the best of them; now I want the father and the son each to release the other from his engagement, and to be friends as they ought.

*Miss M.* I don't think the Admiral will ever forgive Tom.

*Mrs. P.* Tom! my dear?

*Miss M.* I beg your pardon! we were playfellows as children, and I have never seen him since till to-day; Lieutenant Kingston I mean.

*Mrs. P.* I should say that Lieutenant Kingston has far more to complain of than his father.

*Miss M.* I can't say I see that.

*Mrs. P.* However, my proposition is that you shall go and endeavour to prevail on my intended to forgive his father; while I see whether I can't induce your Admiral to have some compassion for his son.

*Miss M.* I'll try it, with all my heart; but he was very rude to me an hour ago, you remember.

*Mrs. P.* My dear child, don't talk about that; remember the Admiral's rudeness to me.

*Miss M.* Well, I shall do my best. [Crossing L.]

*Mrs. P.* And the best, as they say, can do no better.

*Miss M.* [Stopping and turning.] Mrs Pontifex.

*Mrs. P.* [Stopping and turning.] My dear?

*Miss M.* Don't you make too much love to my fine old English Admiral; or else I shall be jealous.

*Mrs. P.* I'll take care. And I say, my dear?

*Miss M.* What say you?

*Mrs. P.* Lieutenant Kingston, if you please; not Tom!

[*Exeunt severally, R. and L.*]

SCENE. II.—*As Scene 3rd, Act 1.—Sette and two chairs as before.*

*The ADMIRAL discovered walking up and down.*

*Adm.* This is a confounded mess, and I don't see my way out of it. It's the first disagreement that Tom and I ever had, and I must own that I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. [*Knock at room door, E.*] Come in.

*Enter DENNIS, L.*

*Ddn.* Are you alone, sir?

*Adm.* I am, and wish to be left alone.

*Den.* In course, sir. I'm a waiter, and it's my duty to attend to your wishes; but by the same token it's my duty to attend to every body's wishes; and a lady has sent me to you with a message.

*Adm.* I'm sorry it's not a gentleman, for I feel monstrously inclined to shoot somebody.

*Den.* It would shuit the lady if you could see her now, sir!

*Adm.* What is she?

*Den.* Why, sir, you see some names is hard to remember easily; but I should say the lady's name is Mrs. Halifax, or Paddywhacks.

*Adm.* Don't you think it was Mrs. Pontifex?

*Den.* I don't think at all about it, sir; because I'm sure of it.

*Adm.* Beg her to walk in.

*Den.* [*aside.*] "Beg her to walk in! I wonder did he think she was going to ride in" *Exit L.*

*Adm.* What the deuce can she have to say to me!

*Re-enter DENNIS, L. conducting MRS. PONTIEX.*

*Den.* [*announcing.*] Mrs.——, that lady, sir?

*Adm.* Leave the room, sir. [*Exit DENNIS L.*] Madam, once more your most obedient. Permit me to offer you a chair. [*Places one for L. H. and another for himself at a distance from it.*]

*Mrs. P.* [L.] We have been introduced to each other, Admiral Kingston, under circumstances of a very unpromising nature.

*Adm.* [R.] Most unpromising, ma'am; most unpromising.

*Mrs. P.* It would give me the sincerest pleasure, if, by any means in my power, I could set matters straight between you and your son.

*Adm.* I dare say it would, ma'am. I can easily understand that.

*Mrs. P.* Will you be candid enough to tell me exactly what you mean?

*Adm.* Why, ma'am, as I am speaking to a lady, I would rather leave my meaning to her own penetration; but this is no time for overstrained delicacy.

*Mrs. P.* On that point, sir, at all events, you will find that we are agreed.

*Adm.* Well then, ma'am, to be plain with you, I can easily understand your readiness to set matters straight between me and my son; because your so doing would lead to your marriage with a good-looking, good-for-nothing, gentlemanly young rascal; with the Queen's commission to his back, and the prospect of fine fortune in his front.

*Mrs. P.* Self interest, then, you consider to be my only motive?

*Adm.* Why, ma'am, to pursue the candid line; I imagine there can't be any violent love on either side; when the gentleman is only five-and-twenty, and the lady is——

*Mrs. P.* Turned of forty, sir! don't hesitate, we are pursuing the "candid" line, you know.

*Adm.* Madam, I must own that you have anticipated me.

*Mrs. P.* And I shall beg leave to do so again, sir, for I see that you want my assistance. There is a native warmth, a kindness about your heart, sadly at variance with the tone of severity which you are endeavoring to assume towards me.

*Adm.* [forgetting himself.] Ma'am you are very good, [recovering his tone] but you are very much mistaken: I have by no means a kind heart. In short, you can't possibly know any thing about my heart.

*Mrs. P.* Why, sir, I have listened to its praises from your son for hours together.

*Adm.* [*aside*] Bless his heart! bless his heart! [*Aloud*]. It would have been much better if you had never listened to any thing my son said.

*Mrs. P.* You are of opinion that I have entrapped your son into a promise of marriage, solely because I hoped to share the fortune he expects from you—

*Adm.* Madam! you have said it.

*Mrs. P.* You think that I have no real regard for his happiness; but that I would force myself, at the price of that, into connection with an ancient and honourable family—

*Adm.* I never contradict a lady.

*Mrs. P.* In this case, you would have done her better justice if you had.

*Adm.* Can you make that appear?

*Mrs. P.* With the greatest ease; I came here hither in the hope of inducing you to consent to a marriage which your son had, to use the mildest term, *persuaded* himself would make him happy. From that son's description of you, I had expected to find you kind—

*Adm.* Ah!

*Mrs. P.* Affectionate—

*Adm.* Ah!

*Mrs. P.* And generous.

*Adm.* Ah!

*Mrs. P.* Instead of which, it seems you are harsh—

*Adm.* Ma'am!

*Mrs. P.* Unfeeling.

*Adm.* Ma'am!

*Mrs. P.* And unrelenting.

*Adm.* Ma'am!

*Mrs. P.* We are pursuing the "candid" line, you know, sir, by agreement.

*Adm.* Yes, madam, but you needn't *cross* the line.

*Mrs. P.* Well, sir, to prove you, at all events, that you have done me injustice; to show you that I have a real feeling for your son, and none for his fortune, I am willing to make a great sacrifice.

*Adm.* What! to take the boy with half his money, I suppose?

*Mrs. P.* No, sir; I resign all pretensions to his money.

*Adm.* [*drawing his chair nearer to her.*] What's that you say, madam.

*Mrs. P.* And, rather than prolong an unhappy difference between a hard-hearted father and a persecuted son, I also resign all pretension to his hand, and release him from his engagement.

*Adm.* [*drawing his chair quite close to her.*] Would it be too much trouble to say that again ?

*Mrs. P.* Not at all, sir. Rather than prolong an unhappy difference between a hard-hearted——

*Adm.* [*interrupting.*] I don't mean that part.

*Mrs. P.* I resign all pretensions to his hand, and release him from his engagement.

*Adm.* Ma'am you are a most a extraordinary woman.

*Mrs. P.* I am glad you think so (*rising.*) and now——

*Adm.* No, no! sit down, sit down, pray ; it is just possible that you may have done me some injustice; so sit down pray, (*she sits.*) My dear madam, you have surprised me, my dear Mrs. Pontifex, I may say you have astounded me : and though you have called me harsh, unfeeling and unrelenting, I do assure you that I am not actually deserving of either of those epithets. I'm not easily driven, but I don't like being outdone upon a point of generosity; I won't accept this resignation of yours until I know more about the matter. I'm not a stock, nor a stone; I love my son, you think I don't, but I do—I love that boy dearer than my life; yes, madam! dearer than my life, hard-hearted as I am : and sooner than see him wretched, I'll consent to his marriage, forego my own, and jump into the sea. (*Rises.*)

*Mrs. P.* And now, my dear sir, I beg you to forgive all that I have said ; for you are indeed the kind, good, liberal, and warm-hearted being your son has always described you to be.

*Adm.* That boy is a boy of ten thousand, ma'am !

*Mrs. P.* He is indeed : and such being the case, you will give him your hand, won't you ? and bid him forget the momentary unpleasantness that has passed.

*Adm.* Ma'am ! my hand shall be at his service for two purposes ; I'll first box the young rascal's ears for being impertinent to his father, and then I'll give him such a grip of friendship as a British sailor has ever ready for his late enemy upon the proclamation of peace.

*Mrs. P.* This is indeed charming : shall we go to him ?

*Adm.* [*Taking her hand.*] Not yet! Now don't be in such a hurry—I want to talk with you a little more—you must know that I am getting quite fond of you.

*Mrs. P.* I'm sure, sir, I am very much flattered.

*Adm.* Not at all, not at all; it is your own merit—your own attractions which have in so short a time converted an antipathy into a predilection.

*Mrs. P.* I'm quite delighted, sir.

*Adm.* Tom loves you, I suppose?

*Mrs. P.* I believe he does.

*Adm.* I don't wonder at it; he would be a precious fool, and very unlike his father, if he didn't. You mustn't be annoyed with me for my frankness, but I tell you very plainly, that I never was so taken with any lady upon a first acquaintance in my life.

*Mrs. P.* Annoyed, my dear sir? Why, to please you is the first wish of my heart.

*Adm.* You don't say so?

*Mrs. P.* Next to that of pleasing your son.

*Adm.* Ah! hang that Tom! those sons are always in one's way: well, well, say no more about it—he's a lucky dog—but you're too old for him—you are indeed.

*Mrs. P.* Don't say any thing about that, sir.

*Adm.* My dear, I must—candor—you know—candor—you're a charming woman—but, by George, you're too old to marry Tom.

*Mrs. P.* I suspect that I am not the only person in the room who is about to marry one much younger than—

*Adm.* Now, don't mention that.

*Mrs. P.* Candor—you know, sir—candor.

*Adm.* Now, pray don't—I confess my folly—I don't know how it came about—I almost wish, for her sake that it had not come about—she's a dear, good girl.

*Mrs. P.* You would say so again, if you knew all.

*Adm.* All—What is all?

*Mrs. P.* She is at this moment, I believe, with your son.

*Adm.* With my son? What the devil for?

*Mrs. P.* For the same purpose that I came to you—to reconcile you to each other; as I have prospered well, the work is more than half done. [*Going.*]

*Adm.* Don't let us go just yet.

*Mrs. P.* Nay, sir! Why delay, when good is to be done?

*Adm.* I don't know—I'm in no hurry; that's all I know—but it shall be as you wish—*every thing* shall be as you wish.

*Mrs. P.* [Going.] I'll lead the way then.

*Adm.* Nay, my dear! let me offer you an arm.

*Mrs. P.* Oh! with pleasure.

[Takes it. Walking across the stage with her.]

*Adm.* [Stopping.] I wish that dear little girl that I'm going to make a noodle of myself with, were your age instead of her own.

*Mrs. P.* It would be better, I must admit.

*Adm.* And I can't help wishing, for your sake and Tom's, that you were of her age, instead of your own.

*Mrs. P.* That would be better also, I admit.

*Adm.* You are as candid as you are handsome.

*Mrs. P.* My dear Admiral!

*Adm.* My dear madam!

[Exit l.]

SCENE III.—As Scene 2d, Act 1st—Set us before.—

Enter LIEUTENANT KINGSTON, (c.)

*Lieut. K.* This is a pretty business! and what to do, I haven't the most distant idea. My father won't give me his consent, that seems very clear; what on earth does he mean to do? Where the deuce is Mrs. Pontifex gone to? and what the devil do you want?

[To DENNIS, who knocks and enters, l.]

*Den.* I want you, sir—that is to say—no, sir! it isn't me exactly, that wants you, but it's another lady outside.

*Lieut. K.* What lady?

*Den.* The young lady, sir, that was with the old gentleman.

*Lieut. K.* Miss Mortimer?

*Den.* I believe that's her christian name, sir

*Lieut. K.* Did you say I was here?

*Den.* I said I didn't know whether you was or not, sir, but I'd ask you.

*Lieut. K.* Show her in.

*Den.* I will sir.

[Exit l.]

*Lieut. K.* What's in the wind now, I wonder?



*Re-enter DENNIS. L. conducting MISS MORTIMER.*

*Den.* The lady, sir.

*Lieut. K.* Dennis!

*Den.* Coming, sir.

*Lieut. K.* Leave the room.

*Den.* Going, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Lieut. K.* Won't you sit down? [*Moves sette down to*

*Miss M.* Thank you! [*Sits at the extreme end of the sette.*] I wish for a few minutes' conversation with you; perhaps, you will sit down also?

*Lieut. K.* (t.) If you wish it—certainly.

[*Sits at opposite extreme end.*

*Miss M.* (t.) We parted children; we meet again under very peculiar circumstances.

*Lieut. K.* Very, indeed, madam!

*Miss M.* "Madam?"

*Lieut. K.* Certainly! one must practise respect to one's mother you know.

*Miss M.* True! I forgot; it is very distressing to me to have witnessed the first disagreement you ever had with your father, and to feel that I am in some measure the cause of it.

*Lieut. K.* [*Getting a little nearer to her, and as he speaks she gets a little nearer to him.*] Your sentiments do equal honour to your head and heart—Madam.

[*They both get back to their places.*

*Miss M.* I am truly glad you think so; I am most anxious to see you reconciled to each other, and if you retain those quick and generous feelings which used to actuate you as a boy—[*During this they again approach each other.*] I am sure that you will readily assist me—Sir!

[*They get back to their places.*

*Lieut. K.* Yes, madam.

*Miss M.* Now that your first surprise is over at finding that I am going to be married to your father, I should like you to tell me candidly what you think of me.

*Lieut. K.* I think you so altered, that it is no wonder I did not recognise you. I think you more beautiful than I ever dreamt you would grow up to be!

*Miss M.* I didn't mean that.

*Lieut. K.* But I did though—[*checking himself.*] Ma'am

*Miss M.* I want to know what you think of marrying the Admiral?

*Lieut. K.* I think it is one of the most preposterous things I ever heard in my life: I think I have got a very silly old man for a father, and that I am going to have—with the greatest respect—a noodle for a mother.

*Miss M.* Sir, you are very polite!

*Lieut. K.* Well, I can't help it; for upon my soul, Mary—ma'am, I mean—it's too ridiculous.

*Miss M.* You look through a glass of great magnifying power at other people's faults, and reverse it to peep at your own.

*Lieut. M.* That's a very fine speech, I dare say; but I don't exactly perceive the application of it.

*Miss M.* No! Why, what do you imagine people will say about your marrying old Mrs. Pontifex?

*Lieut. K.* [*Getting up and walking about.*] Hollo! am I going to be laughed at? I can't bear that—and I won't bear it—and so you may tell people. If the men laugh at me, they must take the consequence; and if the women laugh at me, I'll shoot their husbands, sons, brothers, fathers, and uncles.

*Miss M.* Dear me! Why, one would think you were the whole navy of England, instead of only a lieutenant in it.

*Lieut. K.* I won't bear it, I'm determined!

*Miss M.* Well, well; sit down, a pretty dear—sit down upon the same sofa with it's ma—and it shan't be laughed at.

*Lieut. K.* [*Sitting down.*] Now don't Mary! don't ma'am. If there is one thing that I hate more than another, it is ridicule; deserved or not, I feel just the same.

*Miss M.* It is a pity that one so sensitive should have exposed himself to it, but I won't say any more about it; if I have vexed you forgive me. [*Offers her hand.*]

*Lieut. K.* [*Getting close to her, and taking it.*] Oh! madam! [D—n madam! I can't say it any more, and I won't.] Oh, Mary! now you are, indeed, like the frank and affectionate child I once knew you.

*Miss M.* You musn't call me Mary—Tom.

*Lieut. K.* Not when you call me 'Tom'?

*Miss M.* Did I call you Tom? I beg your pardon

*Lieut. K.* Don't apologize: it puts me in mind of other times.

*Miss M.* Do you know where Mrs. Pontifex is?

*Lieut. K.* Never mind her just now.

*Miss M.* Oh! but I must; she's with the admiral.

*Lieut. K.* What! are you jealous?

*Miss M.* Not the least.—Are you?

*Lieut. K.* No!

*Miss M.* She seems to me to be a very delightful woman.

*Lieut. K.* So she is! so she is! Oh! *that she is!* I certainly wish, for her sake, that she was something nearer my own age—yours now, for instance.

*Miss M.* I'm afraid that wish will grow upon you.

*Lieut. K.* What is she gone to the admiral for?

*Miss M.* To ask him to consent to your marriage; and I came to ask you to consent to his.

*Lieut. K.* I can't do it; it goes against my conscience.

[Rises.]

*Miss M.* [Rising.] You must! you must indeed!

*Lieut. K.* I cannot—I feel that I cannot.

*Miss M.* That which must be—must be: why then should you refuse to make the best of it? Come, Lieutenant Kingston, for my sake—come—Tom—for Mary's sake, consent.

*Lieut. K.* For your sake, Mary, I will consent to anything.

*Miss M.* [Rising.] Come with me then, at once, and let me see you on your old terms with your father.

*Lieut. K.* Not this moment! there's no such absolute hurry. I think I have consented too soon. Mary, sit down and persuade me again.

*Miss M.* No, no! it must not be: and you must leave off calling me Mary.

*Lieut. K.* Well, if it must be so;—for the last time at least, Mary, take my arm.

*Miss M.* Will you hold your tongue about Mary, Mr. Tom?

[Takes his arm; and is going forwards L. D. Enter the

ADMIRAL with MRS. PONTIFEX leaning on his arm—the others separate hastily, and in confusion.]

*Adm.* I thought I informed you, sir, that I was about to be married to that lady!

*Lieut. K.* You did, sir.

*Adm.* And under those circumstances, do you think it proper or decent that I should find her flaunting about with her arm through yours? Look at me, sir, and answer me!

*Lieut. K.* (R.) I am looking at you, sir.

*Adm.* (L.) Well, sir!

*Lieut. K.* And I want to know whether you think it proper or decent that I should find that lady flaunting about with her arm through yours?

*Adm.* Pooh, pooh! nonsense—you foolish monkey! you're not going to be jealous of your father?

*Mrs. P.* [L. C., To Admiral.] Now—my dear sir—

*Lieut. K.* Why not? when you are jealous of your son.

*Miss M.* [R. C. To LIEUTENANT K.] Now be calm.

*Adm.* The fact is, sir, that I am particularly pleased with this lady.

*Lieut. K.* Sir, you do me great honour.

*Adm.* She has done you great honour in condescending to care about such a—such—a—

*Miss M.* Very agreeable young man as Lieutenant Kingston, R. N.

*Adm.* Oh, what! he has been doing the agreeable to you, has he?

*Miss M.* The fact is, sir, that I am particularly pleased with this gentleman.

*Mrs. P.* Kingston, dear! what have you been saying to Miss Mortimer?

*Lieut. K.* I have only been endeavouring to make myself acceptable to my future (ahem!) mother-in-law!

*Adm.* [Aside.] Confound the word—how ridiculous it sounds in his mouth!

*Mrs. P.* My dear Miss Mortimer, you remember, no doubt, the terms of our agreement, and the objects for which we undertook to see the dear Admiral and his son?

Æ

*Miss M.* [Aside.] The dear Admiral! [Aloud.] Perfectly—you were to obtain a release for his son from the "dear Admiral," and I was to obtain a release for the Admiral from "Kingston, dear!"

*Mrs. P.* [Aside.] Kingston dear!

*Miss M.* [Aside.] She doesn't seem to like it herself.

*Mrs. P.* Have you succeeded ?

*Miss M.* Ask him.

*Lieut. K.* I have promised to obey her wishes in all things.

*Mrs. P.* [*Aside.*] Indeed !

*Miss M.* Have you succeeded ?

*Mrs. P.* I refer you to the Admiral himself.

*Adm.* I must own that I strongly incline to comply with any request of this lady's.

*Miss M.* [*Aside.*] Really !

*Mrs. P.* Our course, then, is obvious. We have been the unintentional causes of the first difference between a worthy father and an excellent son. In the peculiar circumstances under which we are about to become members of that family, it is our first duty to remove that difference. The goodness of both their hearts has been shown in the readiness with which they have listened to our pacific overtures, and I now call upon you, Kingston dear, to extend that hand which your father is eager to receive in his.

*Lieut. K.* [*Running to his father.*] My dear sir !

*Adm.* (l.) My dear boy.

*Lieut. K.* (l. c.) I'm heartily sorry, sir, that we should have disagreed for a moment.

*Adm.* You can't be more sorry than I am, my boy : not more glad that the little squall has passed over.

*Miss M.* I am delighted to see you again as you should be.

*Mrs. P.* And so am I !

*Adm.* [*Shaking hands with Mrs. P.*] I'm sure you are—worthy, excellent creature, I'm sure you are !

*Lieut. K.* [*Shaking hands with Miss M.*] I'm sure you are—charming, delightful creature—I'm sure you are !

*Adm.* There—that will do, Tom ; now come hither, I want to speak to you. You ladies will excuse us for two minutes, I'm sure ?

*Miss M.* Oh ! certainly, sir.

*Mrs. P.* Come, love !

[*Miss M. takes her arm, and they retire up stage, looking over prints, &c., at table R.*]

*Adm.* I say, Tom—

*Lieut. K.* Yes, sir.

*Adm*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*Ad tim*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*Lieu*

*of you*

*Adm*

*the de*

*fifteen*

*Lieu*

*of marr*

*Adm*

*a vile*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*vile ha*

*to your*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*Lieu*

*take it*

*Adm*

*Lieu*

*Adm*

*—you*

*walkin*

*stoopi*

*side—*

*peopl*

*told y*

*Lieu*

*draw*

*ment*

*lady*

*retain*

*along*

*back*

*with*

*Adm.* Tom, I say—

*Lieut. K.* Yes, sir.

*Adm.* [*Bawling.*] D—n it, sir, I say, Tom!

*Lieut. K.* Aye—aye, sir.

*Adm.* That's the way to answer me—that sounds like  
old times. Are you in good humour?

*Lieut. K.* Never better, sir.

*Adm.* That's right.

*Lieut. K.* Will you allow me to hope that the serenity  
of your mind is perfectly re-established?

*Adm.* Perfectly. Now look here—[*coaxingly.*] What  
the deuce could ever make you think of marrying a woman  
fifteen years older than yourself?

*Lieut. K.* What the deuce could ever make you think  
of marrying a girl thirty years younger than yourself?

*Adm.* I tell you what, master Tom, you have contracted  
a vile habit of meeting a question with a question.

*Lieut. K.* I don't wish to annoy you, sir.

*Adm.* I didn't say you annoyed me sir, I said it was a  
vile habit, and so it is : come—come, let me see you return  
to your senses, and renounce this silly match.

*Lieut. K.* Silly match, sir—silly match?

*Adm.* Now, you said you were in a good humour.

*Lieut. K.* So I am, sir—go on—say what you like—I'll  
take it all in good part.

*Adm.* Now, own that's a silly match—ha! ha!

*Lieut. K.* Any thing you please, sir—ha! ha!

*Adm.* Just fancy you and your wife twenty years hence  
—you still a young man, with straight back and elastic gait,  
walking—*thus*; [*crossing r. and back l.*] and she, with  
stooping shoulders and half-palsied head, toddling by your  
side—*thus*. [*Laughing.*] Tom! Tom! it's too ridiculous!  
people should marry those of their own age—I always  
told you so.

*Lieut. K.* [*With a forced laugh.*] The picture you have  
drawn, sir, is funny enough I must own—attend one mo-  
ment while I sketch another.—When a certain young  
lady shall have reached the age of forty, she will still  
retain her firm step and handsome features, and will walk  
along the admired of all beholders—*thus*; [*crosses l. and  
back r.*] while a certain Admiral, then turned of seventy,  
with one hand on his stick and t'other behind his back,

to keep up with her as best he may—*thus!* Sir, sir! it's a ridiculous! people should marry those of their own age—I always told you so.

*Adm. (L.)* Or, if *there is* a difference, the man should be the older.

*Lieut. K. (R.)* Well, sir, it's of no use to talk, the thing is settled, and you have consented.

*Adm. (L.)* So have you, if you come to that.

*Lieut. K. (R.)* I don't consider that I have done any such thing.

*Adm.* Nor I neither.

*Lieut. K.* Do you mean to deny your words, sir?

*Adm.* Can I do better than follow your excellent example, sir?

*Lieut. K.* Very well, sir: then there seems no chance of our agreeing?

*Adm.* Not the slightest.

[*They flounce from each other, and turn up the stage—*

*Mrs. P. and Miss M. at same time come down centre.*

*Miss M. (R.)* Now here is a pretty business—they have quarrelled again!

*Mrs. P. (L)* Oh! it's quite shocking, my dear!

*Miss M.* Much good you seem to have done by your interference!

*Mrs. P.* Come! I have done as much as you have, at all events!

*Miss M.* You pretended that the Admiral had consented—

*Mrs. P.* "Pretended," Miss Mortimer! pray be a little more guarded in your expressions.

*Miss M.* I suspect you have not said half a dozen words to him on the subject.

*Mrs. P.* A line out of a copy-book, Miss Mortimer—

*Miss M.* What's that, pray?

*Mrs. P.* "Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind."

*Miss M.* Another—

*Mrs. P.* What?

*Miss M.* "Old age is querulous".

*Mrs. P.* "Saucy girls are very rude."

*Miss M.* Widow Pontifex, you are insulting.

*Mrs. P.* Spinster Mortimer—ditto.

[*They flounce up centre of stage—ADMIRAL and LIEUTENANT come down at the two sides at same time.*]

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] Dear me! dear me! the ladies are quarrelling, now.

*Lieut. K.* [*Aside R.*] If the women get to loggerheads, here's an end of everything!

[*By this time the Ladies have returned—MRS. P. on the side of LIEUT. K. and Miss M. on the side of the ADMIRAL.*]

*Adm.* [*To Miss M.*] My dear child, I'm sorry to see this.

*Miss M.* Don't call me child, sir; if I'm to marry a man as old as you are, I wo'n't to be called a child, at all events.

*Adm.* (L.) Very well, miss.

*Miss M.* (L. c.) Don't call me miss.

*Adm.* For shame, my dear.

*Miss M.* Don't call me, my dear.

*Adm.* [*Aside.*] Oh, dear! Oh dear! what *have* I undertaken?

*Lieut. K.* [*R. To Mrs. P.*] I'm really quite vexed, Mrs. Pontifex.

*Mrs. P.* (R. c.) Don't Mrs. Pontifex me, sir.

*Lieut. K.* Is this the temper which I thought so perfect?

*Mrs. P.* Your obstinacy is enough to spoil any temper in the world.

*Lieut. K.* You are many years older than I am, and ought to set a better example.

*Mrs. P.* That's right, sir! insult me because I was born before you; but I needn't wonder at any thing you do, after the manner in which you have behaved to your worthy and excellent father, there.

*Adm.* Madam! I'm very much obliged to you.

*Miss M.* For abusing your son! that's good taste, at all events! 'm sure a better young man never existed.

*Lieut. K.* That's very kind of you, Mary.

*Mrs. P.* If you had a proper respect for your father, you would give way to him in every thing.

*Lieut. K.* I have the highest possible respect for my father; but he shall never marry that girl, if I can help it.

*Miss M.* A truly affectionate father would overlook a trifling defect in so admirable a son.



*Adm.* I love my son, Miss Mortimer as a father ought but don't tell me if I consent to his marriage with that lady. And now as we seem at any rate to understand one another about a misunderstanding, nothing remains for me but to order my carriage and go home. Here, waiter!

*Lieut. K.* Stay, sir! as I know not when or under what circumstances we may meet again, I crave your permission to take a proper and respectful leave of my future mother-in-law.

*Adm.* Be it so! Mary, take leave of my son; and you, madam, as there is no difference between us, will perhaps not refuse my parting good wishes.

[*Mrs. P. goes to ADM. and Miss M. to LIEUT.*]

*Miss M.* (R. c.) It's very disagreeable to part again, just as we have met after so many years of absence.

*Lieut. K.* (R.) It makes me wretched to think of it.

*Adm.* (L.) Believe me, Mrs. Pontifex, I part with the greatest reluctance from a lady, for whom a very short acquaintance has given me the most sincere esteem and regard.

*Mrs. P.* (L. c.) I assure you, my dear sir, the regret is mutual.

*Adm.* Farewell, then, madam. [Taking her hand.]

*Mrs. P.* Farewell, sir.

*Lieut. K.* [Taking Miss M.'s hand.] Farewell, old play-fellow.

*Miss M.* Farewell!

*Adm.* I presume you are to be my daughter-in-law, and I therefore offer you a father's blessing.

[Kissing her forehead.]

*Lieut. K.* Mother-in-law, accept my dutiful regrets at leaving you.

[Kisses her forehead.]

*Adm.* Once more, adieu! [Takes Mrs. P. in his arms.]

*Lieut. K.* Mary!

*Miss M.* Tom!

[He takes her in his arms.]

*Adm.* [Looking over Mrs. P.'s shoulder.] Lieutenant Kingstor!

*Lieut. K.* [Looking over Miss M.'s shoulder.] Sir!

*Adm.* What the devil are you about, sir?

*Lieut. K.* What are you about, sir?

*Adm.* Sir, I hardly know!

*Lieut. K.* A thought strikes me—

*Adm.* What is it.

*Lieut. K.* Do you find yourself comfortable ?

*Adm.* Very.

*Lieut. K.* So I do; then suppose we change wives, and remain as we are.

*Adm.* It's all in the family ma'am : what say you ?

*Mrs. P.* My dear sir, I told you that the first wish of my heart was to please your son : my next to please you. I see that his happiness is concerned, and I consent at once.

*Lieut. K.* My dear Mrs. Pontifex, what *shall I say to you ?*

*Mrs. —.* Say, "thank you mamma," and be a good boy for the future.

*Lieut. K.* My Mary won't object.

*Miss M.* Well, I don't know that I shall.

*Adm.* Why, Miss Mary ! what has become of your resolution to marry an admiral ? have you forgotten Duncan Nelson, Howe and Jarvis !

*Miss M.* [*Giving her hand to LIEUT. K.*] They were all lieutenants *once*, sir.

*Adm.* Come then, let us all shake hands upon this new bargain.

*Miss M.* [*Giving her hand to Mrs. P.*] Forgive my cross question.

*Mrs. P.* Forgive my crooked answer.

*Adm.* Tom, my boy, I'll make this lady as good a husband as I can.

*Mrs. P.* And this lady will be happy to be the means of restoring harmony between a good father and a son whom she will never cease to regard.

*Adm.* Mary !

*Miss M.* Aye, aye, sir.

*Adm.* I have resigned the command of you to my first lieutenant there.

*Miss M.* Sir, I shall do my best to obey his orders.

*Adm.* After all, there's nothing like sticking to the rules of the service ; you are scarcely more than a twenty gun vessel and have no right to be commanded by an admiral ; and now ring the bell. [*LIEUT. K. rings.*]

*Lieut. K.* I say sir, don't you agree with me that people should marry those of a suitable age ?

*Adm.* I always said so!

*Lieut. K.* You did, and so did I!

*Adm.* That you did, I must admit.

*LIEUT. K. embraces MISS M.—ADMIRAL embraces*

*MRS. P. SHORT and DENNIS enter L. at same moment and stare with astonishment.*

*Dem.* [*To SHORT.*] As they say in a sharp frost, it's fine embracing weather, sir!

*Adm.* Landlord!

*Short.* [*Advancing L.*] Dinner is quite ready, sir.

*Adm.* Why, I didn't order it!

*Short.* No, sir—but I somehow felt sure you would want it.

*Adm.* Well! as it happens, we do—and so, the battle being over, the crew shall go to dinner. Let me, however, first hope to obtain an acknowledgment that there is no exception to the golden rule [*Britania's rule,*] that "Naval Engagements," led by a British Admiral and backed by British hands, must prove successful.

D'SPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE  
FALL OF THE CURTAIN

SHORT,

DENNIS,

LIEUT K.

MISS M.

MRS P.

ADMIRAL

a.]

13

THE END.

[Act

ADMIRAL *embraces*  
at same mo

ep frost, it's fine

ady, sir.

re you would

so, the battle  
et me, however  
at there is no  
e,) that "Naval  
and backed by

RS AT THE

s,

ADMIRAL

13



WOODEN ONES WIFE

5 Acts,  
IN ONE ACT.

By  
JOHN MADISON MOTTEN, Esq.,

LONDON:  
SAMUEL BARNES,  
STATIONER,  
39, FLEET STREET.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRANCIS & SON,  
PRINTERS,  
109, NASSAU STREET.



W

J

Lend m  
Will  
to

S

# WOONG ONE'S WIFE.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Lend me Five Shillings, Three Cuckoos, My Precious Betsy, Where there's  
Will there's a Way, John Dobbs, A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion, Going  
to the Derby, Your Life's in Danger, Midnight Watch, B x and Cox,  
Trumpeter's Wedding, Done on Both Sides, Poor Pillicuddy, Old  
Honesty, Young England, King and I, My Wife's Second Floor,  
Who do they take me for! Double-Bedded Room, Milliners'  
Holiday, Wedding Breakfast, Irish Tiger, Attie Story,  
Who's the Composer? Who's my Husband!  
Slasher and Crasher, Prince for an Hour, Away  
with Melancholy, Waiting for an Omnibus,  
Betsy Baker, Who Stole the Pocket-Book!  
Two Bonnycastles, From Village to Court,  
Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw,  
Rights and Wrongs of Women, Sent  
to the Tower, Our Wife, Brother  
Ben, Take Care of Dowb—,  
&c. &c.

LONDON:

SAMUEL FRENCH.

PUBLISHER,

89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,

PUBLISHERS,

122, NASSAU STREET.



WOOLING ONE'S WIFE.  
*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre (under  
the Management of Messrs. ROBSON & EMDEN),  
on 21st October, 1861.*

TO THE Characters.

MAJOR KARL VON WALSTEIN... Mr. H. NEVILLE.  
BARON MULDORF ..... Mr. G. MURRAY.  
COUNT MUFFENHAUSEN ..... Mr. HORACE WIGAN.  
MAX (*a Servant*) ..... Mr. FRANKS.

BARONESS MULDORF ..... Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY.  
GERTRUDE..... Miss HUGHES.

Costumes :

BARON.—Drab long coat, faced with black velvet and trimmed with lace, (the sleeve with large cuffs reaching only to the elbow,) showing shirt sleeves; laced cravat; full habit shirt, overhanging the trunk breeches, which are of black velvet; high black peruke; broad black velvet shoulder sword-belt and rapier; black boots; broad brimmed hat with drab feather.

COUNT.—Crimson velvet coat, white satin breeches, silk stockings and buff shoes, with white satin ties, auburn peruke, lace cravat, &c.

MAJOR.—Scarlet coat, trimmed with silver and faced with blue; blue trunks, broad blue sword-belt, rapier, brown peruke, buff boots, moustache, and lace cravat.

MAX.—Slate coat; trunks, trimmed with black; slate stockings, and buff shoes.

BARONESS.—Brocade, open dress, with short sleeves; stomacher, white satin petticoat, and full curls.

GERTRUDE.—Green velvet riding coat, trimmed with gold lace; pink or amber satin petticoat, hat and feather.

## WOOLING ONE'S WIFE!

SCENE.—*A well-furnished Room at an Hotel; door in c., with entrance from R. U. E.; door at L. 3 E. and L. 1 E.; doors at R. 3 E.; at L. C. a French window with balcony, (practicable); a fire place (with fire lighted, R. 2 E.) table, R. C., chairs, &c., &c.*

BARONESS seated at table and reading. Clock strikes 6.

BARONESS. (*closing her book and rising*) Six o'clock and not yet arrived! What can possibly detain them?

COUNT. (*without, R. U. E.*) Up stairs, you say? I'm obliged to you.

BARONESS. That silly conceited cousin of mine, Count Muffenhause. (*to COUNT who enters at c., from R.*) Ah, cousin! (*holding out her hand to him*) is that you?

COUNT. Well, upon mature consideration, I think I may venture to say, it is. (*kissing her hand*)

BARONESS. Pray take a seat.

COUNT. All things considered, I will. (*sits L. of table*)

BARONESS. Well, any news? Our good king, the Great Frederick is still with the army, I suppose? but I forget, you are not in the army!

COUNT. No, not quite—I mean, not at all; the fact is, when I found that my king, my beloved king, was partial to that sort of thing himself, I felt it wouldn't have been becoming in me to cut him out, so all things considered, I determined in the handsomest manner possible, to have nothing at all to do with it.

BARONESS. Ha, ha! Let's change the subject.

COUNT. Upon mature deliberation, suppose we do. I don't know if you agree with me, cousin, but this said

city of Koningsberg, strikes me as being the dullest and most insipid locality in the whole Germanic Confederation!

BARONESS. Well, do you know, cousin, I've been gradually coming to that opinion for the last five minutes. (*checking a yawn*)

COUNT. Well, all things considered, that's about the rudest thing I've heard for a long time; but, joking apart, I assure you it required all the esteem that I feel for your excellent husband Baron Muldorf, to induce me to leave Berlin, and accompany you here to Koningsberg.

BARONESS. I'm sure I didn't ask you.

COUNT. No, you didn't exactly *ask* me, but a week ago you told me you had received a letter from the Baron, announcing his probable arrival at Dantzic in a few days; to which, you added, that you should like of all things to give him an agreeable surprise by meeting him on the road, only that a *lady* couldn't travel *alone*. Now, all things considered, I looked upon that as a pretty broad hint that you wished me to escort you.

BARONESS. No such thing! for I had already secured a travelling companion in Mademoiselle de-de-de Lindenberg. (*aside*) Dear Gertrude! I'm always forgetting her borrowed name. (*aloud*) And between you and me, cousin, I am half inclined to believe, all things considered, and upon mature deliberation, (*imitating* COUNT) that it was chiefly on *her* account that you—

COUNT. No, no! (*aside*) I wonder where she is. (*aloud*) I think you said the Baron had been absent for—

BARONESS. More than three years. He accompanied the embassy to Naples, which left Berlin at that time, in the capacity of entomologist.

COUNT. En—to—?

BARONESS. Mologist!

COUNT. Oh, ah! (*aside*) All things considered, I haven't the most distant idea what that means. (*aloud*) Well, here have we been for three entire days at the principal hotel in Koningsberg, and still no Baron.

BARONESS. But he will certainly arrive to-day.

COUNT. But, cousin, you were speaking just now of your friend, Mademoiselle de Lindenberg—she's a fine young woman.

BARONESS. A most charming person indeed!

COUNT. Yes! I say, cousin, don't you think it's time I was married?

BARONESS. Why, at forty-five I certainly think you might venture.

COUNT. Ah! then there can't be any *very great* risk at forty-four, and if you would only just speak a word in my favour.

BARONESS. To whom, pray?

COUNT. Can't you guess?

BARONESS. Not I!

COUNT. Then, all things considered, perhaps I'd better tell you! Mademoiselle de Lindenberg! I adore her, I idolize her, in short, upon mature deliberation, I rather like her. (*rising and crossing behind to glass over fireplace*)

BARONESS. Well, your selection is certainly creditable to your taste. (*aside*) but rather unfortunate, considering that she is *already married*, but that is *her* secret, and I must not divulge it.

COUNT. Then that's settled; you'll take the earliest opportunity of expatiating on the amiability of my disposition—the variety of my accomplishments,—the—no, all things considered, my personal appearance speaks for itself. You'll then extol my gallantry! let me implore you to extol my gallantry. By the way, is there anything in the world I can do for you? (*aside*) I particularly wish her to extol my gallantry. (*aloud suddenly*) Shall I read you the Dantzie Gazette of last week? (*taking paper from his pocket*)

BARONESS. No, no! (*rising and going, L.*)

COUNT. Yes I will! (*aside*) She *shall* extol my gallantry. (*sits, R.*) Here we have it! (*reads*) "Dantzie, October 4th. We daily expect to have to announce the arrival in this port of our ambassador and suite from the court of Naples."

BARONESS. You will doubtless find my husband's name among the passengers.

COUNT. Exactly. (*reading*) "Among the illustrious passengers we find the name of Baron Muldorf, also that of Major K. Von W——" K. Von W——? let me see—yes—it must be, no! ah! can it be—no, perhaps it's—

no! Well, all things considered, I don't know who it is.

BARONESS. (*aside and smiling*) I do!

COUNT. (*reading*) "Major K. Von W——, whose extraordinary marriage by contract, under royal command, nearly three years ago, excited so much attention among the fashionable circles of Berlin."

BARONESS. Yes! surely you remember?

COUNT. I can't say I do! probably I was too young.

BARONESS. What! three years ago? (*they rise and advance*) Then thus it was. On the very day of the departure of the embassy, to which the major was diplomatically attached, the king expressed himself anxious to reward his past services, and concealing his royal intentions, he demanded, and of course obtained the major's signature to a *blank paper*. The major took his departure for Naples, where, in a few weeks afterwards, the aforesaid paper followed him, but it was no longer a blank, it had become neither more or less than a *contract of marriage*, duly drawn up and attested; and under the major's name as one of the contracting parties, there appeared that of "Gertrude Von Steinberg," the youthful widow of a distinguished officer, whom the major had never seen, but whose birth, beauty, and fortune were unexceptionable.

COUNT. (R. C.) And now it seems, that the major is returning to claim his wife, for I suppose she is his wife.

BARONESS. (L. C.) Unquestionably! for on the very day that the lady affixed *her* signature to the contract, the king himself, as the major's proxy, led her to the altar of the royal chapel, and the ceremony was then and there performed.

COUNT. Ha, ha! a most extraordinary adventure indeed! but isn't Mademoiselle de Lindenberg visible to-day? and if not visible—why not visible?

BARONESS. For the best of all reasons, she's not here!

COUNT. Not here! well, all things considered, I think you might have mentioned that before.

BARONESS. Unexpected business compelled Mademoiselle de Lindenberg to leave Koningsberg yesterday, for Dantzic.

COUNT. For Dantzic? Upon mature deliberation,

I've in  
(going)

BAR  
COUN

I am.

her. D

impres  
tion;  
you to

BAR

knew

deter

chara

her su

that

doubt

major

is his

Enter

Well

that

G

till I

B

quie

G

you

wor

mig

F

C

H

gen

C

and

rath

(sh

l

I've important business there myself. Good morning!  
(going)

BARONESS. But I expect her to return every moment.

COUNT. Oh! then all things considered, I'll stop where I am. (about to seat himself) No I won't, I'll go and meet her. Don't be offended at my leaving you—don't forget to impress upon her the excessive amiability of my disposition; and above all, extol my gallantry. Let me implore you to extol my gallantry. Good morning.

*Exit hurriedly, at c. to R.*

BARONESS. Ha, ha! poor cousin Muffenhausen, if he only knew what I dare not tell him; but no! Gertrude was determined to form her own estimate of her husband's character before she made herself known to him; hence, her sudden departure from Dantzic yesterday, on hearing that the embassy was hourly expected; and now, she is doubtless snugly seated in the same diligence with the major, who little suspects that his fair travelling companion is his own wife. Ah! here she comes.

*Enter GERTRUDE, c. from R., in travelling cloak and hood, which she hastily and impatiently throws off.*

Well, Gertrude, you've returned at last—but how is it that you are alone?

GERTRUDE. (L.C.) Oblige me by restraining your curiosity till I've laid in sufficient breath to gratify it.

BARONESS. (very calmly) Be it so! (sitting down, and quietly twiddling her thumbs)

GERT. Well!—instead of sitting down and twiddling your thumbs,—which is the most irritating thing in the world to me, I really think, *under the circumstances*, you might condescend to shew a little impatience!

BARONESS. (very quietly) I am—all impatience!

GERT. You look like it.

BARONESS. Ha, ha! Come, tell me!—where are the gentlemen?

GERT. (sulkily) I left the *men* busy with their baggage, and made the best of my way here—in the rain! I am rather surprised you haven't noticed how wet I am! (shaking her dress)

BARONESS. Ha, ha!

GERT. Don't laugh! If I ever see so much as a smile on your countenance for the next three months, I shall be reluctantly compelled to cut your acquaintance.

BARONESS. Come, Gertrude, don't be ridiculous! Something has happened!

GERT. (*solemnly*) You may say that!

BARONESS. Come! let me hear what it is?

GERT. Then prepare for a shock! I have made an awful discovery!

BARONESS. Where?

GERT. In the diligence. (*very solemnly*)

BARONESS. (*imitating*) You don't say so! Ha, ha! Concerning whom?

GERT. My husband.

BARONESS. I see! (*smiling*) You didn't find him quite so handsome as you expected—eh?

GERT. Oh, the wretch is good-looking enough; but I'm dreadfully afraid that he's—that he's——

BARONESS. What?

GERT. (*in an undertone*) A little wild.

BARONESS. (*with affected concern*) You don't say so!

GERT. It's a melancholy fact: he's very naughty, indeed! (*very solemnly*) He made love to me in the diligence!

BARONESS. Well—surely there's nothing very improper in a man's making love to his own wife!

GERT. But you forget that the *man* didn't happen to know I *was* his wife!

BARONESS. True; but finding himself in a public carriage with a young and pretty woman, he naturally entered into conversation.

GERT. (*abruptly*) He never once opened his lips.

BARONESS. Oh! Then perhaps he occasionally stole a glance?

GERT. He kept both his eyes shut the whole journey.

BARONESS. You don't mean to say he was asleep?

GERT. No, I rather suspect he was *wide awake*, for (*again in a very mysterious undertone*) he squeezed my hand in such a way!

BARONESS. Well, even that might *possibly* have occurred by accident.

GERT. Yes, but I don't think it could occur *five times*

by accident! yes, five times! Oh, if he hadn't been my husband! (*instinctively moving her fingers as if in the action of scratching*)

BARONESS. By the bye, talking of husbands reminds me of *mine*; what was the Baron about?

GERT. Oh, he *was* asleep.

BARONESS. Dreaming of *me*, no doubt.

GERT. Very likely, for he snored most dreadfully.

BARONESS. And now, of course you mean to make yourself known to your "naughty" husband; and after a short conjugal sermon on *your* part, and promises to be a *good boy* for the future on *his* part, you'll bring this little domestic drama to a conclusion, with the brief but pathetic words, "Come, hubby, kiss and be friends." Ha, ha!

GERT. I beg leave to say that I've no intention of the sort; I'm determined to wear the mask a little longer, and when I'm convinced that my husband is a good-for-nothing fellow, as I'm sure he is, and that I am a poor, betrayed, miserable wife, as I flatter myself I am, (*crying*) then I WILL bring the drama to a conclusion—and a terrible one it will be. (*tragically*)

BARONESS. Ha, ha! I see you've made up your mind for a bit of tragedy.

GERT. Yes, and therefore you must allow me to keep up my character in the farce. So remember I am Mademoiselle de Lindenberg till further orders. Hush!

BARON. (*without*) This way, my dear major, this way.

BARON MULDORF *and* MAJOR VON WALSTEIN *enter at c. from R., in travelling dresses.*

BARONESS. My dear husband!

MULDORF. My dear wife! (*embracing her*) Let me look at you. She's prettier than ever! Another kiss. (*kissing her again*)

MAJOR. (*aside*) Really, that sort of thing looks very comfortable—at a distance.

MULD. (*to two MEN who enter at c. carrying packages*) Holloa, holloa! Mind what you're about!

BARONESS. What have you got there?

MULD. I flatter myself, one of the most valuable collections of reptiles ever yet made. I've got such a spider for you, my dear—as long as that! (*measuring at least*)



*half a yard—then to MEN*) Gently with those lizards! I'm very particular about my lizards—take them in there!

*Enter MEN with package, c. from R.*

And now, my love, allow me to—— (*to 2nd MAN*) Zounds—mind what you're about! You don't know the treasure you've got in your hands—it's my young crocodile. (*MEN frightened, and about to drop the package*) Don't be afraid—he's not alive! I stuffed him myself. Go along!

*MAN follows the other, l. 3 E.*  
Now, my dear, as I was going to say, allow me to present to you my excellent friend, Major Karl Von Walstein!

MAJOR. (*to BARONESS*) Madam, I am proud to—to— (*suddenly recognising GERTRUDE, who is close to BARONESS—aside*) Zounds! My travelling companion in the diligence! (*turning away suddenly and hiding his face with his hat*)

GERT. (*aside*) The wretch saw me!

MULD. (*to MAJOR*) What's the matter, Major?

MAJOR. Nothing. That is—— (*aside, after another glance at GERTRUDE*)—it's *she!*—it's *she!*

MULD. (*to BARONESS*) As I was saying, my dear, this is Major Karl Von Walstein, equally distinguished in the camp and in the cabinet—a soldier, and a——

MAJOR. (*aside to him*) That'll do!

MULD. Whose acquaintance, strange to say, although attached to the same embassy, I had no opportunity of making till the very day of our departure from Naples!

BARONESS. Major Walstein, you are most welcome. (*MAJOR bows*) And now, my dear husband, permit me, in return, to present to you a very dear friend of mine—Mademoiselle de Lindenberg. (*pointing to GERTRUDE*)

MULD. (*bowing*) Mademoiselle—I—(*looking at her and starting—looks at her again—then aside to MAJOR*) Major!

MAJOR. (*pretending to be looking at pictures on the wall*) Well!

MULD. Look there!

MAJOR. Where? (*looking in opposite direction*)

MULD. Don't you remember?

MAJOR. What?

MULD. That lady?

MAJOR. Which lady?

(*aside*)

MULD. Pshaw! (*aloud, to GERTRUDE*) Mademoiselle! Surely, I can't be mistaken! Had not we the pleasure of your society in the diligence?

GERT. (*with pretended surprise*) The diligence? Oh, true! I think I remember!

MAJOR. (*aside*) I'm horribly afraid she does! Really, this is excessively awkward; but perhaps she won't recognize me. (*suddenly catching a severe look from GERTRUDE*) Zounds!—what a look! I'd give a trifle to be well out of this. I never felt so thoroughly uncomfortable in all my life—never!

MULD. I must beg to apologize, Mademoiselle, for having been so ungallant as to fall asleep in the presence of a lady; but, doubtless, my friend the Major here—

MAJOR. (*very quickly*) I was asleep too—very fast asleep; indeed, I never recollect being so excessively fast asleep in all my life—never!

GERT. (*satirically*) Major Walstein certainly did not impress me with any favourable idea of his conversational powers!

MAJOR. No—I never *do* talk in my sleep. The fact is, the long sea voyage—and then the journey—and the dust—and the heat—and—(*aside*) I had better hold my tongue!

MULD. Well, Major, I *am* surprised at you! You, whom I have so often heard quoted by the Neapolitan ladies as the pink of politeness—the very cream of gallantry!

MAJOR. (*aside to him*) Hold your tongue—do!

GERT. (*aside*) So—so—husband of mine!

MULD. That an old married man like me should indulge in an hour's nap, is excusable; but *you—you*, a fine, smart, dashing young bachelor—

GERT. A bachelor?

MAJOR. Yes—I am a bachelor—and, I presume, so are you. I mean, that hearing you addressed as mademoiselle, I naturally infer that—

GERT. That I *am* a demoiselle?—exactly so! (*MAJOR and GERTUDE salute each other profoundly*)

BARONESS. (*aside*) This is really becoming original; but for Gertrude's sake, it must not be carried too far!

MULD. Come—suppose we think about something to eat—I'm as ravenous as a shark! Talking of sharks reminds me of my young crocodile—I'll go and take a peep at him—I wouldn't have the lovely young creature injured for the world. Come along, my dear! Adieu, Major, for the present!

BARONESS. (*to GERTRUDE*) Do oblige me by giving the necessary orders for the supper.

MULD. Come along. Allow me! (*offers his hand to BARONESS*) *Exeunt, L. 3 E.*

MAJOR. (*after a little hesitation*) Allow me! (*presents his hand to GERTRUDE, who makes him a very low curtsy and goes up to c., stops and darts a severe look at him, then exit, c. to r.*) Zounds, what a look! I've offended that lady—it must be evident to the meanest capacity that I've offended that lady! But how the deuce was I to imagine that—? I took her for a milliner, or a milliner's assistant, and consequently, as a matter of course, I—I dare say it was wrong—very wrong, but it's a habit I've got. She's pretty—very pretty—in short, so pretty, that I should probably fall over head and ears in love with her, if I wasn't occasionally troubled with a sort of a kind of an indistinct recollection of having been already married, sometime or other, somehow or other, to somebody or other. Ah! (*sighing*) What a peculiar way some kings have of rewarding their subjects. Look at me! I came in for a slice of the royal favour—and what was it? I was coolly informed three years ago that I was married—that I actually had a wife without being in the slightest degree aware of it! Married by proxy to a woman I had never seen—and never wish to see. Pshaw! I'll have this absurd marriage annulled! And if the king won't do it, I'll at once retire into private life, and leave his majesty to govern the country himself. We'll see how he'll like that. B-r-r! (*shivering*) How cold I am! No wonder. I'm standing in a wet coat all this time. Here, Max! Max!

*Enter MAX, c. from R.*

Is my room ready?

MAX. Not quite, major!

MAJOR. I must see this Mademoiselle de Lindesberg again, if it's only to ask her to forgive me for having—but as I said before, how the deuce was I to know—I have it! I'll tell her it's a habit I've got. (*shivering again*) Oh, I can't stand this any longer! (*to MAX*) Bring me another coat!

MAX. I haven't began to unpack yet, sir.

*Exit, c. to r.*

MAJOR. Then make haste about it. She surely will forgive me. I'll plead for pardon with such warmth—such—Oh, this won't do at all! (*taking off his coat*) Here, Max, put this coat to the fire, and bring me another—make haste! (*flinging coat to MAX, who re-enters, c. from r.*) I believe every man is at liberty to make himself at home at an hotel—so here goes! (*sits himself close to fire and begins to poke it*) This is what I call comfortable! (*putting his feet on the hob, then takes the bellows and begins blowing the fire*)

*Enter GERTRUDE, c. from r.*

GERT. (*looking about*) Not here? Ah! (*seeing MAJOR*)

MAJOR. (*singing as he blows the fire*) La, la, la, la, la! (*suddenly perceives GERTRUDE, jumps up, and hides the bellows behind him*) Mademoiselle—I—(*keeping up a succession of bows—aside*) A pretty figure I must cut!

GERT. (*L. C.*) Allow me to retire—

MAJOR. (*quickly*) Not on my account I beg. (*putting out his hand with the bellows—hastily puts it behind him again—aside*) Confound the bellows! (*not knowing what to do with bellows, at last flings them under the table*) Permit me, mademoiselle, to apologise for this—rather peculiar costume—but the fact is—it's a habit I've got. (*aside*) Or rather, a habit I haven't got. Why the deuce doesn't Max make haste with that coat!

GERT. No apology, sir, I beg, the costume is rather becoming, ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. You're very kind! (*taking his gloves off the table and putting them on unconsciously—sees GERTRUDE smile—drags gloves off again, and tries to cram them into his coat pocket—recollects he has got no coat on, and flings gloves on table*)

GERT. (*aside*) After all, it's only my husband! (*aloud*) The weather has certainly been very warm to day.

MAJOR. Very—quite oppressive! (*shivering again, then aside*) Why the devil doesn't he bring that coat! (*aloud*) Do you propose remaining long in this room—I mean, in this city, mademoiselle?

GERT. It is quite uncertain, sir.

MAJOR. Just my case. (*aside*) I'd give a trifle for that coat!

GERT. I may remain in it a few days longer.

MAJOR. So may I.

GERT. And yet I may leave it to-morrow.

MAJOR. Just like me.

GERT. Which road do you take, sir?

MAJOR. Yours, medemoiselle. (*aside*) I'll kill that fellow, if he doesn't bring that coat.

GERT. For my part, I shall probably embark for a foreign county.

MAJOR. Fond of travelling? My case exactly!

GERT. Most likely for Kamstchatka, sir. (*severely*)

MAJOR. I've serious thoughts of settling there myself.

GERT. Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR. Don't laugh, mademoiselle! (*aside*) I'll go it a bit, and warm myself. (*aloud*) Mademoiselle, I see it all, you have discovered my secret. (*striking his hand violently on his breast—aside*) I'm getting warmer! (*aloud*) You have discovered the all powerful motive that would have induced me to follow you even to Kamstchatka, though, I assure you, I had no serious thoughts of settling there whatever. (*aside*) I'm getting decidedly warmer! (*aloud*) In short, madam, a motive that—excuse these tears. (*feeling for his coat pocket*) I say, excuse these tears! (*suddenly remembering he is without his coat—aside*) Why the devil don't he bring that coat!

GERT. (*aside*) Well, it isn't every wife who has such desperate love made to her by her husband!

MAJOR. But no! these tears shall *not* flow! Oh! when I first saw you in the diligence—that fatal diligence, where, intoxicated with your beauty, though upon my soul, I didn't know who you were—I repeat when I first—I can't go on! tears choke my utterance—I say tears

—(*feeling again for his coat pocket—aside*). Will that fellow never bring that coat; (*snatches GERTRUDE'S handkerchief out of her hand and wipes his eyes*) 'Tis past! when I say it I allude to the paroxysm! (*trying to put handkerchief into his coat pocket*) I beg pardon. (*restores handkerchief to her*) And now, since you are insensible to the pangs I feel—pangs that—that—in short, pangs—all that remains for me but to seek out some obscure corner—droop my head and die!—a pleasant existence, ma'am!

GERT. (*aside*) I could annihilate the man with the thunder of my indignation! (*aloud*) Perhaps, sir, when you are a little calmer.

MAJOR. Calmer! I never shall be calm again! My heart's in a flame! my head's in a blaze—(*aside*) I'm getting quite cold again! (*aloud*) Ah—when you are near me can you imagine that I can be cool! (*aside*) Where the devil is that coat. (*aloud*) But I see how it is! I have a rival! something tells me I have a rival. (*very violently—aside*) I'm getting warmer again!

GERT. (*aside*) A rival! Thank you, husband, for the hint! Now for a tiny bit of vengeance! (*aloud*) Oh, sir—I don't—I can't deny that there is one—that—that—(*with pretended modesty*)

MAJOR. That you love! I'll kill him!!

GERT. One that I am about to marry! My pa and ma insist upon it!

MAJOR. I'll kill your pa and ma! I'll kill your grandfather! grandmother! aunts! uncles! I'll destroy the whole family rather than see you married to—to—what's his odious name?

GERT. (*aside*) True! What is his odious name?

COUNT. (*without*) Very well; you needn't trouble yourself!

GERT. (*aside*) Ah! (*very quickly*) His name is Count Muffenhansen!

MAJOR. Count who?

COUNT. (*without, R. U. E.*) I know my way up-stairs!

MAJOR. That's he! that's his voice! I never heard it before, and I'll swear to it again!

GERT. (*aside*) There'll be a frightful disturbance! (*aloud*) Oh, sir, we mustn't be seen together—consider your peculiar costume.

MAJOR. Peculiar? Oh, true! yes! (*aside*) Sixteen coats, the very least, and can't get one!

GERT. Retire, I beg! I implore!

MAJOR. I will! I'll go in here! (*goes to door, R. 1-E.*)

GERT. That's my room,—you can't go in there!

MAJOR. Don't say I *can't*, or I *will*!

GERT. Here's this balcony! make haste. (*throws open window, L. C., showing balcony without*)

MAJOR. Very well! (*going to window and suddenly stopping*) Holloa! it's pouring with rain!

GERT. Never mind! make haste!

MAJOR. (*aside*) A man with sixteen coats obliged to stand under a water spout in his shirt sleeves!—pleasant. (*goes out upon balcony, closing window—then suddenly re-opening it*) You don't happen to have an umbrella? (*disappears again*)

*Enter COUNT, C. from R.*

COUNT. (*wiping his coat as he enters*) There's no mistake about this!

GERT. Dear me, does it rain?

COUNT. Well, all things considered, I should say it does—*rather*!

GERT. (*aside*) Well, there's a gentleman on the balcony that requires a little cooling! (*aloud*) But it seems to have ceased!

COUNT. Of course it has! It didn't rain a drop while I was *in* the house—it began to rain the moment I left the house—kept on raining while I was out of the house, and left off raining as soon as I got *into* the house! but how is it, mademoiselle, that I didn't meet you on the road?

GERT. I rode back!

COUNT. I walked back!

GERT. That accounts for it!

COUNT. Well, all things considered, I should say it does!

GERT. (*R. C., aside*) Now, then, to try and excite my husband's jealousy! (*looking towards window, and in a loud and commiserating tone to COUNT*) Dear, dear, what a state you are in to be sure!

COUNT. (*C., aside*) My Cousin the Baroness has evidently been speaking to her about me! (*aloud*) I *am* in a state!

GERT. You look as if you were wet through! (*with pretended concern*)

COUNT. I feel as if I was! but the fire of your eyes will soon dry my garments! (*aside*) That's not bad! all things considered that isn't at all bad! (*aloud*) But don't be alarmed, mademoiselle, I'm not a rheumatic subject—besides, I've desired the waiter to bring me a dry coat! Oh, mam'selle, the angelic sympathy you have evinced for my damp state, induces me to hope that the time has come to speak out!

GERT. (*aside*) Now it's coming! I hope he's listening! (*looking towards window—then aloud*) I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't exactly hear!

COUNT. (*aside*) I'll try again! (*in a louder tone*) the time has come for me to speak out!

GERT. (*pretending not to hear*) I see how it is—you've got a cold!

COUNT. No I hav'nt!

GERT. Then, why speak so low?

COUNT. Low?—(*aside*) I'll try again! (*shouting*) The time has come for me to speak out!

GERT. (*speaking very loud*) That's better! I can hear!

COUNT. (*aside*) All things considered, I should think she could! (*aloud*) and may I venture to hope?

GERT. (*putting her hand to her ear*) Sir?

COUNT. (*shouting*) May I venture to hope? (*aside*) She's hard of hearing!

GERT. (*aside*) Now that he has fully answered my purpose, I must get rid of him!

COUNT. You won't doom me to despair? (*tenderly—GERTRUDE again puts her hand to her ear*) You won't doom me to despair? (*shouting at the top of his voice—then aside*) I shall crack my upper notes presently!

GERT. Oh, sir, excuse my faltering accents (*screaming out*) but—

COUNT (*aside*) What can she mean by screaming out in that way? (*aloud*) Spare yourself the rest! and may I inform the Baron? may I speak to him about you know what? (*tenderly—GERTRUDE again puts her hand to her ear*)—about you know what! (*shouting*)



GERT. Yes, yes! now go!

COUNT. I fly! (*aside*) Well, I little thought of marrying a deafy! (*bowing*) You'r most devoted!

GERT. Sir? (*same action*)

COUNT. (*shrieking*) Your most devoted! (*aside*) I shan't be able to speak for a month! *Exit, c. to R.*

*The MAJOR immediately re-enters from window—at the same moment. WAITER enters at c. with the Count's coat on his arm.*

MAJOR. Thank ye (*taking coat and pushing it on*)

WAITER. But, sir—sir—

MAJOR. It's all right! go along! (*putting WAITER out at c.*)

GERT. (*aside*) I know he's heard every word! he's perfectly pale with fury!

MAJOR.—So, Mademoiselle!—not a word! I've heard every syllable! yes, in spite of the cautious undertone in which you both spoke!

GERT. (*aside*) Undertone! why *he* must be deaf!

MAJOR. You love that man! I mean that Count Stuffin—something or other!

GERT. I never said I did!

MAJOR. But you're going to marry him!

GERT. Well, sir! he happens to be the first gentleman who has proposed to me!

MAJOR. No such thing! I propose to you—I'll marry you to-morrow—to-day—any day in the week—every day in the week!

GERT. (*aside*) The monster! this is too much!

MAJOR. (*suddenly*) I mean I would if I could! (*aside*) I must not go too far! (*aloud*) I repeat, I would if I could—but the king is a foe to marriage!—the tyrant!—he contends that a good officer ought to be perfectly satisfied with a mother—the despot! But I'll appeal to him, provided you will delay this hated marriage with Count Muffin—Stuffin—you know!—for there's nothing so appalling—I say *appalling* as an ill-assorted marriage!

GERT. (*with intention*) Really one would imagine you spoke from experience! a *widower* perhaps?

MAJOR. I wish I was!

GERT. (*aside*) There's a brute!

MAJOR. (*recollecting himself*) No, of course I didn't mean that!—because, luckily, I'm not married! I say *luckily*—because, what is marriage? An imposition!—a trap baited with a few sweets in the foreground, and lots of bitters in the background! Look at my friend the Baron, for instance—three years absent from his wife—comes home—hopes she's pretty well—embraces her—all comfortable enough, I confess—but where, where are his affections *really* placed? On his wife? No; on his young crocodile!

GERT. (*aside*) There's some truth in that!

MAJOR. I'll give you another instance! (*aside*) my own! (*aloud*) A friend of mine at Naples, three years ago, was shamefully, barbarously entrapped into a marriage—a marriage by contract—with a woman he had never even heard of—a widow!—probably old enough to be his grandmother! and ugly as a Gorgon!

GERT. (*aside*) I shall do something dreadful, I'm sure I shall.

MAJOR. Poor devil—if you had only heard him groan whenever the old lady was mentioned—P've seen the poor fellow turn perfectly blue!

GERT. (*aside*) I shall assassinate him presently, I know I shall! it's lucky for him I haven't got my scissors! (*aloud*) Oh, sir, your description of the wedded state quite frightens me!

MAJOR. Don't invent any excuse to delay your marriage with Count Stuffin—Stuffin—there is something else, but I can't remember it!

BARONESS. (*without, door L. U. E.*) Very well, Baron, you'll find me with Mademoiselle de Lindenberg!

GERT. My cousin! oh, sir, leave me!

MAJOR. On one condition—that you grant me another interview—there (*pointing off, c. to R.*) at the end of the corridors! I can easily scale the window by means of the trellis work from the garden! in ten minutes I shall be at my post, and that handkerchief (*pointing to one in Gertrude's hand*) dropped from that balcony (*pointing to balcony*) we'll tell me that you consent to hear me—and then will devise some means of defeating

the pretensions of this odious Count Muffin—Guffin—Stuffin—I forget the rest of him!

GERT. Well, but— (*about to protest*)

MAJOR. Thanks, thanks! I am your slave for ever!

*Runs out, c. to r.*

GERT. (*imitating*) "I am your slave for ever!" Surely never did husband adore a wife half so much, and yet if I were only to speak one word—one little word, he'd turn blue again! but I won't! no—its too amusing and (*sighing*) too agreeable!—(*suddenly*) and yet he's a shocking man—a very naughty man indeed!

*Enter BARONESS at door L. U. E.*

MULD. Well Gertrude—I suppose the grand discovery has taken place, eh?

GERT. Not a bit of it! No! I'm still adored—idolized! and by my husband too; *he* has no young crocodile to stand between me and his affections!

BARONESS. Then why not confess the fact?

GERT. Because the fiction is too agreeable!

BARONESS. Then you love him?

GERT. Yes, that I do—a little!

BARONESS. And you think *he* loves you?

GERT. *Think! Think!*—Be good enough to look out of that window and tell me what you see?

BARONESS. (*going to window*) It's so dark I can scarcely see anything!

GERT. Then I must contrive to make you *hear* something. Will you oblige me by giving a little "ahem?"

BARONESS. Certainly! (*turning towards balcony*) Ahem!

MAJOR (*without*) Ahem! (*BARONESS starts back*)

GERT. Don't flatter yourself!—that "ahem" was'n't meant for you.

BARONESS. (*looking out of window again*) Now I look again I think I can see—

GERT. A man? exactly! but bless you, that's nothing to what you *shall* see! Now, be good enough to drop your handkerchief out of the window.

BARONESS. Thank you; I'd rather not.

GERT. Then take mine. (*throwing her handkerchief to the BARONESS, who drops it out of the window*) Is it gone?

BARONESS. Yes!

GERT. Well—the *man* picks it up?

BARONESS. Yes!

GERT. The *man* devours it with kisses?

BARONESS. Yes!—and—what is he about now? he's making frantic endeavours to climb up the side of the house.

GERT. Is he? then it's time *I* took a peep! (*going to window*) Yes! there he goes up the trellis work—step by step—gently, gently! one—two—three—down he goes; but he'll try again! I thought so! one—two—three—four—down again! Once more? I knew he would! ha, ha, ha!

BARONESS. What *does* that mean?

GERT. It means Baroness; that it is'n't every man who would clamber up the side of a house at the risk of his neck for the sake of five minutes' conversation with his wife! you'd never get the Baron to do it, unless you had his *young crocodile* in your arms to tempt him up; ha, ha, ha, ha!

BARONESS. Now, I see your plan—you mean to bring your husband to your feet.

GERT. Exactly!

BARONESS. Then, suddenly discovering yourself—

GERT. Overwhelm him with my reproaches!

BARONESS. Crush him with your indignation.

GERT. Annihilate him with my —, but lor! there's the poor man hanging on by the trellis work all this time! Ha! ha! ha!

*Runs off, c. to R.*

MULD. (*without*) Pooh! don't talk nonsense, sir!

*Enter BARON from door, L. 2 E.*

BARONESS. What's the matter, Baron?

MULD. I don't wish to alarm you, but from present appearances I think the chances are that your cousin Muffenhausen will soon have to be measured for a straight waistcoat. He rushed into my room just now like a wild man, upsets my lizards—hugs me in his arms—sits down on my young crocodile, says he going to marry Mademoiselle de Lindenberg—that he's perfectly aware of her *little infirmity*—mumbles out something about laying in a

stock of *ear trumpets*—asks my consent, and then rushes out again! (*noise without*) Ah; here he comes; just look at him!

*Enter* COUNT *hurriedly, c. from r.*

COUNT. (*seeing* BARON) Ah! (*grasps him by the arm—then aside to him in a hoarse cracked voice*) You heard what I said just now about Mademoiselle de Lindenberg?

MULD. (L.) Halloa! you've lost your voice!

COUNT. (c., *aside*) I knew I should! (*aloud*) I retract every word I said—I apologize for embracing you—I beg your crocodile's pardon for sitting down on you—I mean *your* pardon for sitting down on your crocodile—I don't want your consent! and to think that I wanted to marry her!

BARONESS. (R.) Her? Who?

COUNT. Deafy!

BARONESS. } Deafy!

MULD. }

COUNT. Yes! a certain demure young lady, who thinks proper to make assignations in dark corridors, with individuals of the opposite sex!

BARONESS. (*aside and anxiously*) Ah!

MULD. What the devil are you talking about?

COUNT. I was walking in the garden just now, when I thought I heard a cat climbing up the trellis work—but it wasn't—it was another sort of animal coming down!—and down it *did* come!—upon my head!—on the top—with a flop!—it was a coat!

MULD. A coat? Was that all?

COUNT. No—the coat was inhabited—there was a man in it! I grappled with him, and in the deadly encounter that ensued, I wrenched off one of his—

BARONESS. Mercy on me!

COUNT. Don't be alarmed! One of his buttons—here—here it is. (*taking button out of his pocket and examining it*) Eh? No—yes—it's one of mine!

MULD. Ha, ha, ha! Fie—fie, Count!

BARONESS. Fie—fie, cousin!

COUNT. Pooh—don't be absurd! He not only robs me of my mistress, but actually purloins *my* coat to press his suit! This a case for the police. (*going*)

MULD. (*pulling him back*) Don't be absurd!

BARONESS. (*aside*) This is what I dreaded! In less than an hour, this adventure will be the talk of the City! What's to be done? Yes—I must betray Gertrude's secret; but it shall be to her *husband*, and his ingenuity must do the rest! (*hurrying to table, and writing rapidly*)

MULD. Now, take my advice; walk quietly home, swallow a basin of gruel, and go to bed. Go along!

COUNT. I won't go along!

*Enter MAX, L. 2 E.*

WAITER. The supper is on the table!

BARONESS. (*rising, and hastily aside to WAITER*) This letter instantly to Major Walstein—not a moment's delay quick! (*Giving letter to MAX, who exits, c. to R.*)

MULD. Well! Adieu for the present, my dear Count! Ha, ha!

BARONESS. (*taking MULDORF'S arm*) Ta—ta, cousin! Ha, ha! (*Exeunt, L. 2 E.*)

COUNT. Prettily I've been taken in! But who is this free and easy individual who presumes to cut me out?—in my own coat too! And yet—I might, perhaps, turn the tables on him yet! That would be a triumph. Ah—here comes the lady!

*Enter GERTRUDE, c. from R.*

GERT. (*looking behind her as she enters*) Now, if I can but regain my apartment unperceived. (*seeing COUNT*) Ah!

COUNT. (*aside*) I'll go it! (*tenderly to GERTRUDE*) Lovely and accomplished—(*aside*) I forgot she's deaf! (*in a very loud voice*) Lovely and accomplished creature!

GERT. (*alarmed, and looking about her*) Sir!

COUNT. (*aside*) She's afraid we shall be overheard; and yet, it's no use speaking in a whisper to her, poor soul. Ah! I have it. (*begins talking very rapidly and very energetically to GERTUDE with his fingers*)

GERT. What does the man mean?

COUNT. Mean? (*repeating the action with his fingers still more energetically*) That's what I mean! (*suddenly seizing her hand, and in a very loud voice*) I love—I adore you—I lay my fortune at your feet—that's more

than t'other chap can do! He hasn't got any—the very coat on his back don't belong to him. In ten minutes, my travelling carriage will be in readiness—you understand—not a word—hush! (*seeing BARONESS*)

*Enter BARONESS, L. 2 E.*

GERT. (*who has been staring at COUNT in astonishment*)  
The man's mad!

COUNT. Cousin—sudden business calls me away. (*aside to GERTRUDE*) Make haste and pack up. (*aloud to BARONESS*) Say good-bye to the Baron for me. Mademoiselle—your servant.

(*bows to GERTRUDE—stops again at door, c., and begins talking again very violently with his fingers to her*) *Exit, C. to R.*

BARONESS. Gertrude—what does this mean?

GERT. (*seriously*) That your cousin, the Count, has thought proper to insult me—that he has dared to propose an elopement—and in terms which—

BARONESS. Which should not surprise any woman who foolishly makes an appointment in the corridor of a public hotel with one—

GERT. What do you mean? (*anxiously*)

BARONESS. That the Count is fully aware of what has taken place; and that, being naturally of a very communicative disposition—

GERT. I see it all. I shall be compromised. There is but one thing to be done—this very moment I will confess everything to Major Walstein—(*with affection*)—to my husband.

*Enter MULDRIF, L. 2 E.*

MULD. (*as he enters*) Ha, ha, ha! these diplomatists are certainly long-headed fellows. Ladies, I have some news for you, which I flatter myself will astonish you as much as it did me. What do you think? it turns out after all that Major von Walstein—

BARONESS. } (*anxiously*) Well?

GERT.

MULD. Is not Major von Walstein!

GERT. (*aside*) Mercy on me! (*staggering*)

BARONESS. Impossible!

MULD. I dare say it is, only he just happens to have told me himself, and I presume he knows something about it.

BARONESS. (*eagerly seizing one of BARON'S arms*) Speak!

GERT. (*seizing the other*) Go on!

MULD. Well, it seems that when the embassy withdrew from Naples, Major von Walstein was instructed to remain there *incog.* Consequently, in order to deceive the Neapolitan Government, *another* individual was temporarily invested with the major's name and title, and *he* did return with the embassy, while, as I said before, the *real* major remained behind. Ha, ha, ha!

GERT. (*aside to BARONESS*) What! what will become of me? (*falling into a chair unseen by MULDORF*)

BARONESS. (*alarmed and suddenly*) Baron!

MULD. (*starting*) What's the matter?

BARONESS. She has fainted, don't you see? Run, run! (*MULDORF bewildered starts off towards c.*) Not there.

MULD. (*trotting about*) Where? where?

BARONESS. (*pointing to R. 2 E.*) There! you'll find salts—sal volatile—run, make haste!

MULDORF *runs out at top of his speed, L. 3 E.*—BARONESS *runs to GERTRUDE.*

Gertrude! Gertrude!

GERT. Oh, Baroness! it isn't a dream then after all. That dreadful, odious man, that I allowed to kneel at my feet, for a whole minute and a half, he's not my husband after all. If I were to see him again, I should die with shame and confusion. I must leave Königsberg this very night, this very hour.

BARONESS. It's your only course, a few words with my husband and I will return, in the meantime be pacified, —all may yet be well.

*Hurries out at door, L. 3 E.*

*Enter MAJOR, c. from R., and leans negligently against the doorway, smoking a cigarette.*

GERT. Now to prepare for my immediate departure. (*turns and sees MAJOR*) It's he again.



MAJOR. (*pretending to see her*) Ah! your pardon mademoiselle, it's a habit I've got, but if you object—

GERT. (*coldly*) It's perfectly indifferent to me sir.

MAJOR. (*throwing away cigarette, then as if suddenly recollecting*) By-the-bye, they tell me supper is ready! will you permit me? (*offering his arm*)

GERT. Don't come near me, sir!

MAJOR. Heyday! here's a change! perhaps you will condescend to explain the—(*taking a pinch of snuff*) the—eh?

GERT. (*angrily*) Sir, I have just been informed that you have dared to present yourself here under an assumed name!

MAJOR. (*aside*) So, so! now my good, plotting, clever little wife, it is *my* turn! (*aloud and carelessly*) Oh! then you know—

GERT. The Baron has told me everything.

MAJOR. I'll never forgive him for blabbing. (*aside*) I knew he would! (*aloud*) In that case, I confess I am *not* Major von Walstein! but what of that?

GERT. (*indignantly*) What of that! (*to MAJOR, who advances towards her*) Keep your distance, sir!

MAJOR. (*quietly*) Why should I? In resuming my own character I am still inspired by the same feelings, the same hopes, the—

GERT. (*with dignity*) Sir, you are addressing Major von Walstein's wife!

MAJOR. (*quietly*) What of that? If it is so, and of course you ought to know, all I can say is, that I am sorry for the major; *very*, poor devil!

GERT. Oh sir! why did you assume his name?

MAJOR. (*with quiet emphasis*) Why did you discard it?

GERT. I was deceived, I thought—

MAJOR. That I was your husband! and consequently a fitting person to be made the victim of a plot.

GERT. I was to blame, much to blame.

MAJOR. (*quietly*) It is not for me to criticise *your* conduct, mademoiselle, I should say, *madame*, I merely wish to justify *my own*; and it is but natural that *my vanity* should be flattered, at finding that a *married lady*, calling herself *mademoiselle*, should take the trouble of going all

the way to Dantzie for the pleasure of riding back in the same diligence with me! (*smiling complacently*)

GERT. (*indignantly*) No such thing, sir! I went there on business.

MAJOR. (*smiling*) True, Dantzie is a commercial city; and therefore I presume, it was the same spirit of commercial enterprise that lately induced you to favour me with your charming society for a good quarter of an hour notwithstanding the *peculiarity of my costume!* you perceive I am merely justifying myself, or I might allude to other little interesting incidents, such as the dropping of a certain handkerchief from a certain window. I am perfectly aware that the custom is oriental, but—

GERT. Sir! You might shew a little generosity.

MAJOR. As I observed before, I am justifying myself; but I have done—and—now—(*taking GERTRUDE'S handkerchief out of his pocket and wiping his eyes with pretended emotion*) now that we are about to part for ever—

GERT. Yes sir—for ever; (*suddenly sees her handkerchief, and snatches it out of MAJOR'S hand*)

MAJOR. Allow me to acquit myself of a commission—a painful commission. (*taking a small morocco case out of his pocket*) This portrait, madame, of your good, confiding husband—poor devil—which he intreated me to place in the hands of his dear, constant, devoted wife.

*Enter COUNT hurriedly, c. from R., in cloak, travelling cap, &c.*

COUNT. (*hastily and aside to GERTRUDE*) Are you ready? the carriage is waiting. (*seeing MAJOR*) Who's our friend I wonder? (*aloud to him*) You'll excuse me, sir, but I and my niece have a long journey before us—haven't we, niece? (*aside to her*) Call me uncle. (*aside*) I forget this is a deafy. (*beginning to talk to her violently with his fingers*)

MAJOR. Then before you go sir, oblige me by delivering to your niece this miniature of—her grandmother.

COUNT. (*aside*) Grandmother, I don't believe she ever had one. (*takes miniature from MAJOR and gives it to GERTRUDE*)

GERT. (*looking at miniature—then pushing the COUNT violently aside*) My dear, dear husband. (*throwing herself into MAJOR'S arms*)

MAJOR. My dear, dear wife!

COUNT. Husband!—wife!—poo—poo, that's all wrong!

*Enter MULDORF and BARONESS at door, L. 2 E.*

BARONESS. On the contrary, cousin, it seems to me to be all right—what can be more natural than for husband and wife to indulge in a conjugal salute?

COUNT. (R.) Husband and wife!

BARONESS. (C.) Yes! allow me to present to you, "Major K. von W., whose marriage by contract under royal command three years ago with Gertrude von Steinberg, the youthful widow, et cetera, et cetera," for further particulars, I refer you to the Dantzie Gazette of last week. Ha, ha, ha!  
(*crossing, L. C.*)

COUNT. Well, upon mature deliberation, I really must say that all things considered, you might have told me this before.

GERT. Nay Count, for then we should have had to drop the curtain on our little domestic drama in the very first scene!

COUNT. How so?

GERT. Because it would have quite upset my plot, Namely, to ascertain if I was loved or not.

COUNT. True! (*to MAJOR*) for then I never should have dreamt of suing her,

MAJOR. And I had lost the happy chance of wooing her.  
(*kisses GERTRUDE'S hand*)

COUNT.      GERTRUDE.      MAJOR.      BARONESS.      MULDORF.

**Curtain.**

s all wrong!

L. 2 E.

ms to me to  
for husband

you, "Major  
r royal com-  
teinberg, the  
r particulars,

Ha, ha, ha!  
ossing, L. C.)  
really must  
told me this

e had to drop  
he very first

my plot,  
l or not.  
should have  
sueing her,  
woeing her.  
RUDE'S *hand*)

MULDORF.

born:



# THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

AN OPERETTA

IN ONE ACT.

AFTER THE COMEDY FOR  
THE EXHIBITION THE COMTESSE DE SUEZARD'S PRIVATE  
THEATRE AND GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, 1880.

THE LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSIC DEPARTMENT

OF THE  
NATIONAL ARCHIVES

OTTAWA

1961

OTTAWA

PRINTED BY J. WILLIAM GARDNER

1880



T

HER  
T

# THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

AN OPERETTA

*IN ONE ACT.*

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR  
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN'S PRIVATE  
THEATRICALS, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, FEB., 1875.

BY

FREDERICK W. MILLS.

THE LIBRETTO,

BY

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

---

OTTAWA:  
PRINTED BY J. BUREAU, SPARKS STREET,  
Between O'Connor & Bank Streets.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX,  
CHARLES DUVAL, an Englishman,  
MONSIEUR BOUILLET, Blacksmith,  
PIERRE, Apprentice.

COMTESSE DE BEAUDRY, a Royalist, disguised as Madame  
Barrie, Dressmaker,

MARIE, Niece of Monsieur Bouillet.

Gendarmes, Peasants, Blacksmiths, &c.

*The scene is laid in the little Breton Village of St. Brieux. Costumes  
in the time of the Consulate, cir. 1800.*

T H E  
M A I R E O F S T . B R I E U X .

---

*Scene outside the village of St. Brieux, in Brittany, wood, with view of the sea at back, Blacksmith's Cottage and Forge L. Artist's easel R. U. E. Lights up. The Blacksmith with his apprentices working at anvil L. Villagers at back and round forge. Chorus as Curtain rises.*

C H O R U S .

Work, brothers work, while the ruddy atoms yield ;  
Work, brothers work, the heavy hammers wield.  
Now is the moment when the victory must be won,  
Work, brothers work, and the labour will be done.

R E C I T A T I V E & A R I A .

BLACKSMITH.

Hear the bellows creak and cry,  
To the sparks that quiet lie.  
In the forge fire, dim and low,  
Waiting idly in the glow.  
Off ! away ! away ! away !  
And, like boys let out to play,  
On some summer holiday.  
Out they leap toward the sky,  
Springing through the chimney high,  
With a roar of wild desire ;  
Leaping higher, higher, higher.  
And the iron in its bed,  
Wakes to life of glowing red.  
Now the work beneath our blows,  
Shaped and fashioned, ever grows.

## CHORUS.

Strike, brothers, strike ! while the ruddy atoms yield  
 Strike ! brothers, strike ! the heavy hammers wield.  
 Now is the moment when the victory must be won,  
 Strike ! brothers strike ! and our labours will be done.

## BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

Others may talk of their learning and wealth,  
 Of their ancestors, honours and rank ;  
 But for me I had rather have comfort and health,  
 And contentment, that own half the bank.  
 I've a home that is happy, a wife who is dear,  
 In the village I've many a friend,  
 I've a meal for the poor, and a cup of good cheer,  
 And it may be a trifle to lend.  
 For a blacksmith's life is the life for me,  
 Rough and ready, honest and free ;  
 Though the hand may be black, it's the hand of a  
 man,  
 And the dirt's only outside, deny it who can !

Let Bonaparte brag of his glory and fame,  
 With battles I've nothing to do ;  
 And glory's at best but a battledore game,  
 Though I love the bold " red, white, and blue."  
 And if ever a foe should put foot on our land,  
 And set up the standards of war,  
 We'll see if this dirty old blacksmith'y hand,  
 Can't show them the way to the floor,  
 But a blacksmith's life is the life for me,  
 Rough and ready, honest and free ;  
 Though the hand may be black, it's the hand of a  
 man,  
 And the dirt's only outside, deny it who can !

BLACKSMITH.—Now then, my lads, be off with you.  
 No more work to-day. If it is a holiday, why, lets

keep it, I say, and when you're tired of dancing you'll find a drink of wine round the old forge. Dont forget. (*Exeunt villagers R. cheering.*) I must go and invite his Honour the Maire to dinner, and see what's in the cellar. (*Exit L. Enter Marie from house followed slowly by Pierre.*)

MARIE.—I tell you Pierre I shall just dance with whom I choose—there! and as for Monsieur Duval, the strange Englishman as you call him, he dances splendidly, just for all the world like Punchinello. I could dance all day with him, and I will too, if you tease me, there:

PIERRE.—But Marie, come now. (*coaxingly.*)

MARIE.—I wont!

PIERRE.—This fellow, this monsieur Duval! no one knows who he is, or what he is, or what he is after—no good I'll be bound.

MARIE.—He's an Artist.

PIERRE.—You're a woman. I believe he is plotting with these Chouans, he's a spy, a conspirator, why, he's been lodging these three weeks past with your uncle and he has not done a picture bigger than a spade yet. He's managed to turn all your silly little heads though.

MARIE.—My head is not silly Sir. You said it was a very pretty little head once. (*pretending to cry.*)

PIERRE.—There now, dont cry, Marie. It is a very pretty little head, and I dont like to see it on this Englishman's shoulder. There! Dont dance with him Marie. I dont wish it.

MARIE.—(*sarcastically*) Oh! you dont wish it. That certainly is an excellent reason. Remember Sir, we are not married yet, and not likely to be, there's many a slip' twixt the cup and the lip.

#### QUARREL DUET, (Marie and Pierre.)

M.           'Twixt the cup and the lip,  
              There is many a slip,  
              As many a lover has found.

*P.* There's a proverb as good,  
If it's well understood.  
'Twi'x two stools you fall to the ground.

*M.* Two strings to my bow  
I choose, Sir, to show.  
In fact, I think that is too few.

*P.* In love Miss, you're told  
To be off with the old.  
Before you are on with the new.

*M.* Your wish then I'll obey Sir,  
(*Curtseying*) And bid you now good day Sir,  
I've nothing more to say Sir.  
Good day, good day, good day.  
(*Going off.*)

*P.* O very well then, go Miss,  
Be off to your new beau, Miss,  
Since you will have it so, Miss.  
Good day, good day, good day.

(*Exit Pierre R.*)

*MARIE.*—Poor Pierre! I do really love him, but one may as well have some fun before marriage, one gets so little after. Then this stranger is so nice and he does dance so beautifully. Ah! here he comes.

(*Enter Duval, L. U. E.*)

*DUVAL.*—Ah my pretty Marie, what have you been doing to poor Pierre. I passed him just now and he looked as black as ten thunder storms.

*MARIE.*—Nothing. We were only playing at Proverbs. He does'nt want me to dance with you at the fête to day.

*DUVAL.*—Not dance! Indeed you shall though, if Pierre goes into a straight waistcoat on the spot. But I say Marie, I want you to do something for me.

MARIE.—Well?

DUVAL.—Have your uncle's black mare saddled and send some one out to see if there are any news of that big race I told you about over in England.

MARIE.—And you are going to give me a thousand francs, if your horse wins?

DUVAL.—Yes. I will too.

MARIE.—I'll go and send some one off directly. A thousand francs! What fun! Wont I tease Pierre!

(Exit into house.)

DUVAL.—(Coming front, takes a small betting book from his pocket.) 3 and 4 is 7, and 5 is 12. 12, 18, 26. h'm. 1, and 1 is 2. Yes, that's a cool 2,000 I stand to win this Derby if only the Count can go the pace. (He takes a letter from his pocket, another drops on to the ground, reads) "Honoured Sir,—The Count is all right. It will be a t... u... p... h. I see, a tough thing, but he's bound to beat. Boney cant stay. Yours respectfully, BENDIGO BROWN." Short but sweet, Bendigo Brown! I would'nt hedge a farthing. It's neck or nothing this time, and no mistake. If Bony does'nt founder I shall. (Sees the letter on the ground.) Hullo! there's that letter I have to give to "Madame Barrie, Dressmaker," (turns it over curiously in his hands,) whoever she may be. Well it's none of my business. Uncle sends me over here, pays all expenses. No questions asked. But it is odd. The mysterious madame, has to say to me "Silk is rising." And then I hand my letter to the mysterious madame, and exit Duval. A good deal of mystery. I must get to the bottom of it. Well I wish silk would rise soon, and then hey for England once more. I hate this France. It always reminds me of cousin Mary and our old boating days before that confounded Frenchman ran away with her. I think she cared for me a little then. I know I loved her. Heigho that's ten years ago: ten years without a word from her, she must be dead, at any rate she's dead to me.

## WHITE AND PINK.

Floating down the river slow,  
 No one by, none to spy,  
 We together boating go,  
 Dainty cousin May and I.

All my sense bewilder'd, flies,  
 Cousin May, the little fay,  
 With her roguish hazel eyes,  
 Laughs at what I say.

And the sun comes shining down,  
 On the fair, soft golden hair,  
 Sun shade pink and muslin gown,  
 Fairy Mary sitting there.

"Shining sun and wanton wind,  
 Ever stay so all the day,  
 Leaving me would be unkind,  
 Happy me!"—I say.

But she only blushing cries,  
 "Charley fie!" [Charley's I.]  
 And to catch the rushes tries,  
 As the boat drifts slowly by.

Resting on my oars I think,  
 Do you know I love you so?  
 Do you love me, white and pink?  
 Is it yes... or no?

*(Goes up the stage and sits at easel. R. C. Enter the Maire and Blacksmith, the Maire with his hands full of papers.)*

MAYOR.—News? yes indeed my dear Monsieur Bouillot. Great news. Most important news, but you would not understand it if I were to tell you. You're a good fellow, a very good honest sort of a fellow, but you

w,

s,

own,  
ir,  
rown,

nd,

[I.]

y.

?  
nk?

. C. *Enter th*  
*s hands full*

Monsieur Boui  
but you woul  
You're a goo  
llow, but yo









would'  
shall I  
BLAC  
sort of  
MAY  
ce, who  
trying  
and tal  
BLAC  
MAY  
trying  
am the  
people  
tion w  
Listen  
charact  
BLAC  
nods ag  
MAIR  
today.  
caps.  
BLAC  
MAIR  
plots as

MAIRE.

wouldn't understand these state matters? Come now shall I try to explain to you.

BLACKSMITH.—Well, I dont know. I'm a thick-headed sort of a man but I might try to take it in, go on!

MAYOR.—Well, well, look here, this Count de Provence, who escaped over to England, in the big troubles, is trying with his friends in France, to upset Bonaparte, and take the throne.

BLACKSMITH.—Upset the little corporal! not he!

MAYOR.—Well, he is trying, and what's more they are trying here in Brittany, here in St. Brieux, here, where I am the Maire! These despatches tell me that there are people in this very place who are in regular communication with Paris, and they can't find out how it's done. Listen! I have orders to arrest and search all suspicious characters. (*Looks up C. and nods significantly.*)

BLACKSMITH.—Why you dont say that he.....(*Mayor nods again.*) Bless me I should never have thought it.

MAIRE.—(*Whispering*) We must search his baggage today. I warrant we shall find something beside night-caps. I never liked the fellow.

BLACKSMITH.—I did.

MAIRE.—You! but then you're not so accustomed to plots as I am.

### PLOT TRIO.

[*Blacksmith, Duval and the Maire.*]

MAIRE.

Here a plot!  
 There a plot!  
 Whatever is the reason!  
 I'll be shot,  
 If they're not.  
 Always hatching treason,  
 It's absurd,  
 But 'pon my word.  
 It's more than I can bear, Sir,

If you go,  
Down below.  
'Tis'nt hotter there, Sir.

(*Take Blacksmith's arm nervously.*)

[*Spoken.*] I do assure you that what with guns,  
swords and gendarms, pickpockets, plots and stray pigs,  
mandats, edicts and proclamations, lost children, organ-  
grinders, mobs and mad Englishmen.

[*Sings.*]

Why I'd rather be a monkey than a maire sir.

DUVAL. [*at back C.*]

I wish you would go !

MAIRE.

But I'd have you to know,  
That I'm not at all slow,  
I can pick out a spy,  
With a glance of my eye,  
And take a man in,  
From his toes to his chin,  
And follow his nose.  
Wherever it goes.....

DUVAL. [*Coming down front.*]

Oh, bother your nose,  
And your chin and your toes,  
Just listen to me.....

MAIRE.

I'm the Maire, Sir, you see.

DUVAL.

Oh fiddle-de-dee !

BLACKSMITH. [*Apologetically.*]

He's the Maire Sir you see !

(*Spoke*

For  
for di  
d'arme  
till I d  
It coul  
I do a  
is not

(*Sings.*

such a  
me ! w  
wine to

Duv  
pot it  
pompe  
dame  
singing

Duv  
didn't

MAI  
audien  
messel  
sieur i

Duv  
for a g

Here a spy,  
There a spy,  
Plotting, Sir, and scheming,  
Night and day,  
Pra'ps you'll say  
Surely I am dreaming :  
You mistake,  
I'm awake.  
Oh, you need'nt stare, Sir,  
Listen now,  
This is how,  
*This is how I fare, Sir.*

*(Spoken.)*

For breakfast, they give me a little plot well peppered; for dinner, a brace of conspiracies, served *à la maitre d'armes*; with a fine big rebellion, devilled, for supper, till I dream of blunderbusses and hot water all night long. It could'nt be worse if I lived on pins and needles. Ah, I do assure you, my dear Monsieur Bouillet, for *his* tail is not so bad as *my* tale—that

*(Sings.)*

I'd rather be a monkey than a Maire, Sir.

such a good natured young fellow too. Dear me, dear me! what a world! I must go and have a glass of wine to hold myself together.

*(exit into house.)*

DUVAL.—*(at back still painting)* What an old pepper pot it is, not a bad little man if he were'nt such a pompous little wretch. *(Hums to himself. Enter Madame Barrie L. She comes down. Duval still goes on singing. At last she bursts out laughing. Duval starts up.)*

DUVAL.—A thousand pardons Madame, I'm sure, I did'nt know I had an audience.

MAD. B.—It is I who am in fault Monsieur. The audience should not have laughed. *(aside)* It's my messenger, he does not remember me. *(aloud)* Monsieur is an artist I presume.

DUVAL.—No Madame, no. *(aside)* My dressmaker for a guinea! I'll give her a chance. *(aloud and with*

I've got a nose that's  
 as long as a stick,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead,

(Speaking) He's got a nose  
 as long as a stick, and it's  
 so long, it's as good as  
 dead, and it's so long,  
 it's as good as dead,  
 and it's so long, it's  
 as good as dead, and it's  
 so long, it's as good as  
 dead, and it's so long,  
 it's as good as dead,

(Singing) I've got a nose that's

and follow his nose,  
 Wherever it goes.....

**DEVAL.** [*Coming down front.*]

Oh, bother your nose,  
 And your chin and your toes,  
 Just listen to me.....

**MAIRE.**

I'm the Maire, Sir, you see.

**DEVAL.**

Oh fiddle de dee !

**BLACKSMITH.** [*Apology twofold.*]

He's the Maire Sir you see !

VAL

MAIRE

VAL

(Du

MAIRE

an se

g to t

aggag

mit R.

BLAC

such a

me ! w

wine to

Dev

pot it

pompo

dame f

singing

Dev

didn't

MAI

ndien

messer

sieur i

Dev

for a g

DUVAL.

You keep up such a chatter,  
And a clatter, with your patter,  
And your fussing and your worry,  
And your hurry and your flurry,  
As if you really were the great Mogul !

MIRE

These words to me ! to me, the Maire !  
With rage I choke, I tear my hair.

DUVAL &amp; BLACKSMITH.

With rage he chokes, he tears his hair !

(Dural goes up back, and sits at easel.)

MAIRE.—That's a dangerous fellow, he's full of plots. I can see it in his eye, he's a conspirator. Fancy, speaking to me, the Maire of St. Brieux, in that style ! His baggage must be searched. I'll go and see about it. (Exit R.)

BLACKSMITH.—Well who would have thought it ! such a good natured young fellow too. Dear me, dear me ! what a world ! I must go and have a glass of wine to hold myself together.

(Exit into house.)

DUVAL.—(at back still painting) What an old pepper pot it is, not a bad little man if he were't such a pompous little wretch. (Hums to himself. Enter Madame Barrie L. She comes down. Dural still goes on painting. At last she bursts out laughing. Dural starts up.)

DUVAL.—A thousand pardons Madame, I'm sure, I didn't know I had an audience.

MAD. B.—It is I who am in fault Monsieur. The audience should not have laughed. (aside) It's my messenger, he does not remember me. (aloud) Monsieur is an artist I presume.

DUVAL.—No Madame, no. (aside) My dressmaker for a guinea ! I'll give her a chance. (aloud and with



*emphasis*) The fact is that I'm a kind of silk merchant travelling in silk.

MADAME B.—Indeed, I am very much interested in silk myself.

DUVAL.—(*aside*) I thought so.

MAD. B.—(*markedly*.) I hear it said that in England silk is rising.

DUVAL.—(*aside*.) My dressmaker! (*aloud*.) Madame, I perfectly understand. I have the honour to place this letter from my uncle in your own fair hands. (*Gives letter, as she takes it he attempts to kiss her hand, she withdraws it hastily with an angry glance, and goes up back reading letter.*)

DUVAL.—If'm, well, for a dressmaker, I must say she is a charming creature, looks like a queen, and talks like a duchess, has the voice of a syren, and the hand of an angel, and a foot like a fairy, and, and..... Hang me if I'm not in love at first sight! Odd though! In fancy, I have seen her somewhere before. I know her voice as well as my own. Where? I must have a talk with this mysterious dressmaker. Madame?

MAD. B.—Monsieur!

DUVAL.—Shall I help you to read your letter?

MAD. B.—Thanks, no. I can read very well. I'll read you a sentence to show you, (*reads*) "Though Charley—"

DUVAL.—Charley! does he mean me?

MAD. B.—Oh yes, Charley's you! Oh, you need no mind, your uncle and I are old friends.

DUVAL.—Are you!

MAD. B.—(*reads*) "Though Charley does not understand our business, he is a gentleman and may be safely trusted to behave as such."

(*During her reading she looks him full in the face.*)

DUVAL.—I beg a thousand pardons, Madame. I was rude. But you are no dressmaker.

MAD. B.—(*laughing*) Ah, you are not quite recovered yet. Come, never mind. I forgive you. I see we shall be friends. No, I am not a dressmaker, but I am in the same business as your uncle.

DUVAL.—Silk?

MAD. B.—Silk.

DUVAL.—I wish I were in the same business.

MAD. B.—Perhaps you may be before long. But tell me,.....I've been away in Paris on business.

DUVAL.—Silk?

MAD. B.—Silk, certainly. Hav'nt you found it rather dull?

DUVAL.—Dull! There's nothing to do, literally nothing. I've set the whole place by the ears though.

MAD. B.—You quarrelled?

DUVAL.—Nobody to quarrel with, except that fussy little Maire.

MAD. B.—Poor little Maire. I know him well. We're great friends, he and I, especially he.....Well, you flirted with all the village belles, of course.

DUVAL.—No one to flirt with except Marie, here.

MAD. B.—Marie! Oh Monsieur leave pretty Marie alone. These simple country daisies won't bear transplanting. She is only a daisy you know, not a rose.

### ONLY A DAISY.

Only a Daisy, indeed,

Plucked from its stem for the whim of an hour,  
Cast on the path as a valueless flower,  
Left there to die as a weed.

Love and trust reared its head,  
Up from the fostering lap of the ground,  
Into the bright, happy world it had found,  
Now, the poor Daisy is dead.

'Tis but a Daisy has died:  
Strolling down through the Park one day,  
He, the young Sir from the Hall, came this way  
Plucked it, and threw it aside.

Nay had it been but a rose,  
Delicate, scented, Persian sweet.

Would it have laid so sad at my feet ?  
What is a Daisy ? who knows ?

Had he but just let it lie  
May be, some day there had come to the place  
One who would care for its innocent grace  
Take to his heart the " day's eye."

*(During the Song Duval has been attentively watching her.)*

DUVAL.—Madame I feel sure I have seen you before  
Your voice, when you sing, brings back memories to  
me. Have you ever.....

MAD. B.—Monsieur you must be mistaken. I can  
assure you that Madame Barrie, Dressmaker, never had  
the pleasure of meeting Mr. Charles Duval till this  
morning. She is however, charmed to have that plea-  
sure now. *(Makes a low curtesy.)* Now you must go.  
See, all the girls are dancing yonder on the green, and  
wondering where their new beau has hidden himself.  
They will be quite jealous of me. *(laughing.)*

DUVAL.—I shall see you again soon then ?

MAD. B.—Yes, Yes. Quite soon enough. Go, go.

DUVAL.—Good bye then, Madame, for a whole half  
hour, or ten minutes. *(Aside.)* I'll make it five if pos-  
sible. I'm over head and ears in love with that woman  
already.

*(Exit L. U. E.)*

MAD. B.—Ah Master Charley, you nearly recognise  
me, though I am not much like the cousin Mary of  
ten years ago. How handsome he has grown. I wonder  
if he has forgotten me ! Well, we shall see. I'm my own  
mistress now at all events. *(Takes letter out and reads it.)*  
Glorious news !—*(reads.)* "All arrangements are com-  
plete this time, and before long France shall see the  
fleurs-de lys again wave in the breeze. Communicate the  
enclosed plans to our friends in Paris. Your woman's  
wit will find a safe way." Safe way, indeed. *(Laughing.)*  
Yes, the good Maire of St. Brieux, little dreams when

re so of  
pressm  
e cour  
e deliv  
ing u  
(L.)  
he day  
pring

Spr

Flo

Lo

Tak

Sun

Chi

You

B

Lo

N

*(During*  
*pendarm*

MAIRE

turned

vy, a

our cha

MAD.

all hav

so obligingly forwards letters from "Madame Barrie, dressmaker," to her sister in Paris by his own private courier, with the most especial care that they shall be delivered before anything else, what a service he is doing us, and what a ridiculous old goose he is. (*Looks at L.*) Ah, there they are, dancing away, as happy as the day is long. I am so happy too this bright glad spring time. I could dance myself.

### SPRING SONG.

Spring time is here, so glad so dear,  
Sweet sunny season of youth and of love;  
Flowers grow bright in the glad sunlight;  
Earth is as fair as the heaven above.

Love while you can. Since love began,  
Spring is the season to woo and to wed,  
Take then your day now while you may;  
Love time is past when the spring time has fled.

Summer soon flies, and Autumn fast dies;  
Spring is the season for pleasure and mirth;  
Chill is the cheer when winter is near;  
Cold grows the heart with the coldness of earth.

Youth fair and gay will hasten away,  
Beauty flies off on a wild-bird's wing,  
Love will not stay, seize then today,  
No one can tell what the morrow may bring.

(*During the last few bars the Maire has re-entered, R. followed by the Gendarme, and has been standing back, he comes forward bowing.*)

MAIRE.—Ah, charming widow Barrie, so you have returned to us at last to make the nightingales die of envy, and tantalise our poor bachelor hearts with your charms.

MAD. B.—Now, if you are going to talk nonsense, I shall have to run away. (*pretends to go off L.*)

MAIRE.—(*hastily*). Cruel widow! but pray dont go  
(*she returns.*) I should be perfectly content to be tongue  
tied all my life if I might only look at you. (*She moves  
away L. again.*) Ah stay. (*She stops.*) I really couldn't  
help it, no one can help paying you compliments, you  
know. (*She moves off again.*)

MAD. B.—I see I shall really have to go.

MAIRE.—Good gracious what am I saying! come back  
I hav'nt seen you for three weeks, you know. Say  
Is there anything I can do for you in Paris, my course  
is just starting.

MAD. B.—(*aside*) My postman! (*aloud*) No, thank  
you Monsieur. I have no commission today. Oh  
stay, by the way, since you are so kind, perhaps you  
wouldn't mind sending a little note for my sister, Rue  
Carrabacel, as before. It's about a new head-dress  
(*laughing—aside*) so it is, a crown!

MAIRE.—Certainly, certainly. (*he comes forward eager  
to receive the note which she holds out ; as he approaches she  
withdraws it.*)

MAD. B.—Perhaps after all, it doesn't matter, it  
such a trifle, and it would be troubling you.

MAIRE.—(*Languishingly*) Troubling me! (*takes note*  
Here you Sir, see that this note is delivered to Madame  
Barrie's sister, rue Carrabacel, immediately on your  
arrival in Paris. [*To Madame B.*] The same shop as  
before?

MAD. B.—Oh, yes, please, certainly the same shop as  
before. (*Gendarme salutes, takes note, and goes off. L. U. E.*)  
There, my dear widow, that triffling service is done.

MAD. B.—I assure you Monsieur, you underate your  
goodness.

MAIRE.—Not at all, not at all, sweet widow. (*takes her  
hand*) May I? (*he kisses it.*) (*aside.*) Shall I? (*looks  
at her*) I will!

## COURTING DUET.

[The Maire and widow Barrie.]

M. Fair widow, I.....

W. B. [*aside,*] Ah here it comes ! [*aloud,*] good bye !

M. I... I... in fact, that is, you see I... I.

W. B. [*aside,*] Dear me, poor soul, he's really very  
[*shy.*]  
[*aloud.*] What is it ? Anything that I can do ?M. Ah, that's just it ! (*languishingly.*) Ah, if you  
only knew !W. B. Knew what ? (*aside,*) I do, you dreadful bore.M. (*aside.*) How handsome she is, what a  
Mairesse she would make ! Here goes !  
(*aloud.*) Fair Widow...I.

W. B. Why, that is what you said before !

M. Fair Widow Barrie, here upon my knee [*knels*]W. B. Pray dont, you'll get the cramp, and then  
[you'll see !]M. I love you widow ! (*aside.*) There it is out flat.W. B. Oh love ! That's all ? You'll soon get over that.  
Such youthful maladies were best forgot.

M. I know I am not still a youth.....

W. B. You're not !

*M.* Nor handsome as I used to be, not quite.

*W. B.* Upon my word I really think you're right.

*M.* [*In pique and desperation.*]

Oh bewitching Widow,  
See, I never did, oh,  
Never such a woman did I see.

*W. B.* Such a silly Maire Sir,  
Is, I fancy, rare Sir.  
As the one that's making love to me.

*M.* Charming Widow Barrie,  
Say that you will marry,  
Say that you will marry, marry me.

*W. B.* *Curtseying,*  
Thanks, I'd rather stay sir,  
As I am today sir,  
And would rather, thank you, single be.

*M.* Say yes, yes, yes.

*W. B.* Say no, no, no.

*M.* Ah cruel Widow, can you treat me so?  
Say yes, yes, yes.

*W. B.* No, no, no, no.

(*Exit Madame B. L.*)

MAIRE.—The Maire of St. Brioux refused by a dressmaker! H'm, well. Oh, she cannot mean it! 'Tis impossible! There's some mistake. Perhaps she thought I was only joking. Perhaps she didn't! Never mind! I'll pay you off for this my lady! I know! I'll pretend that I've had information that she is concerned

in this  
arrested  
when we  
of St. Br  
was.

T  
W  
T  
T  
T  
A  
A  
W

B  
A  
A  
A

W  
N  
W  
W

B  
A  
T  
T

P  
A  
P  
P

Enter Man  
and wine

quite.  
 re right.  
 ]  
 in this plot and that I shall be obliged to have her  
 arrested and searched. That will frighten her and  
 then we shall see. Perhaps she wont despise the Maire  
 of St. Brieux then, though he is not quite so young as he  
 was.

### THE OLDISH MAN.

'Tis hard to be an "oldish man"  
 Who wants to change his life.  
 'Tis hard to hit upon a plan  
 To get a pretty wife.

The jolly days when we were young  
 And rattled round the town,  
 And rode and danced, and loved and sung  
 Were when these hairs were brown :

But now they're just a trifle gray  
 And I've grown brown instead  
 At balls, girls like me best away  
 And say I dance like lead.

We had no aches or pains or groans  
 Nor indigestion then ;  
 We never knew that we had bones,  
 We merry youngish men.

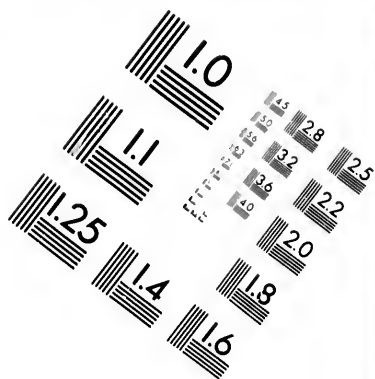
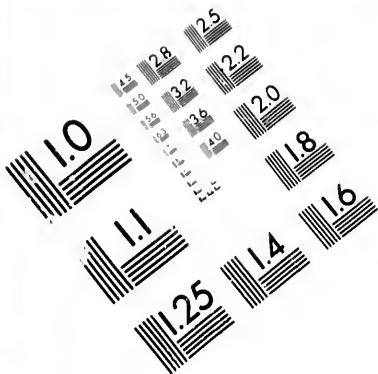
But now the belles have other beaux  
 And other flirts to fan  
 They dont fan me, for no one knows  
 The wretched oldish man.

I'm just as young as ever now,  
 And dance I'm sure I can.  
 I'm not disposed to make my bow  
 I'm not an oldish man.

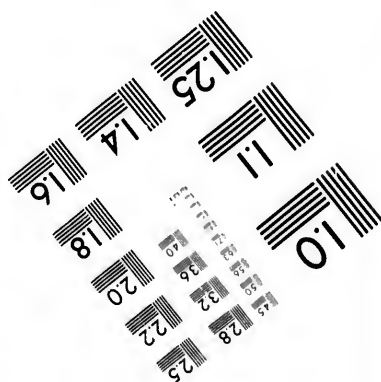
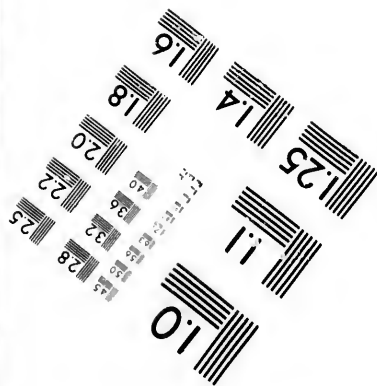
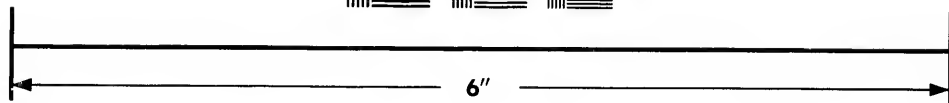
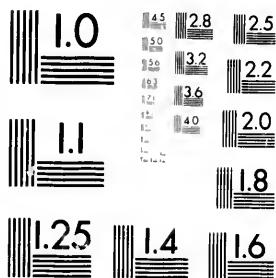
(Exit Maire, R.)

Enter Marie from house carrying tray with bread, sandwiches, table cloth  
 and wine, she puts it down and sets table.]



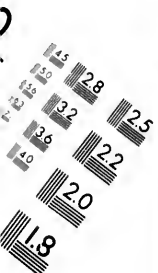


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



MARIE.—What a delicious day this has been to me, sure! I've danced four times with monsieur Duval, and Pierre is as jealous and sulky as possible. Oh, how charming! Poor fellow, I must make it up again, and there will be pistols and blunderbusses in the case, and that will never do. What a happy girl I am to be sure to have some one to love me so desperately! (*sings.*)

## PEASANT SONG.

A little peasant girl am I,  
A simple village maid, no more;  
All day I sing without a sigh,  
No troubles pass my cottage door.

For all things love me, so I sing,  
Because my heart is ever gay;  
I hear the glad birds carolling,  
I know I am as glad as they.

I would not change my simple state,  
For all the charms of life at court;  
I would not live amongst the great,  
For all their pride so dearly bought.

A little fun, a little dance,  
A song to cheer my daily task,  
The sunny sky of sunny France,  
A little love, is all I ask.

(*Exit into house, L.*)

(*Enter Pierre, L. U. E.*)

There miss! You've done it now. This is the last time, the very last time. Four times she danced with him, four times, and I asked her not. Oh, Marie, Marie, how can you be so cruel to one who loves you so dearly! I'll go away, go off to sea, and then perhaps she will remember her poor old faithful lover. (*sings.*)

## YOU'LL THINK OF ME.

Dear love, despite your cruel words,  
 I know your heart is true,  
 You cannot help but love me, sweet,  
 So dearly I love you.  
 For I am yours, and you are mine,  
 Though seas may roll between,  
 And other stars may on me shine;  
 You'll think of what has been.  
 When I am far away, dear,  
 Far, far away at sea,  
 When dark night follows day, dear,  
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

You'll say what're his faults may be  
 He ever loved me well.  
 True hearts are worth a woman's smile  
 The pearl out-lives its shell.  
 And you will call, and I shall come,  
 My darling, back again  
 To that sweet side, my own sweetheart,  
 Which now I leave in pain.  
 When I am far away, dear,  
 Far, far away at sea,  
 When dark night follows day, dear,  
 Ah, then you'll think of me.

[At close of song he is going off R. when the Maire, Blacksmith and Marie enter from house carrying Duval's portmanteau, which they set down C.]

BLACKSMITH.—Hullo! Pierre, lad, where are you off to?

PIERRE.—I? Oh I was only going for a walk. (*Marie looks at him, he turns away.*)

BLACKSMITH.—Well, stay. We're going to search that Englishman's baggage while he's away at the dance. Do you know, he is a rank conspirator! Why, we might all have been murdered in our beds! Puffed out like a lot of sparks! What a monster!

PIERRE.—(*To Marie,*) There ! I told you so ! and you would'nt believe me. Now, who was right ?

PORTMANTEAU QUARTETTE.

Quick, quick, before he comes back,  
Quick, quick, open his pack,  
Pick the lock or turn the key,  
We shall see what we shall see.

MAIRE. Stand back, good people, I'm the Maire  
Of course it's I must see what's there.

(*Kneels on one knee before portmanteau, C. the rest standing kneeling, R. & L. of him.*)

Coats, waistcoats, linen, that's all right.  
What's this ? Here's something tied up tight  
A lady's portrait, done in chalk,  
An empty bottle, and a cork (*smells bottle.*)  
Contents, hair oil, in all his boots !  
A pistol, so I thought, he shoots.  
A brush and comb, a box of pills,  
A toothbrush and a pile of bills,  
A pipe, a picture of a horse,  
A pair of spurs, and whip, of course,  
A lady's slipper, I declare !  
And why, what's this ? [*opens a large brown paper parcel.*] Some locks of hair !

A book, fine books the fellow reads !  
Tobacco and some famous weeds.  
Upon my word a very good cigar, [*puts cigar in his pocket*].  
At last, here are his papers, [*pulls out packet*]

All.

Ah !...

(*Exeunt after Madame*)

so ! and y MAIRE.—Now then I'll translate them for you.

BLACKSMITH.—(*admiringly.*) What a fine thing it is to have an education, to be sure. Why I can't even read French ! (*they all gather round the Maire.*)

MAIRE.—(*reads.*) "The count is quite safe," Ah here comes, my friends ! I thought so ! The count is quite safe. That's the Comte de Provence !..... "Bony has'nt a chance.".....That's Bonaparte ! here's treason ! here's a conspiracy ! "Put all the money you can lay hands on on the old horse. He'll win !" "Old horse," indeed ! That's their way of hiding the real names. "We'll conquer the country bumpkins...." the country bumpkins indeed ! That's me ! me ! We shall see whether the country bumpkins wont astonish you. "It will be a great thing. There's a pot of money in it. We shall land 10,000 at least, if it's kept dark." 10,000 ! Whew ! Why that's an army ! He must be arrested and sent to prison at once, this generalissimo of conspirators.

MARIE.—Arrest Monsieur Duval ?

MAIRE.—Of course ! Perhaps, though, on second thoughts, we had better wait till night. There are so many strangers in the crowd to-day. They may be his confederates. I suspect that dressmaker is in it too. We'll have her searched. Hush, don't say a word. She's coming.

"HUSH." (*Quartette.*)

Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !

Don't speak so loud.

Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !

Beware the crowd.

Arrested he,

It's clear, must be.

The secret keep

Till he's asleep.

We'd better go,

Go, go, go, go.

(*Exeunt in different directions, Blacksmith carrying portemanteau. Enter Madame Barrie L. U. E. she looks back L as she enters.*)

MAD. B.—How very odly the Maire looked at just now. I wonder if he has discovered anything. That's impossible. Besides, I can do anything I please with him. I think I'll tell Charley who I am though he might want a friend. Ah, here he comes. (*Enter Duval R.*) Monsieur Duval! I want to ask you a question.

DUVAL.—A dozen if you will.

MAD. B.—Would you do me a service?

DUVAL.—Certainly. I wish, though, you would tell me who you really are. You are not a dressmaker, are you? Come now!

MAD. B.—Well, you'll promise that you'll never tell any one. (*Beckons him close.*) I am. (*Aside.*) Shall I? No I won't! (*Aloud.*) I am, Sir, (*whispering.*)

DUVAL.—(*Eagerly.*) Yes?

MAD. B.—A woman!

DUVAL.—(*aside*) Disappointing creature! (*aloud*) Madame that is quite enough, you may command me.

MAD. B.—(*Aside.*) he's charming I really must tell him. (*Aloud.*) I'll tell you really who I am.

DUVAL.—I know!..... a woman! and my uncle's friend. What do you want me to do?

MAD. B.—I am the Comtesse de Beaudry.

DUVAL.—(*Starts.*) The Comtesse de Beaudry! that you must be.....

MAD. B.—Your cousin Mary, who has remembered her cousin Charley better than he her, in spite of twenty years.

DUVAL.—Why May! you darling! Fancy my not recognising you. But I did though. I said I had seen you before, didn't I? [*tries to take her hand—she evades him*]

MAD. B.—Gently, cousin Charley, you must remember that I am no longer the kitten you used to play with years ago, but a staid sober widow.

DUVAL.—Oh you are a widow!

MAD. B.—Yes, my unhappy married life ended some years ago in those terrible days of the Revolution. A wonder you did not recognise me! I have changed sadly grown old and plain.

DUVAL.—You're more charming than ever!

MAD. B.—I ! why I was a washerwoman all through  
Reign of Terror.

DUVAL.—And a dressmaker now.

MAD. B.—And the Comtesse de Beaudry again soon.

DUVAL.—Ah, we shall see about that. You may  
change your name. But why did you never write us ?

MAD. B.—From political reasons, I have never com-  
municated with any of our family except your uncle,  
who has long ago forgiven me my clandestine marriage.  
They all believe me to be dead. Indeed, I dare not  
appear in France under my own name. I am an out-law.

DUVAL.—An outlaw !

MAD. B.—Yes, but I shall not be so long, there are  
better days coming, meantime I work and wait.

DUVAL.—Then you can feel for me who have loved  
you all along and waited for you all these years.

MAD. B.—Oh, we are both young yet. This is still  
the spring time of our lives. Where would your love  
withstand the winter.

#### ROUGH BUD-TIME AND THE SPRING-TIME.

Through bud-time and the spring-time  
Gay youth and happy ring time

While you and I are young, dear,

Then love is sweet :

And flowers are never faded,

And lives are never shaded,

And hearts are never wrung, dear,

When lovers meet.

But when comes frost and blow time,

With storm and sleet and snow time,

And you and I grow old, dear,

And cares come fast.

With neither sun nor flowers

To cheer these hearts of ours

Through winter dark and cold, dear,

Will your love last ?



*Duetto.*

{ But } when comes frost and blow-time  
 { Yes }  
 With storm and sleet and snow-time,  
 And you and I grow old, dear,  
 And cares come fast ;  
 With neither sun nor flowers  
 To cheer these hearts of ours,  
 Through winter dark and cold, dear,  
 { Will your love last, }  
 { My love will last. }

[At the close of the Duet a note is thrown out of the cottage window falls at their feet. Duval picks it up.]

DUVAL.—What's this ! (*reads*). “ Dont appear to take any notice, but you are watched. The Maire is going to have you and madame arrested and searched. Your friend Marie ”.....

MAD. B.—Searched ! [*aside*] he's found me out !

DUVAL.—Arrested ! This must be a joke.

MAD. B.—No it is'nt. I know ! It's all my fault. I have got you into trouble by talking with you so much.

DUVAL.—You ! how ?

MAD. B.—Well I may as well tell you everything. That letter was from the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—And you are ?.....

MAD. B.—Precisely !...

DUVAL.—Have you got that letter with you !

MAD. B.—My own part I have ; the enclosure I sent off to Paris long ago, that is safe !

DUVAL.—How ?

MAD. B.—The Maire was so obliging as to send his own courier with it. (*laughing*.)

DUVAL.—(*laughing*.) I see ! woman's wit against the world ! but give me that letter.

MAD. B.—What will you do with it ? They will search you.

DUVAL.—I'll eat it, [*takes a sandwich, putting the letter which she gives him cautiously inside. Leaning over to her.*] Cousin Marie, tell me I may hope !

DUVAL.  
 MAD. B.  
 DUVAL.  
 ing's re  
 d cuts b  
 MAD B.  
 on last.  
 DUVAL.  
 anks to  
 MAD. B.  
 DUVAL.  
 h, I beg  
 at ?  
 MAD. B.  
 ough.  
 DUVAL.

fer you  
 mment  
 MAD. B.  
 here ha  
 ask me  
 MAIRE.  
 on too r  
 DUVAL.  
 MAIRE.  
 ough f  
 MAD. B.  
 DUVAL.  
 MAIRE  
 nd pron  
 in disgui  
 ion with  
 valuable  
 immedia  
 light s  
 comtess  
 Ah, you  
 ma-mak  
 namak  
 arm of  
 withdra  
 MAD

DUVAL.—I'll eat it.

MAD. B.—Eat it!

DUVAL.—Yes, why not? (*points to table*) Here every-  
ing's ready. I'll make a sandwich of it. (*Sits at table  
and cuts bread.*)

MAD. B.—How you must have improved since I saw  
you last. You had no taste for literature then.

DUVAL.—At all events I shall be a man of letters now,  
thanks to your bright eyes.

MAD. B.—(*Offering butter on a knife.*) Butter.

DUVAL.—(*Not seeing it.*) No it isn't. (*Sees butter.*)

Oh, I beg pardon. (*Takes butter.*) Is anybody coming  
at?

MAD. B.—(*Looking off, L.*) Not yet. Make haste  
enough.

DUVAL.—I say, Cousin Mary, tell me I may hope.

After you a sandwich, true, I cannot particularly re-  
commend them, they're very tough.

MAD. B.—Ah, my dear monsieur le Maire (*laughing*)  
where have you been hiding yourself? You never came  
to ask me for a dance.

MAIRE.—I'll give you a dance presently, madame, and  
on too monsieur. (*to Duval*)

DUVAL. Thanks, but I don't dance slow dances.

MAIRE. Never fear, the one I propose will be fast  
enough for your taste. (*unfolds proclamation*)

MAD. B.—(*Aside to Duval.*) He means mischief.

DUVAL.—(*Aside*) Old porcupine! let him!

MAIRE. (*Reads.*) "a most dangerous conspirator  
and pronounced Royalist is known to be now somewhere  
in disguise on the western coast. She is in communica-  
tion with the Comte de Provence, and probably carries  
valuable papers. See that all suspicious persons are  
immediately arrested and closely searched. She has a  
slight scar on her left arm, and her real name is the  
Comtesse de Beaudry." (*Made Barrie gives a slight start.*)

Ah, you turn pale, Madame Barrie! Widow Barrie! man-  
nufacturer, from Paris! Oblige me, Madame Barrie, man-  
ufacturer, from Paris, by uncovering that charming left  
arm of yours, (*he tries to take her hand. She hastily  
withdraws it.*) So! so!

MAD. B.—Sir, you are rude!

any notice, but you are watched. The Maire is going to have you and madame arrested and searched. You know your friend Marie?.....

MAD. B.—Searched! [*aside*] he's found me out!

DUVAL.—Arrested! This must be a joke.

MAD. B.—No it isn't. I know! It's all my fault. I have got you into trouble by talking with you so much.

DUVAL.—You! how?

MAD. B.—Well I may as well tell you everything. That letter was from the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—And you are?.....

MAD. B.—Precisely!...

DUVAL.—Have you got that letter with you!

MAD. B.—My own part I have; the enclosure I sent off to Paris long ago, that is safe!

DUVAL.—How?

MAD. B.—The Maire was so obliging as to send his own courier with it. (*laughing.*)

DUVAL.—(*laughing,*) I see! woman's wit against the world! but give me that letter.

MAD. B.—What will you do with it? They will search you.

DUVAL.—I'll eat it, [*takes a sandwich, putting the letter in it, which she gives him cautiously, inside. Leaning over to her.*] Cousin Mary, tell me I may hope!

MAD. B.  
DUVAL.—  
and long,  
ry thin  
MAD. B.  
one of  
DUVAL.—  
cern.  
ready.

Enter the  
ically, sti

DUVAL.—  
fer you  
commend  
MAD. B.  
here hav  
ask me  
MAIRE.—  
in too m  
DUVAL.  
MAIRE.  
tough for  
MAD. B.—  
DUVAL.—  
MAIRE.  
ad pronou  
disguise  
on with  
valuable p  
mediate  
ight sea  
omtesse  
h, you tu  
na-maker  
namaker,  
rm of yo  
ithdraws  
MAD B.

MAD. B.—Perhaps!

DUVAL.—I'd eat fifty letters, all stiff parchment, a yard long, with that for a relish! Fortunately this is very thin paper. Then the silk business?.....

MAD. B.—Is the restoration of the rightful heir to the throne of France, the Comte de Provence.

DUVAL.—By Jove, then I'm an active partner in the concern. (*Begins to eat.*) I'm swallowing the profits ready.

*Enter the Maire, Blacksmith and Pierre. L. Duval bows to the Maire ironically, still eating.]*

DUVAL.—My dear monsieur le Maire, allow me to offer you a sandwich, true, I cannot particularly recommend them, they're very tough.

MAD. B.—Ah, my dear monsieur le Maire (*laughing*) where have you been hiding yourself? You never came to ask me for a dance.

MAIRE.—I'll give you a dance presently, madame, and so too monsieur. (*to Duval*)

DUVAL. Thanks, but I don't dance slow dances.

MAIRE. Never fear, the one I propose will be fast enough for your taste. (*unfolds proclamation*)

MAD. B.—(*Aside to Duval.*) He means mischief.

DUVAL.—(*Aside*) Old porcupine! let him!

MAIRE. (*Reads.*) "a most dangerous conspirator and pronounced Royalist is known to be now somewhere in disguise on the western coast. She is in communication with the Comte de Provence, and probably carries valuable papers. See that all suspicious persons are immediately arrested and closely searched. She has a slight scar on her left arm, and her real name is the Comtesse de Beaudry." (*Made Barrie gives a slight start.*) Ah, you turn pale, Madame Barrie! Widow Barrie! manna-maker, from Paris! Oblige me, Madame Barrie, manna-maker, from Paris, by uncovering that charming left arm of yours, (*he tries to take her hand. She hastily withdraws it.*) So! so!

MAD. B.—Sir, you are rude!

MAIRE.—Charming widow! fascinating widow! you were not very civil to me just now. It's my turn (*hums*) "Say yes, yes, yes."

MAD. B. (*hums*) "Say no, no, no." I refuse, monsieur. Certainly not! How dare you! You insult me because I am only a mantua-maker, as you know very well. If I were this Countess of yours I warrant you would speak differently. What! do I look like a Countess? Indeed! (*walks across the stage ungracefully*) Do I speak like a Countess? (*speaking coarsely*.) Have I the airs of a Countess? No monsieur, I am one of the people. May all Countesses get their deserts, I say.

MAIRE.—(*slowly and sarcastically*.) Very well, wait, Madame, I'll call one of the *people* to examine you (*goes up back and beckons off. L.*)

MAD. B.—(*aside, to Duval*) Never fear, I can manage my mare..... Capital fun isn't it?

DUVAL.—(*aside*) Well I don't know, you've got a big jump to sit, take it steadily, give her her head.

MAD. B.—[*aside*] Not I! I always ride on the curb. You'll see what a splendid hand I have.

[*During the foregoing asides, the chorus has been filing in L. U. E.*]

MAD. B.—[*Turning to the chorus and interrupting the Maire who is going to speak*] Friends, our good Maire called you to hear a little song which he wants me to sing to you. [*aside to Maire*] You'd better listen.

### THE MAIRE OF ST. BRIEUX.

A Maire of St. Briens, so my story goes,  
Was but five foot four when he stood on his toes;  
He was sixty-nine, and he wore a wig,  
But though he was little, his wishes were big,  
He was tired, he said, of a bachelor life,  
He wanted a nurse, but he wished for a wife;  
How shall I marry? and what shall I do?  
What shall I do? said the Maire of St. Briens.

Gallant and gay out he wandered to court,  
Quite irresistible too, so he thought:

e was c  
nd his t  
is eyes  
hemat  
schma  
funny  
pretty  
nd the t  
e vowe  
charm  
ould'nt  
he'd hav  
nd a ga  
ould'nt

e fell on  
he wido  
Wooing  
Gruel a  
I thank  
Such a  
Thank y  
Althoug

[*During t  
e attention*]

MAIRE.  
at upon  
ost ridi  
MAD. I  
at any  
e the la  
ere wi  
dded tha  
yalists  
MAIRE.  
MAD. I  
MAIRE.

widow ! y  
s my tur  
refuse, mo  
ou insult  
a know ver  
warrant yo  
look like  
ingracefully  
ly.) Have  
n one of th  
ts, I say.  
well, wa  
xamine yo

He was old, he was ugly, and silly as well,  
and his name it was,—Ah, would you like me to tell ?  
his eyes they went in, but his teeth they were out ;  
hematias he'd had, and a touch of the gout,  
asthma besides, and the tic douloureux :

I can m  
ve got a b  
ead.  
on the em  
in L. U. E.]  
errupting th  
good Maire  
vants me  
listen.

A funny old man was the maire of St. Brieux.  
A pretty young widow came trav'ling that way,  
and the mayor fell in love, head and ears in a day ;  
he vowed that he never had seen such a one,  
so charming a widow, not under the sun :  
could'nt she, would'nt she marry a Maire ?  
he'd have silks, and brocades, and fine satins to wear,  
and a gallant gay husband, if not very new,  
could'nt she marry the maire of St. Brieux ?

He fell on his knees with a groan, then he sighed—  
the widow looked down with a laugh, then replied :  
Wooing and cooing are out of your line  
Gruel and physic are not, sir, in mine ;  
I thank you, kind sir, but I'd rather not wed  
Such a funny old man with no hair on his head ;  
Thank you, kind sir, but I can't marry you  
Although you're the gallant, gay Maire of St. Brieux.

*(During this song the Maire has been very uneasy, trying to attract  
her attention. At its close he brings her to the front.)*

MAIRE.—My dear Madame Barrie, a funny story  
that upon my word. If it were true now it would be  
most ridiculous.

MAD. B.—Such a silly old man was'nt he ? to think  
that any pretty woman would marry him. He would  
be the laughing stock of all Paris if the story got out  
there with his name to it, particularly when it was  
known that he has regularly been forwarding letters to  
Royalists in Paris from the Comte de Provence.

MAIRE.—What ! Those letters of yours were.....

MAD. B.—Precisely.

MAIRE.—And you are really this Comtesse !

MAD. B.—I really am. Come! Shall I tell these folks all about it?

MAIRE.—Why I shall be ruined!

MAD. B.—Most certainly.

MAIRE.—They would make nothing of. (*Makes sign of guillotine.*)

MAD. B.—Oh! nothing. I see we shall understand one another perfectly.

MAIRE.—Allow me to admire your cleverness. Madam the game is yours, but, (*appealingly.*) You won't stay here?

MAD. B.—(*Archly.*) What! tired of the charming widow Barrie already!

(*Crosses to Duval. Blacksmith comes forward*)

BLACKSMITH.—I say, what about this arrest?

MAIRE.—It won't come off. It's all a mistake.

BLACKSMITH.—But, Monsieur le Maire.....

MAIRE.—Can you keep a secret!

BLACKSMITH.—Like an anvil.

MAIRE.—(*Taking him by the arm.*) You're a fool (*Blacksmith starts.*) And I'm another. Shake hands

(*They shake hands, and Blacksmith goes back looking puzzled. Enter Marie, running, with letter.*)

MARIE.—Monsieur Duval! monsieur Duval! here's your letter.

DUVAL.—(*Takes it hastily and tears it open, reads*

"Honored Sir. All right! The Count won in a canter. I told you Bony couldn't stay. Come over as quick as possible. I'm on Tom Tiddlers' ground, here, picking up gold and silver as fast as I can.

Yours,

BENDIGO BROWN."

Hurrah  
foes rou  
ear! H  
MAIRE.—  
r?  
DUVAL.—  
MAIRE.—  
DUVAL.—  
MAIRE.—  
at not ve  
uring lon  
of course  
ways al  
av'n't cor  
to one k  
keep the s  
Two girls  
lace a wr

Mada  
Duval.

CHORUS.

Ha

Garl  
Hail  
The  
Hail

MAIRE.  
Tha  
Tak  
[aside.]  
The

Hurrah! Bravo! the Count has won the Derby!  
*(goes round shaking hands.)* Two thousand pounds  
 year! Hurrah!

MAIRE.—What's that? Then you're not a Conspirator?

DUVAL.—Conspirator! I! Why, of course not.

MAIRE.—And "Bony" and the "Count" are?.....

DUVAL.—Horses! What else should they be?

MAIRE.—*(Coming front, aside.)* It strikes me that I  
 am not very much unlike one myself. *(Makes signs of  
 waving long ears.)* What a mess I have made of it!  
 Of course he's a horse jockey. These Englishmen  
 always are, when they are not prize fighters. Well, I  
 haven't committed myself, fortunately. *[To audience.]*  
 No one knows what an ass I am, except you. You'll  
 keep the secret, wont you? *[hums.]* "Say Yes, yes, yes."  
*Two girls advance from chorus with wreaths of roses, they  
 place a wreath on his head.]*

#### FINAL CHORUS.

Madame B.

Maire.

Marie.

Duval.

Pierre.

Blacksmith.

CHORUS.

Hail! hail! hail! hail!

Hail to his honour the Maire of St Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew.

Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux,

The Maire of St. Brieux, the Maire of St. Brieux,

Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

MAIRE.

Thanks, my good friends, for the honour you do,

Take, pray, the thanks of the Maire of St. Brieux.

*[aside.]* If his proceedings these folks only knew,

They would'nt honour the Maire of St. Brieux.



DUVAL.

Dear Monsieur le Maire, though you pick out a spy  
And see through a plot with that wonderful eye,  
Come my dear sir, now, between me and you,  
Are you so clever, friend Maire of St. Brieux ?

BLACKSMITH.

What it all means is more than I know,  
Blacksmiths of course are thick headed and slow,  
All that I've learnt, why I long ago knew,  
I am the ass ; *you're* the Maire of St. Brieux.

PIERRE.

Please Monsieur le Maire I've a secret to tell

MARIE.—[*Pulling him back.*]

Will you be quiet ? I'm not very well !

PIERRE.

Say that you'll marry me, then, if I dont !

MARIE.

What sir ! you force me ! Ah, well then, I wont !

PIERRE.—[*goes towards Maire, she pulls him back.*]

Yes I will ! there's my hand. If I do marry you,  
Dont you tell tales to the Maire of St. Brieux.

WIDOW B.—[*Archly.*]

" Fair widow I "—you know the rest ;  
Pray never mind, you did your best ;  
Next time you ask say something new,  
Gallant gay bachelor Maire of St. Brieux.

MAIRE.—[*to audience*]

What an escape I have had to be sure !  
Once I get clear, I'll not try any more,

If I  
She  
Moi  
She  
So s  
Thi

CHORUS.

Ha

Garla  
Hail  
The M  
Hail

ENTERED  
the Depart

If I had married a woman like that,  
 She would have led me the life of a cat,  
 Moral :—a widow is best left alone,  
 She'll have her own way, and you will have none.  
 So should a widow seem charming to you.  
 Think of the fate of the Maire of St. Brieux.

CHORUS.

Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail !  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

Garlands we bring and roses we strew.  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux,  
 The Maire of St. Brieux, the Maire of St. Brieux.  
 Hail to his Honour the Maire of St. Brieux.

C U R T A I N .

---

ENTERED according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in  
 the Department of Agriculture, by Frederick W. Mills.

A

*Autho*

S

# A STORM IN A TEA CUP.

A COMEIDietta,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

BAYLE BERNARD,

*Author of "His Last Legs," "The Farmer's Story," "The  
Man about Town," "Lucille," "The Mummy,"  
&c., &c., &c.*

LONDON  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK ·  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

A STORM IN A TEA CUP.

*First Performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, on Monday,  
March 20, 1854.*

---

**CHARACTERS.**

MR. FELIX SUMMERLY..... Mr. W. LACY.  
MRS. FELIX SUMMERLY..... Mrs. W. LACY.  
"THEIR RESPECTED PARENT" ..... Mr. CHESTER.  
"THEIR JEWEL OF A SERVANT" .... Miss VIVASH.  
"THE HANSOM CABMAN" ..... Mr. BRUSH.

---

SCENE—A VILLA NEAR LONDON.

*Time—1854.*

---

**COSTUMES.**

MR. SUMMERLY.—Claret Newmarket coat, light waistcoat, sage-coloured trousers.

MRS. SUMMERLY.—Grey silk morning dress.

JANE.—Cotton gown, cap, &c.

CABMAN.—Usual dress.

PARENT.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, nankeen trousers, white neck-cloth broad brim hat.

---

*Time—30 minutes.*

SCEN  
ga  
an  
on  
bo  
L.  
Se  
SUN  
Su  
JA  
Su  
M  
Su  
to th  
He e  
Su  
JA  
Su  
JA  
Su  
JA  
Su  
Brea  
down  
—to

Monday,

## A STORM IN A TEA CUP

---

SCENE I.—*Parlour of a Villa near London opening on a garden at back. Chimney piece, R. H. A door leading to an inner room, R. H. A Table laid for breakfast, C.—R.H., on chairs, an open carpet bag, and round the room corded boxes, carpet bags, brown paper parcels, &c., in confusion. L. H., on chair, an open portmanteau. "Their jewel of a Servant" discovered laying breakfast.*

SUMMERLY and MRS. SUMMERLY are heard outside, R. H.

SUMMERLY. Jane, Jane, breakfast ready?

JANE. Directly, Sir!

SUM. Letitia, Letitia!

MRS. S. Yes, Felix.

SUM. Five minutes to ten! half an hour, remember, to get to the docks, and at eleven we start!

*He enters, R. D., loaded with cloaks, paletots, &c., umbrellas, fishing rod, hat case, which he puts on sofa.*

SUM. Jane, has the tailor sent?

JANE. No, Sir, not yet.

SUM. Man brought a telescope?

JANE. No, Sir, he hasn't.

SUM. (L.) Nor a box from the printsellers?

JANE. No, Sir, there's nothing.

SUM. Well, that will do. No time to be thunderstruck! Breakfast, breakfast! (*she goes off by R. H. door, he puts down things*) Confound those fellows! I said ten at latest—told 'em that the boat was off at the half hour—but they

ACY.  
ACY.  
FER.  
SH.  
H.

oat, sage-

hite neck-

leave everything to the last, out of spite, I really think, at seeing other folks happy. Precious sharp run though—not start for the Rhine at half a day's notice—hadn't a thought of it till three o'clock yesterday, when Woolet came up to me, and said, in that charming frank manner of his, "Summerly, what do you say to taking my leave?" "Your leave, Sir," said I—I always "Sir" a senior. "Yes," he replied, "I'm off, you know, to-morrow, and it's exquisite weather, just the thing for a trip." "You're joking, Sir," said I. "Not at all;" he replied, "I'm perfectly serious, and there's a reason I should be; I've got some law business to keep me in town which may cost me some hundreds if I'm out of the way; so what do you say, will you take my leave and let me have yours, and I don't mind allowing you my extra fortnight?" Now, there's a noble fellow! I said done, of course—was off at once—ran over to my banker's for a letter of credit—then home to Letitia, and told her to pack; and packing we were till nearly daylight this morning. But what a capital fellow to throw in his fortnight. I'm off for two months. Well may London boast of the Adamant Fire and Life Assurance Company, when that company is ennobled by such a chief clerk. Far removed be the day when we shall have to pay his insurance. Sad, sad, will be the hour when his amiable widow claims her 5,000 pounds!

MRS. SUMMERLY. (*comes from door, R. H., loaded with a dress, boots, and dressing case*) Why, Felix, have you finished?

SUM. Yes, except breakfast; packed all but myself.

MRS. S. Well, it's quite useless; I shall never be ready. I've a load of things yet, and not a cranny to put them in. (*crosses behind to portmanteau L. H.*)

SUM. Oh, nonsense, love, nonsense! all you want is a little extra decision.

MRS. S. Not at all: what I want is a little extra portmanteau.

SUM. Well, (*sits at R. of table*) you work away and I'll pour out the tea. Jane, Jane, are you coming?

MRS. SUMMERLY (*busying herself, L. H., at her open trunk.*)

JANE runs in with tray, containing teapot, eggs, &c.

SUM. 'Pon my soul, you're a quick one! talk of the telegraph when you're to be had—post come in yet?

JANE. No, Sir, it isn't. (*back of table*)

SUM. Well, where's the ham? That's not come in either! You don't call this your general delivery. (*holding up plate.*)

JANE runs off by R. II. door. *He cracks egg, pours out tea*

MRS. S. (*aside*) No, no, it's no use, it's no use; I shall ruin that dress—eh? There's his bag, not a quarter full yet, with its mouth gaping open as if it asked to be fed. (*goes to R. II.*) His handkerchief at top—the very thing for my boots—now they're sure not to be crushed; and here's room for my desk between his trousers and waistcoat!

SUM. Letty, are you ready?

MRS. S. Yes, in a moment.

SUM. Ah, I knew all you wanted was a little decision!

MRS. S. (*giving desk a push*) Very true, a little decision.

SUM. Everything gives way when it comes to a push.

MRS. S. (*aside*) I hope not in this case!

JANE enters with telescope and box of cigars.

SERVANT. Telescope, Sir, and a box of cigars.

SUM. Cigars! bless my soul, quite forgot them, and what should I have done without them! (*takes knife and opens box*)

*Exit JANE R. door.*

MRS. S. And now for my breakfast. (*sits L. of table*)

SUM. (*jumps up*) Yes, the old sort, and what an odour they've got! a positive bouquet—no cabbage leaf here—no tincture of logwood. All honor to Raleigh, benefactor of man, who puts so much good into every one's mouth; but where are they to go? carpet bag's full: there's her portmanteau open, just room I see for these and the telescope. (*crosses, to it puts them in*) Yes and my railway library, my shilling's worth of history, horror and fun, Eugene Sue and the Wandering Jew—who knows, perhaps I may meet him?

MRS. S. (*turning*) Why, Felix, what are you doing?

SUM. Packing away my cigars.

MRS. S. On the top of my dresses? (*jumping up*)

SUM. Why, my love, they won't hurt.

MRS. S. That box will destroy them.

SUM. Then we'll dispense with the box—there fragrant shower. (*empties box into trunk then throws it away*)

MRS. S. Well, but cigars are not eau de Cologne, and they may make people think that I smoke them myself; they're a horrible habit, your only bad taste; your cigars, as you know, are always provoking me.



SUM. And yet the poor things are the mildest Havannah's. But I say, see my telescope—bought it last night, and got the maker to oil it that it might come out at a sling. (*throws it open*, MRS. S. *slightly starts*) There's a fine fellow, carries as far as an 84 pounder.

MRS. S. And looks something like one.

SUM. No matter the distance, makes everything plain.

MRS. S. Then I beg that you'll use it when you look at the women.

JANE *returns from R. with parcels*

JANE. From the tailor, if you please, Sir, and a shop in Cheapside. (*goes off again*)

MRS. S. More parcels, Felix, why where are they to go?

SUM. To Germany, I hope. (MRS. S. *goes up to table and gets a cup of coffee, then comes forward again*)

These are our best treasures, I didn't forget them though my time was so short; look here, Letty, here—here's a handbook, my darling. (*opens parcel*)

MRS. S. (L.) A handbook!

SUM. A handbook to tell us all we're to see—roads, cities, and pictures; inform us of everything from the price of a cutlet to the style of a Raphael. (*putting it on table*)

MRS. S. Well, that is a treasure!

SUM. And a pocket vocabulary in German and English, with questions on every conceivable subject. I've learnt already how to say "How d'ye do," and bring us some dinner, "bringen dass mittags mahl," bring in the beef.

MRS. S. I see.

SUM. Not at all hard, it's so very like English, (*reads*) "wie befinden sie sich," that's how dy'e do, or how do we find you? we befinding, quite English—don't know what sich is, suppose it means such.

MRS. S. Well, Felix, well.

SUM. Then here's an auxiliary—a map of the Rhine that would make a stair carpet! There's a spread of knowledge, (*throws it out*) with the river winding down it like a worm in a bottle. (*gives map to her*)

MRS. S. Why, with all these companions, we might as well stay at home. (*folding map*)

SUM. And here's something more.

MRS. S. Good gracious me!

SUM. My coat for the steamer; it may come on to blow hard,

you know—you go below, I stop on deck, to have a chat with the Captain and a friendly cigar—we pace the plank together puffing away like a couple of funnels. (*puts on hat and coat, &c., crosses L. and R.*) There's a suit of armour to make a man weather proof!—Who's to be frightened in such rigging as this?

Mrs. S. Why whoever looks at you—but now let's finish breakfast!

SUM. Yes! Yes! to breakfast. (*throws off coat, sits at table*) The fly'll be here at the half hour?

Mrs. S. Yes, to a minute.

SUM. And your father's going with us?

Mrs. S. He is, to the Docks.

SUM. And some friends are coming in.

Mrs. S. The Browns and the Simpsons, just to shake hands.

SUM. Kind of 'em really—excellent people. They seem to be as pleased as if they were going themselves; and if they are delighted, what should I be? Oh, Letty! Letty—I don't think I could be happier if Woolet had popp'd off and I was at the head of the office.

Mrs. S. And would that event please you?

SUM. Officially, of course, love! (*half turns chair*) One's income and spirits are like gas and a balloon—as one enlarges t'other rises (*turns wholly to front—spreads himself out, &c.*) But a trip up the Rhine, the enjoyment of all others I've panted so long for—have talked and have dreamt of—with its fine German wines and its old German songs. learnt one last year (*roars out*)

“Be blessings on the Rhine,

The Rhine, whereon the grapes are growing!”

Mrs. S. Oh, Felix!

SUM. The Rhine! What's the matter—have I got a bad ear?

Mrs. S. No; but you'll give me one.

SUM. And then to go with you, love—every year we've been somewhere during the two we've been married—first into Wales then to Boulogne; but this was a treat above all to partake with you—to share the inspiration of its scenery, its climate; to drink in by your side, love!—(I'll take some more tea!)—to drink in by your side its poetical

beauty. (*she puts a roll into his hand*) You, whose affection has made my life such an Eden; whose sweetness, whose kindness—(sugar, my darling!)—have turned a wild scape-grace into a being all quietude, mildness, and—

MRS. S. Milk?

SUM. Thank you, love—thank you! Yes, Letty, yes, it's a proud recollection that our happiness has been a stream that has flowed on unruffled; all the world to each other, we'd nothing to wish for, confiding as we have done with the most perfect reliance.

*Enter JANE, D. R. with a letter.*

JANE. A letter, if you please, Sir; but I've had such an accident (*behind table*)

SUM. An accident! (*turning to her*)

JANE. Yes, Sir, in my hurry just now, I upset the ink, and running to the ham, Sir, the letter fell into it!

SUM. What, into the frying pan?

JANE. No, Sir, the ink. (*holding it by corner*)

SUM. And now is served up with appropriate gravy—a nice affair, certainly—international postage, an epistle from France, with our own kitchen stamp. *Exit JANE, R. D.*

MRS. S. From France, Felix!

SUM. Yes, but plague take the girl, the ink has run over both the post mark and name—left nothing but “—um-merly, sincerely.”

MRS. S. And don't you know the hand?

SUM. Can't say I do.

MRS. S. And you're expecting no letter?

SUM. None from abroad—your father expects one—he wrote to my friend Hooker, who lives at Bourdeaux, to send him some claret, and has had no reply.

MRS. R. Well, then, let me look. (*takes it*) This writing's a female's.

SUM. Certainly like it. (*turns, helps himself to ham, eats*)

MRS. S. But the post mark indeed is—(*blotting it on table L. H.*) and yet, that's a B and an O and a U—Boulogne. Why, Felix, this letter's for me!

SUM. For you, love!

MRS. C. For me, it comes from Jane Morrison!—she's at Boulogne, we met her last year there!

SUM. Jane Morrison!

MRS. S. Yes, my old friend and schoolfellow, who's there with her brother.

SUM. Oh! ah! With her brother! (*stops eating*)

MRS. S. (*going to open it*) No, I'll read it after breakfast, or when I've done packing, for I've a world still to do, and— (*puts it in her pocket*)

SUM. You won't read it now, then?

MRS. S. Why, I can guess what it's about; she has all sorts of nonsense to tell me of new comers, perhaps of our acquaintance—there now. (*clearing corner of table for contents of pocket*) I've finished breakfast, and, as time is on the wing, let me finish the portmanteau. (*she leaves table for her trunk L.—he remains at table with his knife*)

SUM. (*aside*) There—with her brother!

MRS. S. Why, Felix, you monster, you've not only put in your horrid cigars, but see the gloves you have put in too, and this lot of books, when I wasn't looking. Oh, I'm a luck of a wife to indulge you this way.

SUM. There—with her brother!

MRS. S. (*turning*) Why, are you going to sit there all day?

SUM. Why, I haven't done breakfast, I'm so hungry this morning—seem to smell the sea air, and this ham is so good that—(*eating quickly and looking down*) I say, my love, you haven't put by that letter because I'm in the way?

MRS. S. (*turning*) What, Felix!

SUM. I say—because I'm here.

MRS. S. Because you are here?

SUM. Yes!

MRS. S. And do you think I have any secrets?

SUM. Why I can't say you have had.

MRS. S. And am I going to commence now?

SUM. Well, I really don't know, but—(*he eats and drinks, making a great clatter*)

MRS. S. Why, Felix, what's entered your head? (*advancing to table*)

SUM. Some ham, but this moment, and famous it is.

MRS. S. Well, this is really too good.

SUM. (*clattering*) What, the meat or the question?

MRS. S. Well, I've no time to laugh, but what can make you so stupid? (*she returns to trunk*)

SUM. (*aside*) Time enough to compliment.

JANE *appears at door.*

JANE. (R. H.) Mrs. Andrews, if you please, Ma'am, has brought you what she promised.

MRS. S. (L. H.) What, the mantle?

JANE. Yes, Ma'am, and hopes she is in time.

MRS. S. Why the excellent creature made it up for herself to go abroad in this summer, but illness preventing, she brings it to me. Now, Felix, you shall see it, and say if it's not a most charming invention.

SUM. (*aside*) I hope it's the only one.

SERV. And she says, if you please, Ma'am, that you promised her the key of the enclosure whilst you were away?

MRS. S. Oh, certainly, certainly—I've got it in my pocket, but it's so frightfully crammed, what with letters and packets and all sorts of things—no—I must turn them all out. (*empties her pocket on the table*) Yes, there it is, I'll take it myself—but you needn't stop, Felix, you can pack away and I'll be back in an instant. (*she goes off behind the table with*

JANE)

SUM. (*turns letter over with his fork*) Comes from Jane Morrison. Well, I suppose that's the fact; and yet it's very odd that that brother of hers writes just such a scrawl—that Captain, confound him, who's also Letty's old friend, and used to call every morning, and give her his arm, whilst I was compelled to pair off with his sister; they must have walked ten miles a day up and down that long pier. Now I fancy I can see his very face in this letter, (*spikes it with his fork, and holds it up*) his wretched white look (*turns white side to the audience*) and his black, dirty moustachios. (*turns inked side*) It can't be from him, of course not; that's nonsense—and yet really his impudence was a something so great,—that I should just like to,—open it—yes, open it—if my honour's concerned; but then it's concerned two ways. Not exactly the thing to break open a letter—What, not a wife's? Isn't all that's hers mine? haven't I law on my side? Yes, but not honour. Honour would say it's a dirty, contemptible, pitiful thing to break open a letter—an act that no gentleman could ever commit. True, replies Prudence; but ends you know sometimes justify means, and if peace is at stake— Pooh, pooh, exclaims Honour, no ends whatever can justify wrong. Come

come, rejoins Prudence, there's self-preservation; if a pistol were aimed at you, you'd knock it aside. This letter's a pistol and aimed at the heart, and do you mean to say we've no right to discharge its contents? Prudence has it all hollow (*rises*), hasn't left Honour a spindle to stand on, and so having conclusively settled the matter, I—(*he is about to break the seal when Mrs. SUMMERLY returns in the jacket; he puts the letter behind him*)

MRS. S. Well, Felix, it's on, and how does it look? (*turns round*)

SUM. (L.) Look—why—why—

MRS. S. Why what's the matter—anything awkward?

SUM. (*aside*) About one of us, certainly.

MRS. S. I see you're not pleased, though you don't like to say so.

SUM. Pleased! I'm delighted—think it's highly be coming.

MRS. S. Well, it's wonderfully comfortable; and now to lock up—you've finished what you were about?

SUM. Why, no, not entirely.

MRS. S. What wasting your time still? now everything's packed, I see—you've been wanting to open something.

SUM. Letty!

MRS. S. Ah, you have now—you have—it's always in this way that work gets behind. (*his back is turned to audience; he shakes the letter*)

SUM. Behind!

MRS. S. But there's no standing still. (*goes up to c. table*) These matters of mine must go back to my pocket—letters, keys, scissors—

SUM. (*aside*) I must get rid of this somewhere; pitch it into her trunk. (*getting up to it, L.*)

MRS. S. Eh! why, where's Jane's letter? Felix, have you seen it?

SUM. (*making a pitch at her trunk, turns*) Seen what?

MRS. S. Jane Morrison's letter—do you know where I put it?

SUM. Why, how very absurd to ask that question of me.

MRS. S. Why, I must have laid it somewhere; I thought on the table.

SUM. Then, on the table you'll find it—on the table, of course—

MRS. S. But, you see, it's not on the table, though I'm sure it's in the room; perhaps it's under the table—help me to move it—now, do help me to move it, Felix. (*he crosses in front to L. of table*) Why don't you take both hands?

SUM. (*R. of table*) Where's the need if one's enough—if one hand will do? (*keeping letter behind him with one hand, JANE enters with paper parcel and sees it*)

MRS. S. No, not a sign of it. Oh, Jane, have you found it—that letter that came this morning, that you dropped in the ink?

SUM. Yes, Jane, have you found it?

JANE. Why, isn't that it in your hand, Sir? (*down, R.*)

SUM. My hand!

JANE. Yes, Sir, which you're holding behind you.

MRS. S. Behind you!

SUM. Bless my soul, so it is!

*Exit JANE*

MRS. S. And so, Mr. Felix, you were hiding it, were you?

SUM. Why, certainly, Letty; I—(*gives letter*)

MRS. S. And merely to tease me, when our time is so short; you're a nice person, really, but I shall be even with you! (*advances L., puts letter in her pocket*)

SUM. Then you're not going to read it! (*advances, R.*)

MRS. S. To read it! why, Felix, you're wonderfully anxious—I begin to think you're in love with Jane Morrison.

SUM. In love with her?

MRS. S. Yes, for you were very attentive, you know, at Boulogne—you were her constant companion.

SUM. Because you were every day snapped up by the Captain.

MRS. S. The Captain!

SUM. Who had also the honour to be your early acquaintance.

MRS. S. Certainly.

SUM. And who now, perhaps, writes about old recollections.

MRS. S. And do you think this letter's from him?

SUM. Well, if I must be explicit—

MRS. S. Then—now all's explained—you're again so absurd as to be jealous of that person.

SUM. Jealous!—I deny it. I despise a jealous man; and should doubly despise myself to be jealous of him, an effemi-

nate puppy, who was my utter contempt—a disgrace to the army, where, at least, we want men.

MRS. S. And which, Sir, in his case, possesses a gentleman.

SUM. A gentleman, indeed, who puts scent in his handkerchief!

MRS. S. Who is my old acquaintance.

SUM. And was to have married you. I can't say it's a compliment that I was preferred to him.

MRS. S. And you're making me doubt whether it's proved an advantage.

SUM. Oh, I dare say!—pity you lost him—but whatever your feelings, I hope you'll respect mine. Jealous of him, indeed!

MRS. S. And yet if I retract, I don't see that you gain by it; for that takes away the sole excuse for your rudeness, your conduct to the Captain, which everyone wondered at. Oh, if I had so acted towards one of your friends, what a storm would have followed!

SUM. Well, and so you did act. Only a twelvemonth ago, your conduct was infinitely worse to Miss Hooker.

MRS. S. Miss Hooker!

SUM. Miss Hooker—and merely because, as her father's old friend, I went down to Streatham to dine there on Sunday.

MRS. S. (*energetically*) Miss Hooker is a vulgar, illiterate being, who hasn't one claim to the name of a lady.

SUM. She's a generous, excellent, well-disposed girl, who has it in her power to make any man happy.

MRS. S. Then I regret very much she didn't try to make you.

SUM. And perhaps so do I, Madam—perhaps so do I.

MRS. S. And, if she had, I would have given full praise to her talents.

SUM. Which you praise enough now, for you're dying of jealousy.

MRS. S. I jealous of her!

SUM. Yes, of her, Madam, of her.

MRS. S. Defence, in such case, I should think degradation; and now, Mr. Summerly, you believe that this letter has been sent by a person in whom I encourage a secret attachment?

SUM. I regret to confess it. (*with a long sigh*)



MRS. S. Which letter, in consequence, you expect me to open?

SUM. I expect you to open.

MRS. S. Then, Mr. Summerly, you had better be seated, Sir, for I must tell you you're very likely—to wait!

SUM. You will not?

MRS. S. I will not. If you can insult me so much as to indulge this suspicion, on you shall devolve the further shame of disproving it.

SUM. Oh, very good!—just as you please, Madam—grand manner certainly of hiding your fears—of saying, in fact, you're afraid to convince me; but I'm happy to tell you there's not the least need, for I can guess its contents; and, if you like, you shall hear them.

MRS. S. (*goes up L., brings down chair, and throws herself in it*) Oh, with all my heart!

SUM. He begins, then, in this way—"My adored Letitia!"

MRS. S. (*turning to him*) Mr. Summerly!

SUM. Shall I go on?

MRS. S. Oh, if you like! (*turning away again*)

SUM. "My angel of angels—I learn that your husband has obtained his yearly leave, and proposes a tour."

MRS. S. Now, how should he learn that? (*turning round to him*)

SUM. Well, he imagines it—just the same thing. (*she turns away again*) "Where is your destination?—let me know by return of post, that I may instantly follow you; or is it not possible to persuade the good creature to come to *Boulogne*,—as you did come last year—where my sister, of course, would engage his attention, whilst—

MRS. S. (*turning round to him again*) And you've the audacity to say he could write such a letter?

SUM. I strongly suspect it.

MRS. S. And that I could receive it?

SUM. I regret to say ditto.

MRS. S. (*rises*) Then, Mr. Summerly, you must feel that I no longer deserve the name of your wife, and that our duty is to part, Sir.

SUM. Well, Madam, to part.

MRS. S. And that, on the instant, without a moment's delay!

SUM. Without a moments delay

MRS. S. So, it's fortunate this discussion has taken place now, since it will save you the intended expense of my journey!

SUM. Fortunate, indeed—it saves money and character!

JANE *looks in from door*

JANE. The cab's come, Sir.

MRS. S. Then send it away again! (JANE *looks surprised without moving*) I am not going.

SUM. You are not, but I am; tell it to stop. (JANE *disappears*) Do you think I mean to lose a long-treasured enjoyment because you are not with me? No, Madam, no, I shall go to the Rhine, if I go there alone—you can stay here! The tradespeople, of course, will supply all you want, and—

MRS. S. And so you think I will stay here—moping all by myself, whilst you're flying about as gay as you please! No, Mr. Summerly, if you go to the Rhine, Sir, I shall go to Paris! (*goes to L.*)

SUM. To Paris!

MRS. S. To Paris! Aunt Martha offered to take me not ten days ago, (*returns to c.*) and I shall send her a note instantly to say I consent.

SUM. (*pausing with vexation*) And would you, Madam, with no better guardian than an invalid old aunt, expose yourself to all the temptations of Paris?

MRS. S. Temptations, Mr. Summerly, are in the heart not the eyes!

SUM. Would you hazard your reputation, your priceless repute, by conduct that the kindest could not fail to condemn? If you have no respect for yourself, have you none for my feelings—for the name of my wife, Madam?

MRS. S. And so I am to value what you throw away. However, don't fear, Sir—however provoked, don't fear I shall be wanting in respect to myself, and now, as time flies, we'll separate our luggage, and then you can take your course—I can take mine. You start to-day, I start to-morrow. (*she goes to her trunk L.H.*)

SUM. Of course, Madam, of course; and the result, as you say, will indeed be a saving. All I shall want now is my bag and a hat box—just lock 'em up and call in the man—and (*he goes to his bag R.H.*) a few things of yours, Madam

—your boots, and your hair-brushes, and your trumpery parcels (*he throws them out on the floor*)

MRS. S. And a few things of yours, Sir, your books and your gloves, and your horrid cigars (*throws them out, then loose cigars, then grasps a bundle*), or rather dead cabbage leaves steeped in a tanpit (*throws the bundle, which he catches*)

SUM. Havannahs! Havannahs, Madam! Two guineas a pound! That's the last blow; after that, would a worm even want spirit to wriggle? No, that has nerved me, and now, Madam, we separate (*grasping his bag and hat-box, she clasps a band-box and parasol*)

MRS. S. Yes, Sir, we separate.

SUM. Wide as two continents.

MRS. S. Wide as two continents.

SUM. As Asia and Africa.

MRS. S. With a desert between us (*JANE looks in again*)

JANE. Mr. and Miss Johnson and all the Simpsons, if you please, Sir.

SUM. Our neighbours—very well, you'll see them, of course, as you're going to stay, and you can explain to them, say what you like as to *why* you're deserted, but as my time's limited, I shall be off.

MRS. S. Indeed you shall not, Sir—Jane, leave the room—(*JANE exits*) leave me to explain, why should I have to endure that disgrace more than you, or indeed half so much? As this step is your seeking, I desire, Mr. Summerly, that you explain all yourself, and if you won't go to them, you must at least see my father.

SUM. Your father?

MRS. C. Of course, he will be here in a minute, and he, I presume, will require an explanation.

SUM. (*aside*) Well, that's true enough.

MRS. S. And one, let me add, that will prove satisfactory.

SUM. (*aside*) But that gains my point, that must make her reveal. Well, Madam, well, if I must tell our friends, if you force me to acquaint them with this shameful necessity, I must have my credentials, I must furnish both to them and your father the proof.

MRS. S. The proof!

SUM. That letter you've got, Madam, that letter, if you please.

Mrs. S. Oh, very well!

SUM. Which, awkward as it is, you see—must be surrendered.

Mrs. S. Indeed, Mr. Summerly, that letter is yours. *(draws it forth and extends it)*

SUM. That's not the right one.

Mrs. S. My aunt's, I beg pardon! *(returning it, disengages another)*

SUM. Be certain this time—just be sure it's the one *(she draws it out, looks at it)* Well, Madam, well! *(extends his hand for it without looking)*

Mrs. S. *(aside)* Why, now I look again I've a very great doubt, that I'm almost convinced this is not her handwriting.

SUM. *(aside)* I knew I had fixed her—I was sure she wouldn't give it.

Mrs. S. And yet there's a B, and an O R D—why, this is not from Boulogne, this comes from Bourdeaux.

SUM. Bourdeaux?

Mrs. S. Yes; where I don't know a soul; it's not for me, after all!

SUM. Not for you!

Mrs. S. No, Sir, so take it, and welcome! *(she flings it on the stage and goes, L., he takes it up)*

SUM. Well, really, how very odd!

Mrs. S. *(with bitterness)* And now, Sir—*(returning to c.)* I wish you joy of your valuable proof, with which you can enlighten your friends as soon as you like.

SUM. How exceedingly awkward!

Mrs. S. This grand demonstration of your generous charges—this ample excuse for its manly results!

SUM. What a plaguy position! *(aside)*

Mrs. S. And as your time's so very precious, so exceedingly brief, perhaps you'll adjourn to our good friend's at once, though without your credentials—with only a letter from a girl at Bourdeaux. At Bourdeaux! why, isn't it there where the Hookers live?

SUM. The Hookers!

Mrs. S. And their excellent, well-disposed daughter, Miss Betsy?

SUM. *(aside, gravely)* She does.

Mrs. S. Who offers such a proof of her taste and pro-

priety as to address an old lover who's been married these two years.

SUM. (*aside*) Confound it! I hope not.

MRS. S. This model of a woman—this modern *Prize Maiden!*

SUM. (*aside*) She's deuced romantic! what if it should be so?

MRS. S. And now, Mr. Summerly, perhaps *you'll* read the letter?

SUM. (*aside, gravely*) Not for a hundred pounds!

MRS. S. Perhaps you'll be so good as to show the beauty of confidence—confidence, the source of domestic felicity!

SUM. (*he picks up her boots from floor and begins brushing them*) Well, of all the fairy coverings that ever graced woman's foot—

MRS. S. Never mind my foot, Sir! (*pulling him up and round to her*) Look in my face!

SUM. And such bijou as these to be covered with dust!

MRS. S. Which you hope, on the contrary, to throw in my eyes! Do you mean, Sir, to read it?

SUM. (*polishing boots with coat sleeve*) Now really, my darling, this affair's so absurd!

MRS. S. Absurd, Sir! A letter that's sent by Miss Hooker!

SUM. Who's a positive ninny—the greatest fool in the world!

MRS. S. Then the greater brute you to encourage her feelings.

SUM. (*getting angry*) Encourage—I deny it! I don't care a pin for her.

MRS. S. Say rather for *truth*, Sir! When you talk in this manner, you know you'd have *married* her—were stopped by a quarrel, and were so base to me as to keep it all secret.

SUM. (*loudly*) Silence, Madam, silence!

MRS. S. And now it's quite clear you're as loving as ever—

SUM. As loving!

MRS. S. And this tour up the Rhine was, after all, a mere scheme to get over to France and drop down to Bourdeaux.

SUM. Well, there's no standing this! rather than this I'd break open a mail bag! *he throws down the boots, seizes the letter and is about to break it open, when her*

RESPECTED PARENT *enters at back.*

PARENT. Well, Letty! well, Felix!

MRS. S. Oh, here's my father!

SUM. In time, then—good time?

MRS. S. To hear its contents.

SUM. To hear it—to read it! My dear Sir, here's a letter.

MRS. S. Yes, here's a letter!

SUM. Which I wish you to read, Sir.

MRS. S. Which I wish you to read, Sir!

SUM. Which your daughter insists is intended for me.

MRS. S. And my husband has said is intended for me.

SUM. So do you be the judge, Sir.

MRS. S. Ay, do you be the judge.

SUM. I demand the ordeal.

MRS. S. And I abide the result.

PARENT. (*opens letter, an enclosure falls out*) Why, it isn't for either of you!

BOTH. For neither!

PARENT. For neither; this letter's for me!

BOTH. For you, Sir?

PARENT. For me; it's about the claret I ordered.

SUM. The claret!

PARENT. From Hooker's, who's ill—lost my address—so his wife has enclosed his reply to yourself. (*he turns away to read the letter; they pause in confusion, then look at each other*)

MRS. S. Why, Felix!

SUM. Letitia!

MRS. S. And—and—is it then possible—

SUM. That all this tornado—

MRS. S. Has actually arisen—

SUM. From nothing at all!

MRS. S. From nothing at all!

PARENT. (*advancing*) And so you've been quarrelling—actually quarrelling at a moment like this, when you've most cause to be happy! when the boat starts at 11, and—(*he looks at his watch*) it's past the half hour.

SUM. It is, Sir.

PARENT. It is; so throw on your things—we'll put in the luggage. Here, Jane! Cabman! Jane! (*he seizes bags, parcels, &c., and the JANE and CABMAN entering do the same, and go out with them to the back and return till the room is cleared*)

SUM. Then, Letty, my beauty, here's your mantle and  
*ugly. (tying shade on bonnet)*

MRS. S. And, Felix, my darling, here's your hat and your  
wrapper.

SUM. But these dear little boots—I must find room for  
them!

MRS. S. And these darling cigars—they'll go in my  
reticule!

PARENT. *(returns from outside at back)* Now, are you  
ready? for we are—come along. *Exit.*

SUM. Very good, quite ready, come along, Letty. Stop—  
just a moment—only to say a word—a word to some friends we  
leave here. *(they return to the audience)* We've scarcely a  
moment, as of our course you perceive, but before our de-  
parture, we just wish to say—

MRS. S. Yes, we just wish to say—

SUM. That as people often quarrel about nothing at all—

MRS. S. About nothing at all—

SUM. At the time of all others, when they ought to be  
happy—

MRS. S. When they ought to be happy—

SUM. If they'd just take the trouble to begin by enquiry—

MRS. S. And add to enquiry a little belief—

SUM. They'd not only save themselves needless vexation—

*Enter* RESPECTED PARENT *at back.*

MRS. S. But what is as valuable, public respect.

PARENT. *(at back)* Are you coming?

SUM. Come along, Letty. *(they run off)*

CURTAIN

# SCHOOL.

A Comedy,

IN FOUR ACTS.

By T. W. ROBERTSON,

Author of "Society," "Play," "Home," "Caste," "David Garrick," "For Love,"  
"Ours," etc, etc.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE,  
LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MISS  
MARIE WILTON, JANUARY 16, 1869.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-  
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-  
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS

---

NEW YORK:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,  
NO. 33 ROSE STREET.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Prince of Wales' Theatre,  
London, Jan. 16, 1869.*

*Wallack's Theatre,  
York, March 15, 1869.*

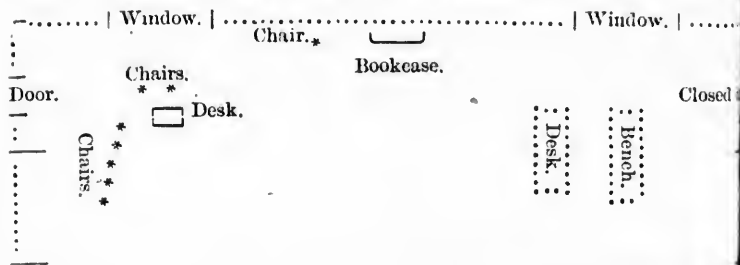
Jack Poyntz (Comedy Lead).....	Mr. BANCROFT.	Mr. LESTER WALLACE
Beau Farintosh (Character Comedy)..	Mr. HAKE.	Mr. CHARLES FISHER
Mr. Krux (Comedy*).....	Mr. F. GLOVER.	Mr. J. H. STODDARD
Dr. Sutcliffe (Old Man).....	Mr. ADDISON.	Mr. JOHN GILBERT
Lord Beaufoy (Walking Gentleman)..	Mr. MONTAGUE.	Mr. OWEN MARLOWE
Vaughan (Utility).....	Mr. E. HILL.	
Bella (Juvenile Comedy Lead).....	Miss C. ADDISON.	Mrs. CLARA JENNINGS
Naomi Tighe (Juvenile Comedy Lead)..	Miss M. WILTON.	Miss EFFIE GERMOND
Mrs. Sutcliffe (Old Woman).....	Mrs. B. WHITE.	Mrs. VERNON.
Laura (Utility).....	Miss PHILIPS.	
Tilly, Milly, Clara, Kitty.....	} Misses GEORGE, WILTON, HATTON, etc.	
Hettie (a Child).....		Miss ATKINS.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS AND FORTY MINUTES.

SCENERY (*English*).

ACT I. (no change).—A glade in a Forest, in 4th grooves, by sunlight, middle of the afternoon. Sky and tree sinks, and tree borders. View on flat or moss-green fish pond, and church in distance. 2d E, raised bank, covered with earth-cloth, strewn with moss and flowers, reached from 1 E level, by sloping bank. Set to be used as seats, L. and R. A rude rocky seat at foot of set tree, L. C., 2d groove.

ACT II.—Interior in 3d grooves, with view of garden in 4th grooves. School-



Bookcase, not practicable, C., on F., flanked by windows; R. window to be half from below, shades to them. Two globes at L. window. Maps on L. wall. Bench ancient Greek, or of Minerva, over bookcase. Two long desks and seats. L. side of desks to open. Arm-chair to small desk, up R., and five handsome chairs on side. Dark, plain patterned carpet down.

\* Can be played by the Low Comedian, but requires serious handling through-

ACTS III. and IV.—The same, only the effect in *Act III.*, is moonlight (limelight, 3 E.), and in *Act IV.*, bright sun-light. School-yard in 5th grooves.

Wallack's Theatre,  
York, March 15, 18

Mr. LESTER WALLACE  
Mr. CHARLES FISHER  
Mr. J. H. STODDARD  
Mr. JOHN GILBERT  
Mr. OWEN MARLBOROUGH

\*Tree.

| Gate. |

Lime-light for Moon.

Mrs. CLARA JENNINGS  
Miss EFFIE GERMOND  
Mrs. VERNON.

Arch.

Swing

Open

.....A.

B.

NY MINUTES.

by sunlight, middle  
on flat of moss-gr  
ed with earth-cloth.  
opping bank. Set ro  
et tree, L. c., 2d gro  
h grooves. School-r  
Window. | .....

Closed

.....  
Bench  
.....

in flat, forest landscape, with village church (same as in *Act I.*), L. 4th grooves, all set, ten feet high, with a gate in it at c., having the old-fashioned large balls on the cap of the gate-posts. Bolt on the gate front, to move. 3d grooves, trellis-work, very open, with a vine growing scantily over it, and up trellis frame-work, connecting it with the set wall. L. side open. A bower in 4th and 5th grooves. A swing, to work with a man's weight, L. c., line of 2d E. R. 1 and 2 set house front with practicable steps (B.), leading down from door in 2 E. Behind the stairs, a little garden-bed (A.), covered with vine leaves and stalks, and having a couple of pumpkins on it. The sinks are tree boughs. Set tree, r. 4 E., has a trunk strong enough to enable BEAUFAY to lift himself up and support himself by leaning over wall. R. proscenium E., is open. Three stools and a chair on stage,

COSTUMES (*English present day*).

POYNTZ.—(A young gentleman of the day, languid in movement, unemphatic in his accents, lounging in his walk). Long moustache. *Act I.* : Shooting suit of velvetene, cutaway coat, dark vest, breeches, leather leggins, eye-glass. Enters with a gun and usual appendages. Low-crowned hat. Watch, chain and charms. Cigar-case with cigars, and matches to light. Silk handkerchief, one color, fancy. *Act II.* : Black pants, with iron-gray stripe, black coat : hair carefully dressed, moustache not so rough as in *Act I.*, eye-glass. *Act III.* : Same, with long English cavalry officer's over-coat, reaching to mid-leg, and fatigue cap of same. Cigar-case. *Act IV.* : Walking dress in gray tweed, low-crowned felt hat, cane ; enters with his pants rolled up at the bottom.

window to be half  
aps on L. wall. Be  
s and seats. L. side  
handsome chairs

s handling through

**BEAU FARINTOSH.**—(A man of about sixty, aged more than his years by fast all the *Acts* but the last). Dark hair, curled, eyebrows dark, imperial dark-unnaturally high color and whiteness of face. Nervous twitches in his inability to walk steadily; symptoms of approaching stiffness and lameness in one leg; very near-sighted, yet hesitating to betray this defect by using his glass, often dropping it after he has taken hold of it for use. *Act I.*: Gray with black band, worn jauntily on one side; light vest and pants, eye-dark coat, cut in the present fashion for young men; handsome scarf and button, ring; watch and chain; cane with tassel. *Act II.*: Black suit, light *Act IV.*: Complete change, supposed to be his real-self, unassisted by art. White hair, light-brown imperial; wrinkled face, black hat, black coat, vest, light pants.

**MR. KRUX.**—Hair rather long behind, and straggling down into his eyes, bushy brows; smooth shaven; malevolent aspect. *Act I.*: Black suit, low-cut colored stockings, black hat with deep black band. A book for him to with. *Act II.* and *Act III.*: White vest, black coat, white tie, dark-gray A large white mark as made by chalk on the back of his coat, high up on shoulder. *Act IV.*: Same as *Act I.*

**DR. SUTCLIFFE.**—Black suit, white tie. Hat, except *Act II.*

**LORD BEAUFY.**—(This name is pronounced "Bo-fyar," *a la Francaise*). Moustache. *Act I.*: Shooting suit, low-crowned, black, hard felt hat, leggins; gun and trappings of sportsmen; cigar-case. *Act II.*: Black suit. *Act III.*: Frock-buttoned up, hat. *Act IV.*: stylish black suit, white vest, white camellia on coat breast.

**VAUGHAN.**—(FARINTOSH'S Valet). Black suit, rather old style. Make up old.

**TWO FOOTMEN.**—For *Act I.* dark livery, and for *Act IV.* in long drab coats and banded black hats, white gloves.

**TWO GAMEKEEPERS.**—Leggins, guns, game-bags.

**A TIGER.**—In blue coat, with the usual leather strap for belt, buckskin breeches, top boots, black hat with gold band. (Being only to walk on to help formation, he may be dispensed with, at discretion of Stage Manager.)

**BELLA.**—Plain dress. *Act IV.*: Handsome white satin dress, and bride's attire.

**NAOMI.**—Short dress of girls of fifteen (if the performer's figure is petite), stylish; red petticoat, dress taken up in loops. *Act III.*: In white; mantle, white handkerchief, knotted loosely round her neck. Her last entrance has jacket and hat on, carries a small bundle. *Act IV.*: Same as first or may change at pleasure.

**MRS. SUTCLIFFE.**—Gray hair. *Act I.*: Dark dress over dark petticoat, dark dark gloves. *Act II.*: Showy, old-fashioned patterned figured silk dress. *Act III.*: House-dress, black lace mittens.

**LAURA and other SCHOOL GIRLS.**—In ordinary dresses; plenty of ribbons on in *Act I.* Change for *Act IV.*, at pleasure.

### PROPERTIES (See Scenery).

**ACT I.**—Baskets, books, garlands of flowers and leaves for SCHOOL GIRLS; book KRUX; small book for BELLA; two explosions ready n., as for guns, deadeye if in the distance; table to fold up, three chairs to fold up, cloth, luncheon service for three, wine-bottles and glasses, basket to carry them in; a pair of large india-rubbers. *Act II.*—Bowl and basket partly filled with green pea-pod; pencils, slates, pens, paper, books on desks, n. and l.; a clothes-line. *Act III.*—Three stools, chair; a piano to play a waltz off n.; bell to ring. *Act IV.*—The stools and chair as before; pumpkins on garden-beds, n.; low chest on castors for rolling n., as for carriage approaching.

[For SYNOPSIS, etc., see last page.]

# SCHOOL.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Wood in 4th grooves. Sunlight effect. Overture: Rossini's "Cenerentola" Overture.*

*Recover SCHOOL GIRLS; seated, standing, reclining, forming picture, about the stage, 1st E. BELLA, book in hand, standing by set tree, L. C. NAOMI, sitting up, on bank, R. C., front. LAURA L. front, on bank.*

BELLA. (*reading*). "Then the two elder sisters stepped into a beautiful coach, and drove off to the king's palace; leaving poor Cinderella all alone to return to her place in the chimney-corner, where she said: 'I wish my godmother (childishly reverently) who was a fairy!'"

LILLY. A fairy! (*claps her hands, looks up in awe.*)

NAOMI. I wish my godmother was a fairy!

LILLY. So do I!

ALL. So do all of us!

NAOMI. Be quiet, girls! Go on please, Bella.

BELLA. (*reads*). "Who was a fairy—said: 'If you will be a good girl, you shall go.' But Cinderella said: 'I can't go in these filthy rags.'"

LILLY. Poor thing!

NAOMI. If I didn't have nice dresses, I should die!

BELLA. (*reads*). "Then her godmother made her go out into the garden to fetch in a pumpkin, which she took and scooped out the inside——"

HETTY. Was it nice? (*the GIRL next to HETTY silences her playfully.*)

BELLA. (*reads*). "Scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind, which she turned into a beautiful coach, gilded all with gold!"

ALL. Oh! (*delighted.*)

NAOMI. Bravo, pumpkin! THAT was "some pumpkins——"

LILLY. 'Sh!

LILLY. Go on, Bella.

BELLA. (*reads*). "Then the godmother went to the mouse-trap, and took six mice, all alive——"

NAOMI. (*in disgust*). Ugh! I hate mice!

LAURA (*yawns*). I don't know how it is, but fairy tales always make me sleepy! Ah! (*falls asleep on L. front bank.*)

BELLA. (*reads*). "When she touched them with her wand, they turned into six fine dapple-gray horses."

LILLY. Oh, my!

BELLA. "And with lizards she made the running-footmen, and with the pumpkin seeds, some to stand behind the coach, six feet high."

ALL. Six feet! oh, my!

BEL. (*reads*). "But poor Cinderella sat crying in the corner, looking at her poor ragged gray dress, and said: 'But I can't go to the ball in these rags'—when the fairy touched her with her wand, and her dress turned into a magnificent ball dress."

ALL (*in ecstasy*). Dear me! oh!

BEL. (*reads*). "Covered all over with the brightest jewels!"

ALL. Oh!

NAOMI. I should like to be godmothered like that!

BEL. (*reads*). "So Cinderella got into the coach and drove off—"

NAOMI (*imitates flourish of a stage-driver's horn in the old driving days*).  
Tan-ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra!"

ALL. Hush! silence! Go on, Bella.

BEL. (*reads*). "As soon as she arrived at the palace, the king's messenger came out to receive her at the door."

MIL. Oh! I should like to see a king's son. (*all murmur assent.*)

NAOMI. Pooh! he's not different from other men, only that he has more crowns to his head.

TIL. (*solemnly*). And often no soul.

ALL. Oh!

BEL. (*reads*). "And asked her to permit him to lead her to the dance."

MIL. Ah! I should like to dance with a prince.

ALL. So should we all!

BEL. "I or the prince had fallen in love with her——"

ALL (*doubtfully*). Oh!

NAOMI. And why shouldn't he? I suppose princes fall in love like ordinary folks.

MIL. Only it is much better.

TIL. Bella, what is love?

MIL. Oh! I don't believe even you big girls can tell what it is.

NAOMI (*loftily*). Pooh! everybody knows what love is.

MIL. What is it then?

NAOMI. It is—it is—who has got a dictionary? (*ALL laugh, ha, ha, ha*)  
You'll find it there.

TIL. And my sister says that is the only place where you will find it.

MIL. And my father says it is all moonshine.

NAOMI. Then how bright and mellow it must be.

TIL. When it is at its full.

NAOMI. It is always at that.

MIL. But what is love?

TIL. No one knows.

NAOMI. When it comes it brings all its own story, like a new teacher who brings with him all his own books.

TIL. We have a music-master to teach us music—why don't we have a love-master to teach us love?

ALL. Ah! why not?

NAOMI. Love is not like geography and the use of globes—love is an "extra." Somebody says love and fortune come to us when we sleep. Ask Laura what love is.

MIL. (*shakes LAURA*). Laura, what is love?

LAU. (*sleepily lifts her head, stars round*). Am I not truly thine own? (*all titter.*)

*Enter, R. 2 E., MRS. SUTCLIFFE, and comes down to c. All the GIRLS rise and form two rows, one each side of her.*

MRS. S. Well, young ladies, what is the cause of all your merriment? what has led to so general an exhibition of hilarity?

NAOMI. We have a question to ask you.

MIL. Yes; what is love? (MRS. SUTCLIFFE is amazed.)

ALL. What is love?

HET. Yes, what is love?

MRS. S. (stammers). "What is love?" really, I—I—Oh! (in relief)

where is the Doctor!

Enter, R. 2 E., walking with umbrella used as a cane, DR. SUTCLIFFE. Salutes all the GIRLS by lifting hat.\*

MRS. S. Doctor, I have had the most extraordinary question proposed

me.  
DR. S. Indeed, my dear?

GIRLS. What is love? (eagerly.)

HET. Yes, what is love?

DR. S. What is love? (gravely) The cuneiform inscriptions on the Babylonian marbles (the GIRLS turn away disappointed) having only recently been deciphered, I will confine myself to the comparatively more modern ideas on the subject prevalent among the ancient Greeks. Love was known to them as *Eros*—but there were three separate *Eroses*. In the first place the *Eros* of the ancient Cosmogony, whom Hesiod mentions in his works, known hence as the Cosmogonic *Eros*. Hem! Secondly, (GIRLS are disgusted, and talk among themselves. MRS. S. folds her hands, and half shutting her eyes, listens complacently) There was the *Eros* of the sages, who maintained it was only the personification of an unsubstantial essence, and this was called the Philosophic *Eros*. Hem! and lastly, there was the *Eros* of the degenerate Greeks, who said erroneously—erroneously, that theirs was the first of the *Eroses*—the parentage of *Eros*.

MRS. S. (wakes up, coughs). Ahem!

DR. S. The parentage of *Eros*—(MRS. S. gives him a look) Ah! the parentage of *Eros*—hem, hem! is doubtful. The generally received idea was that he was the son of Zeus—that is, Jupiter—and of Aphrodite—that is, Venus—

MRS. S. (coughs). Hem!

DR. S. So that he would be both son and grandson of—of—(MRS. S. looks at him meaningly. He starts) I beg pardon, my dear. (aloud) That is love! I mention this because—because—(quickly) I am about to say no more on the subject. (faint chuckle to himself.)

NAOMI. I know what love is! (ALL start, and DR. S. and MRS. S. are horrified.)

MRS. S. Bless me!

DR. S. How forward the child is!

NAOMI. Yes. (draws BELLA to her) I love Bella and Bella loves me, don't you, Bella?

DR. S. (relieved) Ah! right, for we all love Bella. Indeed, who could help loving her? (MRS. S. expresses distaste to what is being said) Goodness and affection must always command the good opinion of those around us.

NAOMI (aside to BELLA). Don't he talk like a copy-book!

DR. S. (to BELLA). I suppose you brought the girls here to perfect them in their botanical studies?

\* GIRLS.  
\* \* \*  
MILLY.\*  
NAOMI.\*

DR. S.\*

MRS. S.\* GIRLS.  
\* \* \*  
TILLY.\* LAURA.\*  
\*BELLA.

NAOMI (*aside*). To lie in clover and sigh for hearts-ease!

Mrs. S. Young ladies, if you have sufficiently reposed from your stroll in the woods, we will proceed in another direction before returning to resume our self-imposed tasks. (*all the GIRLS form a line, some in pairs, some others playing with gurlands. They sing "Come away, elves!" or a similar school-girl's chorus, and go slowly off* L. 2 E. BELLA at the end of the line hastily returns to wake up LAURA, fallen sleep again, and exit with LAURA. L. 2 E. The song is continued *diminuendo* after exit of all.)

Mrs. S. (*on Dr. S.'s L.*). Really, my dear Doctor, you will persist in commending, absurdly praising up that girl Bella—it's setting a bad example before all the young ladies. A most pernicious example!

Dr. S. Poor Bella! does not she more than they require words of cheer and praise? she is that sad social anomaly, a pupil-teacher. Alas! Besides, Bella is so pretty and so young.

Mrs. S. (*querulously*). Ah! that's it! so young! Cruel Theodore.

Dr. S. My dear!

Mrs. S. To remind me of my early years! (*affected sobbing*.)

Dr. S. That is very far from my intentions! (*Mrs. S. takes seat by c. tree.*)

Mrs. S. You are forever dwelling on the fleeting and unsubstantial charms of youth.

Dr. S. (*coughs*). Ahem!

Mrs. S. Ah! as if I do not remember five-and-thirty years ago—

Dr. S. You are continually dinning it into my ears—so I am not likely to forget it.

Mrs. S. It is cruel of you.

Dr. S. Because I danced three times with a pretty girl. Surely thirty-five years of conjugal devotion should obliterate—

Mrs. S. We had been seven years married, *then*.

Dr. S. Surely you would not imagine—

Mrs. S. Not for a minute, but then—ah, me; we are getting old together.

Dr. S. I can't help that! It cannot have been so heinous a crime as to earn a life-long penalty—the paying attentions to a pretty girl—under such circumstances: the host was hospitable, the negus was strong, and the young lady's conversation exhilarating! Come, (*seated beside Mrs. S. on her R.*) you won't be hard on Theodore? Don't be hard on Theodore (*takes her hand affectionately*.)

*Enter, R. 2 E., eyes bent on open book in hand, MR. KRUX, coming down, R. C.*

Dr. S. (*rises*). Well, Mr. Krux, so you are enjoying the beautiful day!

KRUX. No, sir, I am enjoying this beautiful book. (*Mr. and Mrs. S. come down, L. C.*)

Dr. S. Ah! what is it?

KRUX (*hollow voice*). Hervey's Meditations on the Tomb.

Dr. S. Oh! rather incongruous!

KRUX. Not to my taste, sir. The green meadows, the shining waters, the bloom of the flowers, twittering of the birds, all these smack of mortality, and tend my thoughts to the grave.

Mrs. S. Good gracious!

Dr. S. They don't do anything of the sort to me. They send my thoughts back to the past—

Mrs. S. Not to thirty-five years ago, Theodore?

Dr. S. Not to thirty-five years ago! Certainly not to thirty-five years ago—to thirty-four or to thirty-six years, my dear, but we won't say to

ease!  
 and from your str  
 before returning  
 line, some in par  
 lives!" or a smil  
 the end of the liv  
 and exit with LACR  
 (L.)  
 you will persist  
 setting a bad ex  
 example!  
 require words o  
 vil-teacher. Alas

rue! Theodore.  
 sobbing.)  
 S. takes seat by

and unsubstantia  
 y years ago—  
 so I am not likel

girl. Surely thirty  
 e getting old to

einous a crime a  
 pretty girl—unde  
 s was strong, and  
 ted beside Mrs. S  
 ard on Theodore

coming down, R. C  
 ng the beautifu  
 Mr. and Mrs. S

nb.  
 e shining waters  
 e smack of mor

They send my  
 o thirty-five years  
 we won't say to

thirty-five! Come along, my love. (Mrs. S. takes DR.'s arm) We will not intrude on your inspiring meditations, Mr Krux. (*faint chuckle, aside*) I can't bear prigs. He's a prig. Come, my dear.

[Exit with Mrs. S., L. 2 R.]

KRUX (*alone, contemptuously*). Upstarts! I hate those people! I hate most people! I hate most things, (*starts as if he saw a worm on the ground, stamps and grinds supposed worm under his foot*) except Bella! When I see her I feel as if—(*hesitates for word*)—as if I could bite her! (*looks L. 1 E.*) Oh! here she is.

Enter BELLA, reading book, crosses to R. 1 E.

KRUX. Bella! Bella! (BELLA stops and turns at R. C.) Where are you going?

BEL. Going to fetch Mrs. Sutcliffe's overshoes.

KRUX. Stay one moment.

BEL. I was told not to loiter.

KRUX. What are you reading?

BEL. Fairy-tales.

KRUX. Ah! (*sneering*)

BEL. What's your book?

KRUX. Hervey's Meditations, a different sort of literature. Come, sit down. (*they sit by L. C. tree, he on her left*)

BEL. (*reads*). "The king's son then came and sat beside her. He was the most handsome young man, and his conversation filled her with delight."

KRUX. Bella, what a beastly world this is. There's a question I wanted to ask you.

BEL. You must be quick then.

KRUX. Bella, Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe are getting old.

BEL. They are not getting old; they are old.

KRUX. And therefore will soon die.

BEL. (*starts*). What a dreadful thought!

KRUX. We are all worms! So are Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe. All men must die some time. The Doctor and Mr. Sutcliffe cannot escape that fate.

BEL. But Mrs. Sutcliffe is not a man.

KRUX. She ought to have been. The Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe are getting old, and may be soon expected to die. Then they cannot carry on the school. Who is to carry on the school?

BEL. I don't know. I don't like to think about such things.

KRUX. (*unctuously*). I do. I repeat, who is to carry on the school? I am the only resident master. I am known to all the parents and to the pupils—

BEL. Alas, yes!

KRUX. And I hope, loved by them.

BEL. No! not loved! feared.

KRUX. (*placidly*). It's the same thing in schools. Bella, you are earned

BEL. Oh, no. I'm not.

KRUX. Yes, you are. So am I. You understand, too, all about the kitchen, making of pies and puddings, washing and doing up linen. You are an orphan?

BEL. Yes, an orphan. (*sadly*.)

KRUX. So am I. You have no relations?

BEL. No!



KRUX. No more have I. You have no friends ?

BEL. Oh, yes. (*smiles and her face loses its sad expression*) The Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe, the people in the village—

KRUX. Oh! I don't count *them*! I have no friends.

BEL. No! not one!

KRUX. When Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe d—d—go! why should not I keep on with the school ?

BEL. We ?

KRUX. Yes, we; you and I. I am capable—so are you. You could manage the girls—I could manage the boys. Think how pleasant it would be to make money together. (*rubs his hands strongly and stealthily*) We could take in the pupils, and teach them and correct them—I should like to correct the boys! We should make more money if we got married.

BEL. (*shrinks away*). Got married? who get married ?

KRUX. We—you to me—I to you! "Mr. and Mrs. Krux, College House!" (*as if reading off his book cover*) Bella, I love you!

BEL. (*rises*). Oh! (*to R. c. front*) And on such a nice day, too! (*KRUX comes to c.*) To suppose that the good Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe could die and leave us all that love them so much! Don't touch me! (*to R.*)

KRUX. (*appealingly*). Bella!

BEL. Oh! you bad man! to talk of death and marriage and such awful things!

KRUX (*turns to BELLA*). I proposed it all for your good, Bella! and for your good. You won't go and tell the Doctor, and get me into trouble, will you? You won't, will you, Bella? (*very humbly*.)

BEL. I will not if you promise never to mention such a subject again. KRUX. I'll take my oath to it. Bella, take your oath—take your oath, won't you?

BEL. No! I will give you my word. To think of our kind benefactors dying! Oh! (*covers her face with her hands for a second*) Oh! you wicked man! I wonder something don't happen to you. (*explosion as if gun. off R. v. E.*) There! Oh! I won't stay with you any more. (*runs off R., proscenium E.*)

KRUX (*calls off R.*). Bella! where are you going?

BEL. (*off*). To fetch the overshoes!

KRUX (*to R. c.*). A bad girl! she will come to no good! Ungrateful little beast.

*Enter, R. 2 E., LORD BEAUFOY, gun under his arm, looking round.*

KRUX (*aside, looking off, R. 1 E.*). Reject my offer—refuse the honor I would have done her! What is she, after all? only a pauper, a dependant on the charity of others. Ah! I fear she will never end well. (*LORD BEAUFOY comes down c.*)

BEAUFOY. I say, my dear man, have you seen anybody pass here in the wood?

KRUX. A young girl with a book?

BEAU. No! an old gentleman with a servant.

*Enter, R. 2 E., gun under arm, JACK POYNTZ, lounges down L. C.*

JACK (*aside, eyeing KRUX*). What a mangy-looking cur.

BEAU. Jack, are you sure this is the place we appointed for the meet-

JACK. yes. (*looks L. 2 E.*) For here he comes.

Enter, L. 2 E., GROOMS and TIGER, *wh. . . at table c., and spread it, and place three seats.*

JACK (*walks up to KRUX meaningly*). Good morning!

TWO GAME-KEEPERS *enter R. 2 E., and remain there at ease, leaning on guns.*

KRUX. Good morning, sir.

[*Exit R., proscenium E.*

Enter, L. 3 E., *with affected youthful skip*, BEAU FARINTOSH, *on the arm of VAUGHAN*. GROOMS and TIGER *retire up to L. 3 E., and stand at ease, during meal*. FARINTOSH *crosses to c., stands puzzled, then goes to JACK.*

FAR. Arthur, my dear boy! so happy to see you. How well you look—yes, yes—how well! glad to see you. Eh, eh?

JACK (*quietly*). Mr. Farintosh, my mamma had not the honor of being your sister.

FAR. My sister? Eh, eh? oh! Yes, yes! My sight is so—yes, yes. (*to BEAUFOY, strikes his hand*) Arthur, glad to see you looking so well! Yes, yes! How am I? (*thinks he heard the question, but don't know which to speak it*—*Turns from one to the other*) Thank you! never better in my life! Sound constitution, all the faculties clear, yes, yes—never better in my life! (*plays with his eye-glass, his hand shaking nervously.*)

BEAU. I took the liberty of bringing down an old friend with me, to participate in your permission to shoot over your lands. Permit me, uncle, Mr. Jack Poyntz. Jack, Mr. Percy Farintosh. (*the usual salutes.*)

FAR. Poyntz! eh? Poyntz! Poyntz! of the Worcestershire Poyntz? JACK. Yes.

FAR (*delighted, strikes JACK's hand*). I knew your grandfather, sir! I mean your father; he was my second in a duel, just after the Battle of—yes, yes! oh! oh! sit down, sit down. (*BEAUFOY nods to the servants to intimate they are not wanted. They exeunt L. and R. 2 E.'s.* FARINTOSH *takes seat c. of table, BEAUFOY on his L., POYNTZ on his R.*)

BEAU. (*rises*). Well, uncle, shall I help you to anything?

FAR. No! thanks—nothing before dinner.

BEAU. (*serves JACK. Business of preparing to eat and drink*). You were not up when we came down so early.

FAR. No, no. Early to bed, late up—that's my motto. Ha, ha! my motto

BEAU. Your man gave us the permission to shoot, and we left word where you would find us.

FAR. Vaughan informed me. (*JACK eats so furiously as to attract FARINTOSH's attention*) Shoot as long as you like. The hares want thinning out—the hares—ha, ha! (*eye-glass up to regard JACK*) Eh, eh! you seem to have a good appetite, sir?

JACK. Tolerable.

FAR. It's quite a comfort.

JACK. Very. It's my principal talent.

FAR. An enviable one.

JACK. And very convenient, at table. Am I in the way? If you say so, the luncheon and I will leave you alone?

BEAU. By no means, uncle; Jack is my oldest friend and the most worthy of the title. I suppose it is on the old subject.

JACK. The old subject? Not death? (*drinks and eats.*)

FAR. No, marriage.

JACK. Ah! family troubles, I see. I really needn't adjourn with the lunch? (*makes movement playfully as if to carry table and all off R.*)

FAR. Well, Mr.—Mr.—?

JACK. Poyntz.

FAR. Thank you. Mr. Poyntz, Poyntz, yes, yes! My nephew and are at loggerheads because I wish him to marry.

JACK (*eating*). Hard! but some uncles are like that. (*FARINTOSH looks at him aghast.*)

FAR. Then you never were married?

JACK. No! but I have been once in quarantine for ten days, off Malta.

FAR. I have been married.

JACK. There, I have the advantage of you. I am the singiest young man possible. Open to competition. No objections to any amount of money. (*FARINTOSH stares at him.*)

BEAU. (*smiles*). You mustn't mind Jack, uncle. It's his way.

FAR. (*gravely*). My wife died when we were young. Had she lived, I might have been a different man.

JACK (*drily, half aside*). Dead—most likely! (*FARINTOSH starts and looks at him amazed. JACK drinks calmly.*)

BEAU. It is a melancholy story. I fancy I shall get along with it faster than the Beau. You must know that my uncle's son was rather wild, and in some way displeased him, so that they parted. He married and took his wife abroad.

FAR. Without consulting me.

BEAU. Where he died.

FAR. Poor Fred! before I could see him and show how heartily I forgave him. (*emotion.*)

BEAU. Since then, the wife and a child disappeared, beyond the ability of the keenest researches to discover.

FAR. I would give thousands to hear of them!

JACK. Try the second column of the *Times*. You will have shoals of applicants to—"WANTED to Adopt, an heir to the property of a gentleman of good family and large means." But why seek further than on this spot? Here you have "a fine, healthy, respectable child, with good appetite and expensive habits already laid on. N. B.—No objections to travel, or to go in single or double harness."

FAR. You are facetious. (*To BEAUFOY*). Your friend has a singular humor!

BEAU. Which sometimes runs away with him.

JACK. And sometimes floors him when he least intended to give it rein. (*FARINTOSH accepts the apology with a nod and smile.*)

FAR. Let me have your opinion on the subject.

JACK. If not too abstruse.

FAR. In plain words, I want Arthur to marry.

BEAU. And I as plainly refuse.

FAR. You are such a singular man.

BEAU. And therefore require such a singular wife.

FAR. I feel distressed at your apathy. What was man invented for but to marry?

BEAU. My dear uncle, I have not the least objection, but I really cannot accept the counterfeit, when I know it is not the genuine note. I shall marry when I can find a woman.

JACK. Oh! there's plenty about.

BEAU. I mean a real woman.

JACK. Ah! that's different. And what do you mean by "a real woman?" Give the party the particulars! "Name your age, weight and color."

BEAU. Well, I *don't* want one of the regulation pattern, whom, lost in a crowd, you cannot tell from the hundred others similarly adorned. I know the style. (*mnemonic, mild, affected tone*) "I love papa, I love mamma! I am kind to my little sisters and brothers! I go to church on Sunday! *Est-ce que ce chosier-la est un mari? Oh, mon Dieu, quelle jolie petite poupee est cette merveille qui l'on appelle un mari! C'est à moi, toute à moi, sentiment et amour! Oh, mes amis, que vous etes bons et gracieux! Merci, mes parents!*"

FAR. Do you hear him? It's profane—profane—quite profane!

JACK (*offers FARINTOSH cigar-case*). Do you?

FAR. No! Thanks.

JACK (*lights cigar*). Ah!

FAR. Do you?

JACK. I do everything.

FAR. How you must enjoy life!

JACK. I leave nothing to be envied by a Caligula. A fellow is so deucedly comfortable when he has no intellect.

FAR. Many people find it so. Arthur, your opinions are flat blasphemy—blasphemy! Yes, yes! How can you journey though life without bowing down to the representatives of beauty!

BEAU. Beauty! What is beauty? Something bought in bottles and laid on with a brush.

FAR. (*aghast*). Don't you believe in beauty?

BEAU. Yes, but not in paint.

FAR. Paint!

BEAU. Paint! shall I promise to cherish a plaster cast? Shall I love and honor a living fresco? Shall I take instead of a young wife, an old master? I'll not make "the wife of my bosom," one whose own are not ignorant of Mammorial Balm! Spices and pigments are for Egyptian mummies, not for breeders of flesh and blood. Shall I dwell with a creature who is one built-up lie? (*FARINTOSH is amazed, and keeps trying to interrupt*) I choose men for my friends, who do not tell a lie; am I to choose women friends who *act* them?

JACK. Which means that when you are fifty, you will marry your cook! (*FARINTOSH turns from BEAUFOY and stares at JACK, with his lips partly open, in great horror*) Because she does not wear pearl powder when on active service.

BEAU. Thank you! the charms of my wife shall be warranted to wash.

JACK. You mean, not to wash off.

FAR. I am shocked.

BEAU. So I don't want to marry.

FAR. Oh! marriage is one of nature's proudest attributes! Eh, eh? yes, yes.

BEAU. Then again, some women—hem! *females* would attempt to destroy gallantry and chivalry by a call for equality with man. What is equality with man? having your coats made by a he-tailor instead of cut by a she-dress-maker? What pleasure in man and wife being measured together by the same hand? Oh! the felicity of marching up to the polls with the being on your arm who is sure to vote for the very candidate whom you most detested. (*FARINTOSH is amazed and moves restlessly on his seat from one to the other.*)

JACK (*solely*). I agree with you there. (*pours out a glass leisurely*) A woman would sell her vote for the price of a new *chignon*! No! Man as the nobler animal, has the sole and prond privilege of disposing of his vote for (*drinks*) beer! (*pronounce in English style, affectedly, "Beh-ah!"*)

BEAU. Bah! give me simplicity. I am one of the old school.

FAR. (*rises and leans his hands on table in the usual manner of old gentle-*

men making a speech at table). And I am one of the new! Give me chances, artificial charms, purchased perfections, *aides-toilette*—in short, Civilization. I do not see why beings endowed with immortal souls should not repair the ravages of Time with the appliances of art! (*resumes self-satisfied.*)

BEAU. Very neat, but your argument does not matter with me.

JACK. What does it matter, anyhow? What does anything matter (*drinks*) after dinner?

FAR. Arthur, your remarks are atheistical! Eh! yes, yes. Atheistical! They remind me of the Works of Burke (*slight pause*) and Harri- Tom Paine, Voltaire, and other persons beyond the social pale. Yes, yes! Arthur, I have found a most attractive *parti* for you—an heiress.

BEAU. Oh, I don't want money.

JACK. Not want money! (*speaks so animatedly that FARINTOSH is startled*) You ought to be photographed. The man who does not want money ought to be put in an album and kept there.

FAR. It is Miss Naomi Tighe, a West Indian heiress, a young lady of fortune, without father or mother.

JACK. Without father or mother, especially no mother! It's a gorgeous thing under such circumstances, matrimony. But why offer this to Arthur? Arthur don't want it, but I do.

FAR. She is staying at a school close by, kept by an old college-chump of mine! They are going to have a—an examination soon, and that will be a capital occasion for taking you over to see the heiress—to—eh? to see the heiress—ha, ha! yes, yes! Eh? oh! Her guardian is one of my oldest friends. (*ALL rise.*)

BEAU. I don't care to see her, but I'll go with you.

*Enter, L. 2 E., SERVANTS, as before, to remove table and seats. The three gentlemen to the front, JACK sees to his gun, and goes up R. and off, R. 2 E. leisurely*

FAR. Arthur, what is your friend going to do? eh?

BEAU. Kill a bird with a bullet. Oh! he's a wonderful shot.

*Enter, L. 2 E., VAUGHAN.*

FAR. Vaughan? eh? Vaughan? (*VAUGHAN comes to him and offers his arm*) That's right. Arthur, be punctual to dinner. Much pleasure with your friend. He, he! singularly facetious! (*goes up R., affected skipping walk*) Au revoir, my boy, au revoir.

[*Exit on VAUGHAN'S arm, R. 2 E.*

BEAU. (*alone*). Make the acquaintance of a young lady, all bread and butter and boarding-school? Not if I know it! True, in this case, no mother-in-law! No mother-in-law! Oh! no mother's gentle accents—"Is this the place, sir, to which my daughter has been beguiled from the fold? Come home, my lamb, come home!" By Jove, she might go home for me! Then the female friends—always at her elbow, with suggestions as to where your house is deficient in just what everybody else makes it a specialty to possess! Then herself—if you correct her, you are a mass of contradictions—and you are obstinate—that's when you do not let her have her own way. (*ready for shot, R. 2 E.*) Then the worry of queer sensations; there is always a pain somewhere—a fluttering, sinking or a swimming, a floating or a darting, or a shooting—(*shot off, R. 2 E.*) BEAUFY turns up C. to look off R. 2 E. *Scream of BELLA and NAOMI off R.*)

Enter, R., proscenium E., BELLA, crossing to exit L., proscenium E. In crossing, drops one shoe off at R. C., exit L.

BEAU. (comes down c.). Ah! Then there is the brother! the brother of the girl whom you are spooning—particularly if she is like him. The thought will come upon you that he might have been she—and she might have been he. No! Love is a species of lunacy, of which marriage is the straight waist-coat! (in walking to and fro, touches shoe, looks down) What's this? (takes shoe up) A shoe! A woman's shoe? no! a child's shoe? no! a girl's shoe—a pretty little shoe. It must belong to a pretty little foot, too. Now, what could bring a young girl into this wood for the purpose of losing her shoe? I wonder whom it belongs to? (looks R.) I should like to find out the owner. (goes up.)

(Voice of BELLA, R.). Nummy!

(Voice of NAOMI, R.). Bella!

BELLA runs to C., from L., proscenium E., NAOMI runs to C., from R., pros. E.

NAOMI and BELLA. Oh! (they embrace, as if exhausted by running.)

NAOMI. Oh! my darling I thought I should never see you again. That horrid cow!\*

BEAU. (aside). They are both young girls, and not bad looking.

BEL. I thought I should have died.

BEAU. (comes down, salutes). Ahem!

NAOMI (to BELLA). This is the gentleman that shot the cow.

BEL. Oh, sir, many thanks. (BEAUFOY is confused, hides the shoe behind his back.)

NAOMI. Yes, sir, you saved our lives—accept our thanks. I was passing the field when I saw Bella. She saw me and I ran to meet her—

BEL. When the great ugly cow† ran after me—

NAOMI. And you shot it!

BEAU. (amazed). I shot it?

BEL. And I ran away for fear of being trampled to death.

NAOMI. Oh, sir, but for you we might have lost our lives.

BEAU. Are you sure you have not lost anything else?

BEL. No.

NAOMI (suddenly and quickly lifts her hand to her back hair. Innocently).

No.

Enter, R. 2 E., JACK.

BEAU. Ah! I was in hopes that you had. Jack,‡ was that you fired just now?

JACK. Yes.

BEAU. What have you got there? Birds?

JACK (holds up overshoes). No, boots! (comes down c.)||

BEAU. Good gracious me! does it rain boots about here?

JACK. As I was strolling along, I saw two young girls running away from what the newspapers call an "infuriated animal." I fired and

\*For omission of Act II. add here: "Poor Mr. KRUX, the bull tossed him as high as the trees! I hope he'll come down again!"

†Insert for omission of Act II., "Who was chasing poor Mr. KRUX, turned and——"

‡JACK. NAOMI. BELLA. BEAUFOY.

||NAOMI. JACK. BEAUFOY. BELLA.

‡For omission of Act II., insert, "That sulky fellow in the inky coat and——"

down dropped the pursuer dead, out of compliment to my shooting, walked up to the scene of slaughter, and secured this booty. At first sight I thought they belonged to the defunct, but of course, that was impossible.

NAOMI. Then, sir, it was you who shot the cow?

JACK. Ye-as, I shot the cow, the cow was a bull—but that is a detail.

NAOMI (*delighted*). You, and not this gentleman?

JACK. If a bull is shot, what does it matter who shot him—particularly to the bull?

BEAU. (*aside, regarding BELLA*). I wish I had shot him. Confound Jack, what luck he always has.

JACK (*holds up overshoes*). And now to find an owner for these trophies from the field of war.

BEL. Oh! they're mine.

JACK (*amazed*). } Yours!

BEAU. (*horrified*). }

BEL. Yes, that is, I was fetching them for Mrs. Sutcliffe.

BEAU. (*takes shoes from JACK to hand them to BELLA*). Then (*laughs lightly*) Mrs. Sutcliffe's foot is—is rather large?

JACK. Mrs. Sutcliffe, who keeps the school here?

NAOMI. Yes, we are her pupils.

BELLA. Not exactly. I am a pupil-teacher.

BEAU. How interesting! (*holds up shoes*) If those are Mrs. Sutcliffe's, this cannot be hers too?

BEL. Oh! that's mine. (*shows tip of foot for a second*.)

BEAU. (*delighted*). Yours? (*JACK and NAOMI exchange timid glances*) I am so glad—to restore it.

BEL. Oh, thanks. I did not know I had lost it. I must have been running away from the cow. (*in taking shoe, touches BEAUFOY'S*) both starting slightly) Thank you very much. (*puts shoe on*.)

JACK (*to NAOMI*). May I know whom I have the pleasure of addressing?

NAOMI (*bashfully*). My name is Naomi Tighe.

JACK (*aside*). Naomi!

BEAU. (*to BELLA*). And your name?

BEL. Bella.

BEAU. Ah!

JACK (*meaning NAOMI'S red petticoat*). Ah! this is what attracted me to the bull.

NAOMI. You mustn't look at me, I can't bear to be looked at.

JACK. How singular! (*to BEAUFOY, who looks only at BELLA*) This is a very young girl that your uncle was speaking of.

BEAU. (*bitterly*). Do you think her handsome?

JACK. Not bad—for an heiress! And the other?

BEAU. Charming!

BEL. You will please not tell Mrs. Sutcliffe anything about it—for I am nervous and it might do her harm.

NAOMI. Here comes the school.

BEAU. (*to JACK*). Let us retire.

JACK. No. Let us stop and see them take their gallop.

*Enter*. L. 2 E., all the SCHOOL GIRLS, crossing to exit, R. 2 E., followed

DR. and MRS SUTCLIFFE. NAOMI and BELLA follow them off R. 2 E.

BELLA going with down-cast eyes until she reaches the entrance, where she suddenly turns to see BEAUFOY, but perceiving that he is looking at her, she drops her eyes and exits R. 2 E. *Enter*, L. 2 E., KRUX, stopping

*there to scowl at BEAUFOY. BEAUFOY follows, step for step, BELLA, till he reaches the 2d grooves, where he stops, looking eagerly after BELLA.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

*Change of Tableau for Encore.*

*over BEAUFOY in 2 E., at R. C., hat off, looking R.; JACK bending forward on right leg, bent half-kneeling, looking, with his hand shielding his eyes, off R. 2 E. KRUX is off.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

*Lapse of Eight Days.*

*NOTE.—The whole of Act II. can be left out in case of need, as for a Benefit night her cause. It will merely have to be added that Mr. KRUX was attacked by cholera, which ran at BELLA and NAOMI. He will then enter at the end of Act I., hat crushed, etc. BELLA will enter and he will order her to brush him off with a handful of leaves. She will refuse, using the business and words of close of Act I. Picture with all in.*

GIRLS.

\* \* \* \*

\*DR. S.

BEAU.\*

\*MRS. S.

JACK.\*

KRUX.\*

\*BELLA.

\*NAOMI.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*School-room in 3d grooves.*

*over BELLA, seated, up R., by window facing R., with basket of peas in lap, putting the shelled peas on the table before her into bowl.*

EL. (*sings*). "There is no one I love but thee."

*Enter, R U. E., to lean in at window, NAOMI.*

EL. Nummy!

NAOMI. What are you doing, Bella?

EL. Shelling peas.

NAOMI. What else?

EL. Thinking.

NAOMI. Thinking of the over-shoes?

EL. Only a little, only a little. Ah! (*sighs*.)

NAOMI. I have been dreaming all night long, and woke up feeling hysterical. I have been trying to walk it off in the shrubbery, but no use.

EL. I don't know that we are old enough to think of such things.

NAOMI. I'm eighteen. How old are you?

EL. I don't know.

NAOMI. I knew two girls who were married when they were nineteen—people have such luck! How's this? you are not dressed for the party's coming?



BEL. I have got my Sunday's frock on.

NAOMI. Now, you know you can have anything you want of mine  
(*reproachfully, cats paws*)

BEL. What are you doing? Oh, they are not nice.

NAOMI. Yes, they are—when nobody is looking. Oh! [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

*Enter R. D., MRS. SUTCLIFFE.*

MRS. S. What are you doing there, Bella?

BEL. Shelling peas, ma'am.

MRS. S. Shelling peas in the schoolroom?

BEL. They are so crowded in the kitchen. But I can take them away  
again. (*prepares to remove bowl and basket.*)

MRS. S. (*comes down R. C. a little*). It is nearly time for Mr. Farintosh  
and his friends to be here. I should like to inspect the school here.  
Where are the young ladies?

BEL. (*rises*). If you please, here are the young ladies. (*hands off  
bowl and basket at R. D.*)

*Enter, R. D., SCHOOL GIRLS coming down R., and across front to take places*

MRS. S. *at C., examines each with her eye-glasses up, stopping any whose  
appearance is not to her taste. Each curtsies before her and just after she  
have passed her.*

HETTY *enters R. D., and comes down. MRS. S. stops her.*

MRS. S. We have a question to put to you, my dear; what are you  
going to answer?

HET. (*all in a breath*). They cut off his head and put him in prison.

MRS. S. They put him in prison and cut off his head. That will  
very nicely, indeed. (*HETTY goes L. to her place, midway of back row  
desks.*)

*Enter, R. D., coming down same as others, NAOMI.*

MRS. S. Miss Tighe, you have been crying.

NAOMI. No, I have not!

MRS. S. Eh! (*startled*) You should say, "you are mistaken."

NAOMI. So you are! (*goes to seat L., front desk, front end*)

TIL. (*next to NAOMI*). Crying! In tears?

MIL. (*front end of back desk*). Tears, of course. She couldn't cry  
cumbers, could she? (*NAOMI turns to have a wrangle with her. Business  
—Some girls are eating cake on the sly, others reading books, drawing  
slates, etc.*)

NAOMI (*to MILLY*). Mind your own business!

*Enter, R. D., sleepily, LAURA, coming down R.*

MRS. S. Laura! last again!

LAURA (*yawns and puts her hand lazily up to her mouth, languidly*).  
Somebody must be last, I suppose! (*goes to second seat in back row, front  
front end, and is sleepy, elbow on desk, etc.*) [*Exit BELLA, R. D.*]

MRS. S. (*faces girls*). Young ladies, this is to be merely a preliminary  
examination, serving as practice to the one intended to be held during  
the month. Mr. Percy Farintosh, a friend of the Doctor's, has done  
the honor to be accompanied by his nephew, my Lord Beaufoy,  
owner of half a county.

NAOMI (*quickly*). Which half?

MIL. (*quickly*). And which county?

NAOMI. Is he a real lord?

MRS. S. A real lord? of course, my child.

NAOMI. But a real real lord?

TIL. (*aside to the GIRLS*). I wonder what a lord is like?

NAOMI. Flesh and blood like any other man.

MIL. Only more "blood." (*bell, off R.*)

MRS. S. Silence in the class. Here is the company.

*Enter, R. D., JACK, BEAUFOY, FARINTOSH and DOCTOR. NAOMI tries to attract JACK'S and BEAUFOY'S attention.*

BEAU. (*to JACK*). That's the cow young lady.

JACK. The one that had the attack of bullock!

DR. S. (*to MRS. S.*). My love, allow me to present to you Lord Beaufoy. (*usual salutes exchanged. GIRLS whisper*) That's Lord Beaufoy.

DR. S. Mr. Percy Farintosh. And Mr. Poyntz.

NAOMI (*quickly, aside*). Poyntz! Poyntz! (*writes it on her slate.*)

FAR. (*to DR. S.*). Might I take the liberty to address a few words—

DR. S. Yes, yes. (*JACK and BEAUFOY, R. C., seated.*)

DR. S. With pleasure.

FAR. (*goes L. C., eye-glass in play, runs along up and down front of desks, unable to distinguish the GIRLS*). Delightful, delightful. (*JACK and BEAUFOY chat with MRS. S. and DR. S., looking round*) My dear young ladies!

It is, thanks to the kind permission of my old and endeared friends, the Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, that I am emboldened to express my thanks for the honor of participating in this—this—

BEAU. Inspection—?

JACK. Review?

FAR. Yes, yes. In this inspection, review—eh, eh?

DR. S. Examination.

FAR. Exactly. In this examination. I regard it as one of the proud-privileges of my life\*

DR. S. (*takes FARINTOSH'S hand*). My dear friend.

MRS. S. (*takes FARINTOSH'S hand*). Dear Mr. Farintosh.

FAR. (*resumes speech*) I feel like one who stands in a parterre of flowers, where the colors are audible and the perfume is—is visible.

DR. S. Very graceful.

MRS. S. So poetical.

BEL. Like Tom Moore.

JACK (*aside*). Broken-winded. (*to BEAUFOY, meaning MRS. SUTCLIFFE*) The old girl, that.

BEAU. (*to JACK*). The girls are not so pretty as I expected by the samples we have seen.

DR. S. How is that, Bella is not in her place? (*uneasy.*)

*Enter, R. D., coming down R., timidly, BELLA.*

BELLA. I am here, sir. (*BEAUFOY recognizes her with pleasure, half turning in his chair.*)

MRS. S. (*after whispering with DR. S., to FARINTOSH*). Mr. Farintosh, will you permit me to introduce to you Miss Tighe?

\*MRS. S. }  
\*FAR. }  
\*BEAU. } seated.  
\*JACK. }

FAR. (*rises*). Tighe—Tighe! yes, yes. (*runs down c., and turning R., takes BELLA by the hand*) My dear Miss Tighe, most happy. I am very well known to your guardian—very well known.

MRS. S. I beg pardon, Mr. Farintosh. (*comes down c. and looks fiercely at BELLA, who is confused*) Is that not Miss Tighe. Bella, how could you?

DR. S. (*comes down R. c., and takes BELLA's hand, to prevent MRS. S. sending her out of the room*). Gentlemen, this is our best pupil. Bella, my child, go take your accustomed place at the head of the class.

JACK (*almost claps his hands*). BEAUFOY is pleased, and whispers to DR. S., who nods. MRS. S. resumes her seat, disgusted. BELLA seated upper end front desk.)

NAOMI (*forgets herself, raps on table, half aside*). Bravo! (*ALL look at NAOMI, who pretends it was not she who spoke.*)

BEAU. (*to FAR.*). Attractive girls, nice?

FAR. Delightful, de-light-ful! (*aside*) Can't distinguish a feature!

DR. S. Hem! (*raps on desk for silence*) We will begin with Ancient History—hem, Ancient History! (*FARINTOSH throws up one leg on the other and nurses it*). BEAUFOY looks at BELLA. JACK exchanges side glances with NAOMI.)

MRS. S. Doctor, as we are rather late, and the dinner will be punctual, perhaps it may be as well to condense as much as possible this preliminary examination.

DR. S. Very well, my dear. Just what I was about to do. (*aloud*) We will begin with Roman History. (*faint chuckle*) Roman History. (*TILLY rises*) Under what different forms were the Romans governed?

TIL. First there were the Dictators or Kings, then the Consuls, then the Triumvirate, then the Decemvirii—(*sits confused*)

FAR. Wonderful! (*MRS. S. turns to him smiling, self-satisfied.*)

DR. S. (*to next GIRL*). After Romulus had become the ruler, did he not form a species of private army?

GIRL (*rises*). There were three hundred young men who attended him on all occasions. (*sits.*)

BEAU. (*aside to JACK*). A sort of Life-guards.

JACK (*to BEAU*). Without boots or breeches!

BEAU. Cool to fight in.

JACK (*same*). And convenient in fording rivers.

DR. S. (*to next GIRL*). In the reign of what King was it that Belisarius fought?

GIRL. In the reign of Justinian, year 561.

DR. S. (*to next GIRL*). Who was Belisarius?

GIRL. A famous general, who conquered large territories for his country.

DR. S. Mention how he was rewarded?

LAURA (*sleepily*). They deprived him of his dignities, (*MILLY points to her eyes*) and put his eyes out!

JACK. That must have been done by a committee of the period.

BEAU. Hence originated the practice of "going it blind." (*FARINTOSH is greatly amused by the GIRL's answer.*)

DR. S. We will now give our attention to English history. (*turns next to English History*). Hem! In what garments were the ancient Druids clothed? (*some of the GIRLS titter and then look preternaturally solemn*). BEAUFOY and JACK exchange smiles. MRS. S. touches DR. S.'s arm meaningfully) No! that is not exactly what I mean to say. No, no, no! What I did mean to say was, when was the ceremony of marriage first solemnized in churches?

ALL (*the GIRLS rise*). In the reign of Henry the Third. (*sit.*)

BEAU. (*aside to JACK*). They all know that.

JACK (*same*). And all single girls, too! Frightful! But how the *proprie qui maribus* they remember it all, I can't understand.

BEAU. It's all a cram.

DR. S. By whom were the Britons conquered?

NAOMI. They never were conquered. They would sooner die first! (*slaps the table*.)

JACK. A girl of spirit. (*FARINTOSH is delighted, and BEAUFOY has to hold him down from going L*)

DR. S. In whose reign was the American Declaration of Independence made?

MIL. In the reign of July the Fourth! (*ALL laugh, FARINTOSH rushes to L, to shake MILLY'S hand, but BEAUFOY follows and brings him back to former place*.)

BEL. (*rises*). In the reign of George the Third. (*sits*.)

DR. S. Name the principal leader, general and prime spirit of that rebellion.

GIRL (*rises*). Oliver Cromwell.

GIRL (*rises*). George Washington!

DR. S. State what resulted to him?

HET. (*stands upon chair*). They cut off his head and put him in the dark room, where he was fed on bread and water till he promised to be good! (*sits down*. FARINTOSH *rushes across as before, and is brought back by BEAUFOY*. After sitting, he is about to get up once or twice again, unable to repress his amusement. General laughter.)

DR. S. (*coughs, and sponges his face with handkerchief*). We will now direct our attention to—to astronomy. Astronomy, gentlemen. How far is the moon from the earth?

NAOMI (*looking at JACK; inattentively*). It depends upon the weather! (*sighs*) Ah!

DR. S. Bella, my dear?

BEL. (*rises*). The mean distance of the moon from the earth is 236,847 miles.

FAR. Good gracious! (*eye-glass up to admire BELLA*.)

DR. S. (*pleased*). I told you Bella was our best pupil. What is the diameter of the moon.

BEL. The apparent diameter of the moon varies, but her real diameter is 2,144 miles.

FAR. Immense!

NAOMI (*to TILLY*). Why do they call the moon her?

TIL. Because she is a lady.

NAOMI. Why a lady?

MIL. Because she has a sun.

NAOMI. Then the moon's shame for her to be out so late o' nights.

MIL. But consider her age.

DR. S. (*to BELLA*) And what is her magnitude?

BEL. About one-fifth of that of the earth. (*sits*.)

FAR. Stupendous! im-mense! The astronomical knowledge of that young lady is perfectly fabulous—yes, yes, fabulous.

*Enter, R. D., KRUX, coming to MRS. S.*

KRUX (*whispers to MRS. S.*). The dinner is ready, ma'am. The servant did not like to come up to inform you.

MRS. S. My dear Doctor, we will not proceed any further at present. The musical portion of the examination will take place in the drawing-room after dinner. (*GIRLS rise*) Mr. Krux, (*whispers to KRUX*) Mr. Farin-

(*sit*.)

tosh's friend having brought a friend, there will be one more at table than we expected there would be, so that if you would not mind—  
(*smiles.*)

KRUX (*aside*). I see. (*aloud, cringingly*) Oh, don't mind me! I am of no consequence.

MRS. S. Oh, I know how good you are! (*to GIRLS*) So, until after dinner, you will resume your studies.

FAR. Charming.

BEAUFOY looks at BELLA. FARINTOSH gives his arm to MRS. S. and exits with her, R. D., kissing his hand to the GIRLS. JACK and DR. S. exit same. DR. S. touches BEAUFOY, who rouses himself from looking at BELLA, R. Oh! and exits R. D.

MIL. I am so glad they are gone.

TIL. So am I. (*GIRLS laugh, talk, exchange books noisily.*)

KRUX. They will dine without me. And such a good dinner, too. I had kept my appetite. (*aloud*) Silence, ladies! (*GIRLS laugh.*)

NAOMI (*turns to MILLY*). She's got my slate-pencil.

MIL. I hain't!

NAOMI. You have!

MIL. (*quickly*). I hain't, hain't, hain't!

KRUX. Silence! do you hear? Miss Laura, take your elbows off the table. Heads up! If you cannot keep your eyes open in daylight, you had better carry your head to the pump.

NAOMI. To which pump? (*ALL laugh.*)

KRUX. (*turns to go up c., shows his chalked back.* *ALL laugh.*)

MIL. Ha, ha! he's been powdering himself for dinner.

TIL. No, it's flour, he's been kissing the cook.

NAOMI. I pity the cook!

KRUX. Are you all mad? (*scowls*) Do you see anything in me to laugh at! (*sees chalk, snarlingly*) Who put that on? (*calls*) Bella, go and get me a brush! Do you not hear me? (*BELLA rises, slowly, painfully, by an effort*) Bring me a brush! (*BELLA slowly crosses and exits R. D., ashamed, GIRLS murmur.*)

KRUX. Silence! What's the height of the Chimborazo mountains?

TILLY. Four hundred miles—I mean four hundred yards! (*sits.*)

KRUX (*to NAOMI*). How high are the Chimborazo mountains.

NAOMI. I don't know.

KRUX. Then you must learn.

NAOMI. I can't learn. (*sits, aside*) I could cry my eyes out to be at dinner with him!

*Enter, R. D., with brush in hand, BELLA, coming down to L. C.\**

KRUX. Ah! there you are. Bella, come. brush me.

BELLA (*slowly lays brush on desk*). I can't do that.

GIRLS. What a shame!

KRUX. Silence! Don't you know who you are?

BELLA. I am not a servant!

KRUX. You can shell peas—then, why not brush coats? (*thumbs in vest arm-holes, haughtily*) Do you know who I am?

NAOMI (*rises*). You are a beast! Bella is here to teach ladies and

\*KRUX.  
C.

BELLA.  
L. C.

NAOMI.  
L.

MILLY.

to brush  
all the  
shield h

Change o

apse of  
ready  
facin

BEAU.  
rely, fu  
rent fro  
glomer  
ass, and  
al—(lon  
ing! T  
ool! aw  
ng mile  
ses) A  
by gar  
differen  
e trame  
mplicity  
n't see  
ach of t  
ain them  
d him.

BEL. O  
BEAU.  
BEL. A  
ut the h  
BEAU. I  
BEL. O

more at table  
not mind—  
me! I am of  
So, until after

to brush blackguards! Girls, don't let us put up with his impudence!  
(*all the GIRLS seize slates and books, and KRUX puts up his arms, cowering, to shield his face.*)

*Enter, R. D., DR. and MRS SUTCLIFFE. Picture.*

DR. S.\* \*MRS. S. up R.

GIRLS.

BELLA.

KRUX.\*

\*NAOMI.

\*MILLY.

CURTAIN SLOW.

(*Change of Tableau for Encore. Same except DR. S. has come down to R. C., and drawn BELLA to him, his arm round her fatherly.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

(*Lapse of Two Hours. Gardens in 4th grooves. Gas down. Moonlight ready, R. U. E., discover BEAUFOY on stool, R. C., buried in thought, facing R. Piano, lively tune played off R., at intervals.*)

BEAU. (*dreamily*). By Jove, this is an awfully pretty place! rustic, lovely, full of serenity and all the rest of it. Ah! everything is so different from what it is in the city. What are large cities, after all, but conglomerations of bricks and mortar? While the country is made up of moss, and flowers, (*hesitating between each word*) and fruit, and buds, and—(*long pause*) mushrooms, and truffles—truffles, and—all that sort of thing! The shooting is better, too, in the country! That dinner was awfully good! So, it is eight hundred—eight hundred and something miles to the moon—I forget the odd hundreds and thousands. Ah! (*glances*) A singular little girl that! (*walks about leisurely*) Fresh as nature (*by garden-bed*) and innocent as—moss. I wonder who she is? She's different from the—hem! persons one sees at Paris and Vienna, and the tremendous tiger-lilies one meets in town. Oh, simplicity! sweet simplicity, how shockingly you are neglected in this 19th century? She can't seem to be a pupil like the other young ladies. I don't think much of that Miss Naomi Tighe—ah! uncle will be awfully disappointed in there. (*feels in pocket*) Oh! Jack has got my cigar-case. I'll go and find him. (*to R., proscenium E., nearly runs against BELLA.*)

BELLA *enter, R., proscenium E., jug in hand.*

? (*thumbs in*)

BEL. Oh!

h ladies and

BEAU. I beg your pardon. (*salutes.*)

BEL. Ah! you nearly made me drop the jug. (*evinces great nervousness out the hands.*)

x.

BEAU. I am so sorry.

BEL. Oh! it is of no consequence. (*to L. C.*)

BEAU. (c.). May I ask where you are going ?

BEL. Cook used more milk than she expected for dinner, and I—

BEAU. Are going for more. And were you not afraid to go alone?

BEL. Afraid? It is only across the meadow.

BEAU. I thought they had the milk more convenient in the country, carried it about in cows. No, no, I don't mean that! (*laughs confusedly*) I mean, I thought they kept it on the premises—drew it up in a bucket out of the well.

BEL. Milk out of a well ?

BEAU. Oh, no! that's water. To be sure, water. (*laughs*) But the things do get mistaken for one another, and mixed up sometimes. (*is* *barrassed*) But why did they not send one of the servants ?

BEL. Oh, they are all so busy, and I was doing nothing.

BEAU. Ah! you find it amusing?

BEL. (*faintly*). No, my lord, I am not a pupil here.

BEAU. Not a pupil?

BEL. No, my lord. Mrs. Sutcliffe took me in here out of charity.

BEAU. (*lifts his hat*). God bless Mrs. Sutcliffe!

BEL. And to please the Doctor.

BEAU. (*lifts hat*). I mean God bless the Doctor.

BEL. They are both more than kind to me, and I owe everything I have in the world to them.

BEAU. Do your father and mother approve of this?

BEL. Alas! I have no father or mother.

BEAU. An orphan?

BEL. Yes.

BEAU. Ah! what an interesting girl!

BEL. I never knew my father. My mother died in the village close when I was young. Mrs. Marsh, a good woman of the place, took me and brought me up.

BEAU. Does she live?

BEL. No! Mrs. Marsh died when I was eight years old.

BEAU. Confound the good people—they always die. I suppose it is to make room for the bad ones.

BEL. That was my first sorrow. Then I came here.

BEAU. You are an excellent scholar.

BEL. I have tried hard to learn, so that I shall not be a burden to any one when I grow up.

BEAU. You must have some favorite among the school girls?

BEL. (*smiles and her face brightens*). Yes, Nummy!

BEAU. "Nummy!" What a singular name.

*The Moonlight is gradually let on, first up high, i. e., and gradually to cover the whole of 2d and 3d E.'s.*

BEL. Oh, I mean Naomi—Miss Tighe. The best girl in school.

BEAU. She is rich?

BEL. Yes, and she is as good as she is rich. So only fancy how much money she must have! She, too, is an orphan. Perhaps that is the reason why we have such a liking for one another. For we are very different in some things, she is very rich and I—(*pause*) am not.

BEAU. Not rich? (*aside*) How these great natures misunderstand themselves.

BEL. Oh! I have quite forgotten my errand.

BEAU. Never mind it. Let the milk get itself. I mean, is it far from here to the moon? No, I don't mean—I meant is it far to go for the milk?

BEL. Only across the field.

BEAU. That's a pity! Ah! may I go with you?

BEL. My lord, it's so much trouble!

BEAU. Oh, dear, no! The milk about here is so pure that it is a pleasure to walk with it. (*perceives his mistake, quickly*) I mean (*smiles confusedly*) what a lovely night! the moon is so bright! How far did you say it is from this dark spot to the moon?

BEL. 236,847 miles

BEAU. That's a great way off.

BEL. (*playfully*). Isn't it kind of the moon to shine down upon us at such a distance?

BEAU. Not at all! the grass is so soft and pleasant, that the moon does not help herself. Will you let me carry the jug?

BEL. Oh, my lord, so much trouble

BEAU. Oh, dear, no! I should like it above everything. (*takes jug*) Will you allow me to offer you my arm?

BEL. I don't like to—

BEAU. You should not conceive dislikes so suddenly.

BEL. Oh, it is not that, but—(*bell r., softly, strikes nine. BELLA on BEAUFOY'S arm stops him up c. They look at their shadow*)

BEL. What long shadows the moon casts. There I am.

BEAU. And there I am.

BEL. So tall, so high.

BEAU. So are you.

BEL. But not so tall as you.

BEAU. Yet you are nearer the skies! See! (*moves a little aside*) we parted again.

BEL. (*steps to BEAUFOY'S side*). And now we are joined together. Wonderful things, shadows; are they not?

BEAU. And pleasant, when they lie *before* us.

BEL. I often wonder what they are made of, and what they mean?

BEAU. No one knows, except poets—and painters—and—*lovers*—and they know everything; and what they do not know they feel. See, we are divided again.

BEL. (*has touched the jug with her hand*) Nay, the jug unites us.

BEAU. (*tenderly but sadly*). Only for the moment. (*looks her up to D., then*) Only for the moment. (*exit with BELLA on his arm D., in set flat in third grooves.*)

*Enter, R., proscenium R., smoking cigar, JACK POYNTZ, in fatigue-cap and soldier's overcoat. Crosses, seats himself in swing, L., and slowly swings himself. Piano heard off R., as before.*

JACK. Jolly nice girls, these. That Miss Tighe is a girl of spirit—shed into that infernal teacher like a good 'un, quite right, too! She's pretty too! I wonder if she is clever! The two things don't often go together. When nature makes a pretty woman, she puts all the odds into the shop-window. I feel as strange in such a quiet retreat with a dash of brandy in a glass of milk. My short stay in these female country barracks makes me feel like going to church when a fellow isn't allowed to it. What's the quotation? Ah! "they who came to court, returned to pray."

*Enter, R. 3 E., with her hands held up over head, with her white cloak all over her head and shoulders, so as to appear about six feet tall, NAOMI. She comes to opening in third grooves set, and cries: Booh!*

JACK (*very quietly*). Here's a ghost. (*in the tone of one saying*). "Here's



some fun!" This is really interesting. I am fond of ghosts—particularly ghosts in petticoats. Hum! (*mock solemnly*) If you are the departed spirit of any late friend, come back to inform me that you have left some money—pray, mention it at once.

NAOMI (*drops her hands and discovers herself. Comes down c.*) Were you frightened?

JACK. Oh! awfully! (*rises.*)

NAOMI. What are you doing there?

JACK. Using up my friend's cigars. Pity you were not my friend.

NAOMI. Why?

JACK. To have one.

NAOMI. Fie! (*laughingly*) I have been in the shrubbery, frightening the girls—but it was very slow work. I would rather stay and talk to you.

JACK (*tosses cigar aside*). I am so flattered.

NAOMI. Oh, if you talk like that, I shall run away. (*exit, D., in full groove se Pause, re-enter*) Don't you come after me?

JACK (*R. C.*). Not for worlds.

NAOMI (*comes down c.*). I can't make you out at all.

JACK. Why not?

NAOMI. Why, you speak truths as if they were fibs, and fibs as if they were truths. I like to hear you talk.

JACK (*bows*). The fibs or the truths?

NAOMI. Both. Have you ever been married?

JACK. Never.

NAOMI. What are you?

JACK. Nothing. It's the occupation I am most fitted for.

NAOMI. Oh, you must be something?

JACK. No.

NAOMI. What were you before you were what you are now?

JACK. A little boy;—but I got nothing for it—not even birched.

NAOMI. Mr. Farintosh was saying at table that you had been in the army. Were you a horse-soldier or a foot-soldier?

JACK. A foot-soldier, a very foot-soldier.

NAOMI. And that you were in the Crimea?

JACK. Ya-as. I was there.

NAOMI. At the Battle of Inkermann?

JACK. Ya-as.

NAOMI. Then why didn't you mention it?

JACK. Not worth while. There were so many other fellows there.

NAOMI. Did you fight?

JACK. Ya-as, I fought.

NAOMI. Weren't you frightened?

JACK. Immensely.

NAOMI. Then why did you stay?

JACK. Because I hadn't the pluck to run away.

NAOMI. Did they pay you much for fighting?

JACK. No. But then I didn't do much fighting, so that I was not disappointed with them in that respect!

NAOMI. I wish I was a man!

JACK. I don't.

NAOMI. Why not?

JACK. I much prefer you as you are.

NAOMI. Now, if you talk like that, I shall run away!

JACK (*carelessly*). Don't. The world is so large that a diamond can easily be lost in it.

NAOMI (*aside*). Lovely! per-fect-ly lovely! (*clasps her hands in ecstasy*)  
Are you fond of reading?

JACK. Ya-as. Middling.

NAOMI. Did you ever read Othello?

JACK. Ya-as. But I don't think it nice reading for young ladies.

NAOMI. Othello told Desdemona of the dangers he had passed and the battles he had won.

JACK. Ya-as! Othello was a nigger and did not mind bragging.

NAOMI. But it must have been pleasant for Desdemona.

JACK. Humph! a black look-out.

NAOMI. Like looking at your husband through a piece of smoked glass.

JACK. As if he were a planet—

NAOMI. Or a heavenly body. (*looks tenderly at JACK.*)

JACK. Shall we take a walk?

NAOMI. I don't like to—

JACK (*offers arm*). Oh! you will find it go easy. I am not too tall.

(*Naomi plays, R.*)

NAOMI. No, I like to look up to you. - Tell me if I lean on you too much.

JACK. Oh! I can carry a good deal of weight in that way. Are you comfortable?

NAOMI. Yes, your shoulder does capitally as a head-rest.

[NAOMI on JACK'S arm exits L., *proscenium E.*

*Enter, D., in set flat, BEAUFOY and BELLA, with jug.*

BEL. We are soon back.

BEAU. I am sorry to say, we are.

BEL. Let me deprive you of the jug.

BEAU. And must you go and leave me now?

BEL. I must—but I will be back again.

*Enter, R., coming down R., KRUX.*

BEL. If you will stay there, you will see me presently.

BEAU. (*is about to give jug to BELLA, when he sees KRUX, forces jug into KRUX'S hands*) Here, you'll do. Carry that into the kitchen.

BELLA. Oh, my lord! (*confused*) I—I won't be a minute. (*takes jug from KRUX, and runs off R., proscenium E.*)

BEAU. I beg pardon. You are—

KRUX. Krux, my lord.

BEAU. I mistook you in the dark for—

KRUX. For one of the female servants. Very natural! A fine night, my lord?

BEAU. Yes. Good-night!

KRUX. Good-night, my lord. (*BEAUFOY turns from him, he goes up R.*)  
h! (*in hate, exit, R. 3 E., scowling*).

*Enter, R., proscenium E., BELLA.*

BEAU. I am so glad you are returned.

BEL. I made all the haste I could.

BEAU. The shrubbery runs all around the garden?

BEL. It does, my lord.

BEAU. Will you take my arm again? Will you think of me sometimes when I am far av ?

BEL. Oh, yes. There is no one, after a first interview, with whom I liked—the conversation so much. You are the first—

BEAU. Yes?

BEL. The first lord I ever knew.

BEAU. And you the first little lady that ever I cared for. (*going L.*)

BELLA. KRUX *appears, R. 3 E., spying*) I shall be very sad when I am away from here to-night.

BEL. Sad?

BEAU. Yes.

BEL. Why? (*they exeunt L., proscenium E., while BELLA is looking up at the answer to her question.*)

KRUX (*runs down R. and to c.*). Where's Mrs. Sutcliffe? "My lord, indeed! he mistook me in the dark for a female servant! Wait a moment! We shall see, we shall see!" [*Runs off, R. 3 E.*]

*Enter, R., proscenium E., SCHOOL GIRLS, LAURA, TILLY, etc.*

LAURA. Where is Bella?

TIL. With Lord Beaufoy! odious little flirt! Why, when one has a lord, he ought to be divided up amongst the rest of us.

*Enter, L. 3 E., to opening c., and down c., MILLY.*

MIL. Girls! (*All come to c.*)

ALL. What?

MIL. Hush! (*bell strikes ten*) Here she is! (*All go to L. front.*)

*Enter, L. 3 E., crossing to exit, R. 3 E., BELLA on BEAUFOY'S arms, each looking at the other affectionately.*

LAURA. Well, there, I never!

TIL. Nor I!

MIL. But I should like to! The impudence of that Bella!

*Enter, L. 3 E., and coming to c., KRUX, looking after BELLA. Enter, L. 3 E., NAOMI, on JACK'S arm. When they come to c., JACK pushes KRUX front, out of the way.*

JACK. Take care! thank you! (*crosses to exit with NAOMI, R. 3 E., KRUX slowly follows them off, same.*)

TIL. And them, too!

MIL. You mean they four!

*Enter, R., proscenium E., DR. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE, followed by FARINTOS putting on his gloves, in his overcoat.*

DR. S. Oh! stop to have a glass of sherry and a sandwich.

FAR. I cannot. This letter from my lawyer is most important!\* If I drive over at once, I shall be able to get my things together and catch the night train. Yes, yes, on this may depend the most important part of my life. Let me thank you again for the most charming and instructive day I have spent in this place. Eh, eh?

\* DR. S.

MRS. S.  
R. C.

FAR.  
C.

GIRLS.  
L.

JACK and BEAUFOY enter R. 3 E., and come down. JACK down R.,

BEAUFOY down c.) Good-night, and wish me many happy returns.  
 (R. runs against JACK. To JACK) Ah! Arthur, one word with you.  
 I shall take the carriage, so you and your friend can walk over—the  
 night is fine, and—yes, yes. Apropos, they tell me that Mr. Poyntz has  
 been paying marked attentions to the heiress—eh, eh? Miss Tighe,  
 whom you have been neglecting for a Miss Bella. Arthur, such—yes,  
 such! Arthur, I regard such conduct as highly reprehensible—(with no  
 change of tone to kindly one) God bless you!

Mrs S (to JACK). At any time, Mr. Poyntz, most happy to see you.  
 FAR. Poyntz? Mr. Poyntz? Ah! (goes to c. and meets BEAUFOY. To  
 BEAUFOY) I need not say that my box is at your service any time you  
 are inclined to come down to shoot here. Apropos, of shooting, he, he!  
 These school girls have wonderful eyes! they see everything—just like  
 me! They tell me that Arthur has been paying all his attentions to one  
 named Miss Bella—he shouldn't do that, should he now?

KRUX enters R., 3 E. and VAUGHAN R., proscenium E., coming to c.,\* behind  
 ALL.

BEAUFOY wrong of him, very wrong! (goes to DR. S. and takes his hands, to  
 DR. S.) My dear Mr. Sutcliffe, many thanks for your entertainment of  
 to-day. By the way, one word. Theodore is not well. He drank too  
 much wine at dinner! (Mrs. and DR. S. exchange horrified looks) much  
 much! I have been watching him. He is breaking fast. You must  
 take great care of him, or we shall lose him. (turns L. VAUGHAN at his  
 elbow, KRUX on his left) Young ladies, good-night! (leaves his hat  
 to give the thanks of a man old enough to be the father of anybody  
 present excepting my good friends, the Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe. He,  
 (takes KRUX's arm) Vaughan, have you ordered the carriage round  
 the door? (perceives his error, takes VAUGHAN's arm) I—I beg pardon,  
 yes. The dark and—and—quite so.

BEAUFOY enters L. 2 E., and remains L. among the GIRLS, who express vexation  
 at her.

BEAUFOY. Bravo! God bless you very much! I declare I feel quite young  
 now! ha, ha! (skipping up on VAUGHAN'S arm) quite young. (at R.)  
 Good-by!

ALL. Good-night.

JACK (to BEAUFOY). Arthur. (they meet up c. KRUX whispers to  
 DR. S. who displays amazement and horror, and looks at BEAUFOY fiercely)  
 Arthur, I am surprised at your paying your attentions so openly to that  
 Miss Bella.

BEAUFOY. Have I behaved so very badly?

JACK. Oh, awful! Do whatever you like with a girl, but don't get  
 talked about.

BEAUFOY. Humph! not my doctrine.

JACK. Ah, you belong to the old Satyrical school.

BEAUFOY. And you to the modern cynical.

\*VAUGHAN.\*

DR. S.\*

\*KRUX.

MRS. S.\*

FAR.\*

\*GIRLS.

BEAUFOY.\*

JACK.\*

JACK. It's Faust and Marguerite over again.

BEAU. I know where to look for the Mephistopheles.

JACK. Oh! Mephistopheles be—

BEAU. It is unnecessary. He *is* so already.

*Enter BELLA, L., but the GIRLS turn away from her. She is confused.*

How are you getting on with the heiress?

JACK. She talks like a goldfinch.

BEAU. Here, give me a cigar. (*he and JACK light cigars.*)

JACK. Doctor and ladies all, good-night!

BEAU. I echo my friend. Good-night! (*aside, looking at BELLA* though I think *I* may say, *au revoir!*)

[*Exit arm in arm with JACK, D. in F.*

MRS. S. (*to KRUX*). Are you quite sure of what you are saying, Mrs. KRUX?

KRUX. Ask her! (*sneer*) She always speaks the truth.

MRS. S. (*on BELLA coming affectionately to her side*). \* Oh! I never don't touch me! (*BELLA drops her outstretched hand, astonished*) or rather give me your hand. What do I see? a ring on your finger! Then it is all true? Tell me, where did you get it?

BEL. Lord Beaufoy gave it to me.

ALL. Lord Beaufoy?

KRUX (*chuckling*). I told you!

MRS. S. You have been watched during your outrageous promenade with him.

KRUX (*aside*). Well watched. I did that.

NAOMI. What if she did? There's no harm in that! I was walking and talking with Jack.

ALL. Jack!

MRS. S. Silence, Miss Tighe. I will attend to you in the morning As for this depraved girl—

DR. S. My dear—

MRS. S. Silence, Theodore!

DR. S. (*meekly*). Yes, my love.

MRS. S. (*rises*). Young ladies, you may retire to your dormitories.

GIRLS (*murmur*). Oh! (*and cross to R., curtsy*) Good-night!

BEL. Oh, girls! won't you say good-night to me?

MRS. S. Don't dare to address them! Abandoned girl! Don't dare to approach any of the young ladies. [*Exit GIRLS, R.*

NAOMI, R., makes a face at KRUX and says in disgust: Baa-ah! *Exit, kissing her hand to BELLA, R., proscenium E.*

MRS. S. Hussy! to attempt to bring shame upon this respectable house. George will take you over to the station in the morning to London; there you will find shelter in the house of my friend Stanton, for one month. By that time, you will have found a situation somewhere—for only a month, remember.

DR. S. But my dear—

Mrs. S. Silence!

DR. S.\*

KRUX.\*

R. C

\*MRS. S.

\*BELLA.

C.

\*GIRLS.

\*NAOMI.

L.

DR. S. Hold your tongue! (*firmly*) The pupils are no longer here, and I will speak! (*draws BELLA to him tenderly*) Bella, my dear child, I will ask you a few questions. Did Lord Beaufooy give you that ring?

BEL. (*voice choked with tears*). Yes.

DR. S. And why did he give it to you?

BEL. Ah! I can't tell you that.

KRUX. There, there! (*tunefully*)

DR. S. (*crosses to KRUX*). Out of my sight or I shall strike you. (*KRUX exits off R., proscenium E.*) Bella, my child! (*returns to BELLA*) did Lord Beaufooy say that he loved you?

BEL. (*very faintly*). Yes! (*bows her head, and, as her hand is up to her head to repress her sobs, her lips involuntarily kiss the ring.*)

MRS. S. I said so!

DR. S. Good heavens, what of that? It is very easy to love Bella. I will love her, for one!

MRS. S. Oh, Doctor! (*affected horror*) Take me in! I shall faint!

DR. S. You are too harsh and cruel on Bella.

MRS. S. Oh, Theodore, you love me no longer!

DR. S. No! I mean yes. (*Mrs. S. sobs and exits R., proscenium E.* DR. S. *follows her; soothingly*) My love, my love, I didn't intend—(*off R., proscenium E.*)

BEL. (*c., alone, tearfully*). Is it so wrong, then, to love him—to wear the ring that he gave me? If I thought so, I—(*gesture of going to fling the ring away—stope*) No! it seems to give me courage to brave the world.

Alone! I must go from here! I must leave you, dear home—the only home I have ever known—with all the kind friends, the servants, the playmates, my kind benefactors! forever! Oh! what will become of me in London—all alone, without a friend in the world? Alone! alone! alone! (*she dies away in sobbing.*)

NAOMI (*appears D. in R. 2 E., set flat*). No, Bella, no! not alone! (*comes down stairs, R., with bundle, her mantle and hat on*) I will go with you! (*very animatedly*) We will go together! I have fourteen pounds in my purse, and we will live with one another! Nothing shall separate us from death do us part! (*falls on BELLA'S neck, both sobbing.*)

BEAUFOY is seen climbing tree, R. C. to look over wall.

CURTAIN.

Lapse of Six Weeks.

ACT IV.

SCENE. Same as Act III. Gas up for morning sunlight effect. Overture to curtain rising, a lively dance.

COVER, seated R., NAOMI, thoughtful. MILLY with skipping-rope, TILLY swinging, HETTY in swing, GIRLS rolling hoop and playing tag, etc. Some walk about arm round waist, off and on L. side.

MIL. (*comes R.*) Sulky again, Nummy! Why aren't you playing?

NAOMI. I don't want to.

TIL. She is thinking of Bella! (*ALL laugh*) It is just six weeks to-day since she was gone.

NAOMI (*absently*). Poor Bella! (*pause*) I wonder where he is?

GIRLS. He is?

NAOMI. He? She! How could Bella be a he?

MIL. For my part, I am glad she is gone—a little stuck-up thing. never liked her, did we, girls?

ALL. No! never!

MIL. She was always so goody-goody and stupid!

TIL. Oh! now, I thought her too cunning!

NAOMI. You're a pack of naughty, ungrateful girls! after all the she has done for you and all the black marks she let you off, too! I like smacking all your faces!

MIL. Pooh! (*advances*) You are not among little blackamoors and I should like to see you smack my face!

NAOMI. You shall feel me do it if you don't take care! (*makes threatening movement and MILLY lifts her skipping-rope in defence.*)

LAURA (*sleepily*). I liked Bella!

ALL. You! Ha, ha! Why?

LAURA. Yes, because she always gave me her bread and butter.

MIL. May be she'll want it now where she is, the little upstart! (*R.*)

GIRLS. Oh! there's breakfast.

NAOMI. I won't go in to breakfast. I've got a headache, and Mrs. Sutcliffe says I may stay out here and take the fresh air.

TIL. The fresh air for breakfast. Poor thing! (*suddenly*) Oh, girls, here comes Bella. (*NAOMI jumps up to her feet and looks round eagerly.*)

ALL (*laugh*). Ha, ha!

NAOMI. What a shame! [*GIRLS exeunt R., proscenium E., laughing.*]

LAURA (*comes to NAOMI*). Never mind their sneers. Here—(*unfolds piece of paper solemnly*) here is a gun-loop for you! (*NAOMI throws it away, who exits slowly R., proscenium E.*)

NAOMI (*alone, at c.*). I wish I was a man! I don't see what use girls are! I hate girls—boys are so much more manly! (*goes cautiously up c. looking searchingly around her. Comes down and takes seat on stool, R. c. Looks round, cautiously draws her from her bosom, looks up straight ahead, as if afraid of somebody being even in the trees to watch her. R. c.*)

"My dear, dear Naomi!" (*laughs in hysterical delight*) "My dear, dear Naomi!" (*sawes away*) I read that so often that I can hardly get on with the rest of it. "My dear, dear Naomi!" (*kisses twice*) "I have hesitated whether to write to you so soon again or not."

"What nonsense! as if a girl could ever have too many love-letters. "For you see, my love!" (*laughs as before*) How well he expresses himself! He's quite an author!

"I thought it would be better for me not to pursue the correspondence without the approval of your guardians, as you are so young!" So young! Jack is always dinging that in my face! people can't be born grown-up can they? I wish I was as old as Mrs. Sutcliffe! then he couldn't say I was too young. (*reads*) "I called on Mr. Parintosh, but the poor old Beau has been seriously ill—so seriously that his life was despaired on."

I came again when he was better, and while in his house had the fortune to meet one of your guardians. I took the chance, and obtained an introduction. I improved the opportunity, so that the old gentleman has invited me to dine with him."

I wish I was my guardian. He won't understand him. It requires a great deal of intelligence and good taste to appreciate Jack. Going to dine with my Jack! Oh, (*reads*) "I have learnt nothing further about your friend Bella. She left the house in London three days after her arrival, and Mrs. Stanton is of the opinion that she has not gone to a situation."

Poor Bella! "My friend, Lord Beaufoy, has also disappeared. So dearest—" It's

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

ing to  
all go  
tallos  
es.  
his bay  
on you  
fit you  
at has  
ers like  
ry excite  
eeze yo  
otedly  
ould l  
le life  
at's re  
eping.)

JACK. N  
NAOMI C  
JACK. N  
NAOMI C  
ing d. C  
from c  
is. JACK  
JACK. A  
NAOMI.  
points le  
JACK. I  
NAOMI.  
JACK. C  
NAOMI.  
JACK. N  
in down  
and he  
iting of  
re—  
NAOMI.  
JACK.  
NAOMI.  
JACK.  
proved  
NAOMI.  
JACK  
NAOMI  
of the l  
heard l  
JACK.  
NAOMI  
JACK.  
o you l  
NAOMI  
JACK.  
ard th  
nd to d

ing to an end! I've a mind to begin it all over again. "So, dearest, shall go and be informed of all the news of the money market, of hides and tailow, *coch'néel*, and gray shirtings——" He spells cochineal with his bad spelling. (*reads*) "Dearest, the first time I saw you I looked on you with admiration, because I knew you were so rich—but when left you that night, I was filled with love——" I don't like that! What has money got to do with it? Can ten thousand pounds write love-letters like this? Can ten thousand pounds go out to the Crimea and fight? (*excitedly*) Can ten thousand pounds put his arm round you and squeeze you? (*gravely*) No, it couldn't. "But I love you fondly, dearly, ardently!" (*hisses letter*) Without you, I am like a sail without a snip. If I should be so happy as to please your guardians, the conduct of my whole life shall prove that I love you for yourself alone." (*nearly crying*) That's real poetry. (*wipes her eyes*) "Your fond and faithful JACK." (*weeping.*)

JACK shows his head above set wall, at c.

JACK. Naomi!

NAOMI (*starts*). What's that? (*hides letter.*)

JACK. Naomi!

NAOMI (*turns*). Jack! (*rises*) Oh! (*runs to D. in F. and lets in JACK, rings D. open. They come down. NAOMI, twice, can only just restrain herself from embracing JACK, when he is not looking. They take seats, c., on chairs. JACK on NAOMI'S L.*)

JACK. Ah! (*plays with his cone.*)

NAOMI. Well, go on! (*pauses—mutual embarrassment. JACK rolls down pants legs*) Have you no news to tell me?

JACK. I had loads to tell you, but when I see you, I forget.

NAOMI. I was dreaming of you last night. Do you ever dream of me?

JACK. Often, but I did not go to sleep all last night.

NAOMI. No?

JACK. No! I heard that old Farintosh was better, so I took the night train down to his shooting box, in hopes that I might see you again. I found he was coming over here, but I distanced him, and while I was sitting outside, I thought I might as well look over and see if you were here——

NAOMI. And I was, and I let you in. You are well?

JACK. Never better. And you?

NAOMI. I am quite well, thank you.

JACK. I don't mind the loss of sleep, but my hurry from Farintosh's arrival deprived me of my breakfast too.

NAOMI. Not had your breakfast? I have not had mine! What sympathy!

JACK. How have they all been here since——since——

NAOMI. Since Bella went away? Oh Mrs. Sutcliffe has been very ill, and the Doctor is in a dreadful state. He is angry with Mr. Krux, for he heard him saying to him (*gravely, in horror*) d-a-m, damn!

JACK. Tremendous!

NAOMI. Did you see my guardians? What did they think of it?

JACK. They are both "city" men—they can't think! By the way, do you know how old you are?

NAOMI. Eighteen.

JACK. No! you are nearly twenty-one. You see, you were so forward that your guardians were puzzled where to send you to school; and to do so here they suppressed part of your age, and deceived you



NAOMI. What a shame! to swindle a poor girl out of three years of her life.

JACK. I couldn't find out anything more about poor Bella.

NAOMI. Poor girl! But only to think of her not having written to me—not even a single line. (*thoughtfully*) I think it pays better to put all your love on a man! girls are so deceitful, while men are quite the contrary.

JACK (*coughs*). Hem! there are men, and individuals.

NAOMI. Jack, you will be *always* good to me?

JACK (*takes her hands*). I have promised.

NAOMI (*lightly*). I should like you sometimes to be bad, so that I could have the pleasure of forgiving you!

JACK. I dare say I can accommodate you!

NAOMI. Jack, why are people in love called spoons? (*rises.*)

JACK (*rises*). Because they are so often carried to the lips. (*about to embrace NAOMI.*)

*Enter, R., proscenium E., KRUX.*

KRUX. Oh! \* How do you do, sir? I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well. (*pause*) I am quite well, thank you.

JACK (*contemptuously*). I did not ask you.

KRUX. Ah! but you meant to.

JACK. I was coming over to see the Doctor for Mr. Farintosh, as I expected we would here meet together, and finding the gate open—

KRUX. The gate open? now who *could* have opened the gate?

NAOMI. The cat!

KRUX. The cat?

NAOMI. Yes, the cat! (*to KRUX, holds out her crooked fingers like claws*) That I keep to scratch out spies' eyes.

JACK. Announce to the Doctor that Mr. Farintosh will arrive shortly.

KRUX. Hem! he has already arrived.

JACK (*to NAOMI*). You will hardly know the old Beau since his sickness. He acts and dresses like any other old gentleman, and looks all the better for it.

*Enter, R., proscenium E., DR. S. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE.*

JACK. Ah, Doctor, and my dear Mrs. Sutcliffe. I am glad to see you again. I was sent on before Mr. Farintosh.

KRUX.† And the gate being opened by the cat—

DR. S. and MRS. S. By the cat?

JACK. Yes—of course not. I mean that I found the interesting animal outside, so that I opened the gate—

KRUX. From the inside?

JACK. No, not exactly that. The fact is, as I was lifting the animal over the wall—you see—I—I saw Miss Tighe, and—(*laughs confusedly*) ha, ha! you know.

NAOMI. I opened the gate. Mr. Krux, you can shut it. (*KRUX shakes his head in F.*)

DR. S. Mr. Poyntz, we received all your kind letters. (*shakes JACK'S hand*) How can we thank you sufficiently for all your inquiries about the fate of that poor girl?

\* KRUX.\*

JACK.\*

NAOMI.\*

† KRUX.  
R. G.

DR. S.

MRS. S.

C.

JACK.

NAOMI

L. G.

\* DR. S.

MRS. S. Poor child! I shall never cease to reproach myself for having  
 taken her away.

DR. S. Here comes Mr. Farintosh.

MRS. S. You can remain, Miss Tighe. Mr. Farintosh has something  
 to impart to you.

Enter R., proscenium E., FARINTOSH, with the steady though infirm gait  
 of an old man, and stooping a little.

FAR. Happy to see you again, my old friends. Mr. Poyntz, delighted,  
 takes hands with JACK. To JACK, *aside*) It appears there has been trou-  
 ble here. Eh, eh? One of the young ladies has gone away with some  
 one who is not a young lady. He, he! Such "accidents will happen in  
 the best regulated—" schools. He, he! *(to NAOMI)* My dear Miss Tighe,  
 takes her hand) your guardians send their best love. *(to DR. S. and*  
*Ms. S.)* \* My friends, I regret to find you in distress, but I believe I  
 have something to inform you of which will make you forget your sad-  
 ness in my present joy. I have been very ill since I last saw you, and I  
 was for two days within the shadow of death. I recovered, but I rose a  
 changed man. I never enjoyed life more than now, for I know what it  
 is. I have laid down the burden of my follies. I thought myself a  
 young fop, when I was nothing but an old fool.

DR. S. My dear old friend, I congratulate you! *(he and MRS. S. shake*  
*hands with FARINTOSH.)*

FAR. I have found my son's child *(general emotion.)*

NAOMI Oh! it must be so beautiful to have a father! *(FARINTOSH*  
*takes her hand appreciatively.)*

FAR. My dear child, you shall see our meeting; for my lawyer has  
 released her out—she is here.

ALL Here?

DR. S. Then you have brought her with you?

FAR. *(stammering with haste to speak all he has to say at once).* N-n-no!  
 I not tell you? What a stupid old fool I am, to be sure! Ah! here  
 comes the great and joyful surprise to you all! My son died abroad—

KRUX. I congratulate you. *(JACK pushes KRUX to L. front, and swings*  
*around significantly.)*

FAR. His wife, my daughter-in-law, returned to England, but she  
 went into retirement, under the name which poor Fred had assumed last,  
 to avoid his creditors. She retained the name, and it was as Mrs. Moun-  
 tain that she died, leaving her child, my son Fred's child, my grand-  
 child—to the charity of strangers. *(Mrs. and Dr. SUTCLIFFE exchange*  
*glances.)* Yes, she died in the village close by, and a good woman  
 brought up the child under her name, till she dying, left her to your  
 care—to the care of you. *(to DR. S.)* and of you, *(to MRS. S.)* her kind  
 benefactors, my old college chum, my old sweetheart! Bless you!  
 it is Bella Marsh that I seek. This is the supreme moment of my  
 life. I must have seen her when I was here last, but among so many,  
 how were my eyes to do? Ah! you will understand my joy, if ever  
 you have children, though, I suppose, you have long since given over  
 the idea of that! Eh, eh? Bella Marsh! my grandchild, Bella; give  
 her to me! produce her at once. Let her rest within these old arms  
 which have been pillowed her poor father's boyish head. Eh, eh?  
 Is she from one to the other of characters, perplexed? Ah! she is not in  
 the house? gone out? oh, let her be sent for at once!

DR. S. My old, old friend! calm yourself; we feel for you—

FAR. Eh, eh? She is not—not—(unable to speak.)

NAOMI (lets him rest upon her). Not dead!

FAR. No, no! No, no! Thank Heaven! (falls upon stool, c.)  
Heaven! What then? tell me, tell me where is she?

KRUX. If no one else will speak, I will! In telling you of the fact of one of the young ladies of the school having departed for London, the Doctor omitted to mention that the name of the party was that of the person you seek—it was Bella Marsh—or rather, your grandchild, Bella Farintosh!

FAR. (leaps at KRUX and grasps his throat). You lie, you dog! I throttle you! I'll have your life! (JACK releases KRUX and helps FARINTOSH to seat, as before) It's not true—it's not true. My dear friends, say it is not true. (to NAOMI) My child, you speak!

DR. S. My dear friend, it may not be as bad as it looks.

FAR. Ah! I have found her but to find her lost! (buries his face in his hands, sobbing) Ah, ah! (sits up, trembling) The name of the—the man—the wretch? You may tell me. I can bear it now.

KRUX. Lord Beaufoy! (FARINTOSH starts as if shot, and bows his head as if broken in body by the second blow. Bell off r.)

KRUX opens D. in F. Enter BEAUFOY.

KRUX (retires down L.). Lord Beaufoy!

ALL. Lord Beaufoy!

BEAU. (offers hand to each in succession as he names them, but all turn aloof) Ah, uncle! The Doctor! Mrs. Sutcliffe! Jack! (KRUX offers his hand, but BEAUFOY does not even notice him.)

DR. S. (sternly). My Lord Beaufoy, I believe that you, and you alone can tell us the whereabouts of Bella Marsh.\*

NAOMI (sobbing). My poor Bella!

KRUX (aside). A most improper young person!

BEAU. (aside). I see! (aloud) The whereabouts of Bella Marsh? Hem! Yes, I admit that I know where she has been since she left here.

DR. S. You admit it, and you—(lifts his cane.)

FAR. Let me talk to him. You did not know that my lawyer has found out that (difficulty in speaking) Bella is my grandchild?

BEAU. Your pardon. You forget that your lawyer is also mine. I was informed of it as early as you.

FAR. (dispirited). And you feared that I would leave her all my property and accomplished her ruin out of revenge!

BEAU. Ruin! I hardly understand you. When Bella left that house in London, I was ignorant that she was not Bella Marsh.

FAR. (quickly). Then all can be repaired. I am rich! I cannot last long—the will shall be in your favor! Let me prevail upon you to marry her!

BEAU. Impossible. I am already married.

ALL. Married!

FAR. Secretly?

BEAU. Secretly. (smiles to himself.)

FAR. My punishment! My punishment!

\* FAR. \*                      \* BEAU.                      \* JACK.  
Mrs. S. \*                      \* NAOMI.  
\* DR. S.                      \* KRUX.  
\* GIRLS. \*  
\* \* \*  
R.    C.    L.

JACK. Lord Beaufoy, from this moment ends our intercourse. My contempt for you is too deep for utterance.

BEAU. Ah! you'll apologize for that!

JACK. (*fiercely*). Apologize!

BEAU. Yes! and be sorry that you said it! (*JACK goes up L., playing roughly with his cane*) I am a little at a loss to understand such a position here. (*to JACK*) I thought you were a cynic, and reasoned that there was no act in this life which could be of the slightest consequence.

(*to the SUTCLIFFES*) As for you, what have you got to complain of? the case of a dependent, who paid by drudgery for being so? Bella is not a servant now, but has them! She does not answer bells; she rings them! She fetches and carries for nobody. And you—uncle, surprise me with your new-found repentance! you never let the child's possible misery disturb your tranquillity till of late! Is it that you want a nurse for your old age who will not require wages! As long as she was plain Bella Marsh, what mattered her life? Now that she is found to be Bella Farintosh, the grandchild of the rich Percy Farintosh, you would endeavor to make up for the neglect of the last twenty years!

DR. S. (*exultingly*). Lord Beaufoy, there are ladies present—yet—if you do not leave—though I am an old man, by Jove! I'll conduct you to the door by the collar. (*rolling sound as of carriage approaching heard R.*)

*Enter, R., proscenium E., TILLY and two GIRLS.*

TIL. Oh, Mrs. Sutcliffe, there's such a splendid carriage coming up to the house.

BEAU. I will go, and with no need to be conducted. But before I go, I'll bid me—

*Exit BEAUFOY. TILLY rises up C., opens D. in F., enter TWO FOOTMEN, who place themselves, each on one side of C. E., in third groove set. Then BELLA, whose hand is taken by TILLY.*

BEAUFOY.

ALL. Lady Beaufoy!

NAOMI. Bella!

BEAU. My wife. (*to FARINTOSH*) Your grandchild. (*BELLA is embraced by FARINTOSH, who shakes hands with the principal characters.\**)

MRS. S. (*embraces BELLA*). My favorite pupil.

NAOMI. Please pass her round! I want to kiss her. (*embraces BELLA*) My dear Bella! I am so happy to see you again.

DR. S. The scene is one of real love, it quite reminds me of the past—

MRS. S. Not of thirty-five years ago, Theodore?

FAR. My dear Arthur, how could you be so cruel?

BEAU. Well, really my reception was of a nature to make me harsh, even if it had not been by those whom I thought least apt to misunderstand me. Let it pass. In brief, the first thing, after I had induced my wife to leave Mrs. Stanton's, I married her—not without much reluctance on her part. But I wanted that to be done which not even an Archbishop could undo. Judge then of my joy when, on calling at my lawyer's for news of you, I found that I had married my cousin.

NAOMI. Your cousin? (*puzzled, quickly*) Of course she is your cousin. (*laughingly*) And cousins can marry! Ah! that's a real comfort.

ALB. DR. S. MRS. S. BELLA. FAR. BEAU. JACK. NAOMI.  
R. C. C. L. C. L.

BEAU. And, as one does not get such occasions often in life—I have wanted to prove you. (*shakes hands with the SUTCLIFFES.*)

BEL. (*to NAOMI*). You must come and spend the holidays with me.  
NAOMI. Yes, and we will look at all your new things together? (*turns to BELLA, and directs BELLA's attention to JACK.*)

BEL. I am sorry to have caused you anxiety and trouble, my worthy friends. I would have told you all; but when I wanted to write, my lord—

BEAU. Ah! Arthur!

BEL. Arthur would insist upon my silence.

DR. S. Well, the end crowns the work.

MRS. S. Well said, Doctor. But I always knew that your desire (*embraces BELLA*) would be a high one.

JACK (*to BEAU.*). I ask your pardon.

NAOMI. That's right.

BEAU. (*laughing*). I told you that you would be sorry for what I said.

BEL. (*offers KRUX her hand, frankly*). Mr. KRUX, I am sure that you wish me every happiness?

KRUX. Every happiness, Miss Bella. (*cringes lowly.*)

NAOMI (*tartly*). Miss Bella! And keeping your hat on when you are addressing Lady Beaufof!

KRUX. (*takes off hat and bows low*). I beg your pardon, Lady Beaufof!

DR. S. Mr. KRUX, if you would like to take your usual walk, do not let any regard for us deprive you of that pleasure!

KRUX. Thank you, Doctor. (*goes up c., takes his hat off and bows to the FOOTMEN.*) [Exit, D. in R.]

NAOMI. Jack, do you love me?

JACK. Devo—

NAOMI. Yes, I know! Then run after Mr. KRUX, and give him a thrashing.

JACK. With pleasure. [Exit, leisurely, D. in R.]

Enter, R., proscenium R., all the GIRLS, preceded by MILLY, who reads from a book in her hand.

MIL. (*going up R. a little, reads*). "When they came back from their wedding, Cinderella gave her sisters each a palace to live in, and she soon afterwards married noblemen of the court. And she and the prince lived a happy life forever afterwards."\*

NAOMI. Oh! it's just like the story. Here's the prince! and the bride—and (*looks at GIRLS, laughingly*) the envious sisters! and—(*turns up pumpkin, R., and goes up to FOOTMAN, holds up pumpkin*) who would ever think that this could grow into that! (*puts down pumpkin up R.*)

FAR. (*laughing*). If this is the fairy-tale, what am I?

NAOMI. (*coming down, c.*). You are the godmother.

BEAU. Knowing my wife's talent for fairy narratives, I have brought her something which could only be presented on this spot.

BEL. Oh! another present!

ALL (*as BEAUFOY discovers what he holds*). A pair of glass slippers!

MIL. Oh, how nice!

\* GIRLS.  
MILLY.  
TILLY.  
R.

MRS. S.  
DR. S.  
NAOMI.  
R. C.

FAR.  
C.

BELLA.

BEAU.

NAOMI  
JACK.  
NAOMI.  
JACK.  
FAR. Y  
DR. S.  
nature is  
which the  
FAR. I  
DR. S.  
FAR. A  
DR. S.  
There mus  
must be in  
FAR. V  
DR. S.  
FAR. G  
DR. S.  
FAR. H  
MRS. S.

GU

LAUR

TILLY.

BELLA is s  
slipper  
who lo

R. means  
Centre; I  
the back of  
the Flat; L  
first Entra  
second or T

The

*Enter, D. in F., JACK.*

NAOMI (to JACK). Did you do it?

JACK. Yes.

NAOMI. Thoroughly?

JACK. He said I did.

FAR. You see how good thoughts germinate into great deeds.

DR. S. But the seed must fall on the genial ground. Your nephew's nature is notably a great one. He is above all, a true gentleman, than which there is no finer thing in the world.

FAR. I beg your pardon. There is a finer.

DR. S. What is that?

FAR. A true lady.

DR. S. Aye. But then, (*glancing at Mrs. S.*) to the making up of that, there must go so many excellences that the combination is rare. There must be intelligence.

FAR. Virtue.

DR. S. Birth.

FAR. Good breeding.

DR. S. Courage.

FAR. Honor.

MRS. S. And above all, SCHOOL. (*all form picture.*)

FOOTMEN

\* \*

GIRLS.\*

LAURA.\*

TILLY.\*

\* DR. S.

\* MRS. S.

\* MRS. S.

\* BEAU.

\* BEAU.

\* BELLA.

\* BELLA.

\* FAR.

\* FAR.

\* NAOMI.

\* NAOMI.

\* JACK.

\* JACK.

\* GIRLS.

\* HETTY.

\* MILLY.

BELLA is seated, C., and BEAUFOY kneels on one knee to put on her the glass slippers. The others look at this centre group, except JACK and NAOMI, who look at each other.

*Music, the Pirates' Chorus, "The Enchantress."*

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.


R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

BEAU.

## SYNOPSIS.

THE first act opens with a wood scene, discovering the female scholars attending the "College House," engaged in listening to the story of Cinderella, read from a book by BELLA, a charity scholar and an orphan of unknown parents. The Principals, Dr. and Mrs. SUTCLIFFE, enter in the midst of a discussion as to what is to be done. The pedantic but kind-hearted preceptor vainly endeavors to give a definition of the tender passion, after which the girls pass off the stage, when KRUX, a hypocritical under teacher, makes his appearance. He encounters BELLA, who has returned to obtain Mrs. SUTCLIFFE'S overshoes, proposes marriage to her and is indignantly rejected. Shortly after LORD BEAUFOY and JACK POYNTZ enter upon the scene and enjoy a sportsman's breakfast, at which they are joined by FARINTOSH, a supernumerated beau, who urges upon his lordship, who is likewise his nephew and heir apparent, the propriety of marrying NAOMI TIGHE, an orphaned West Indian heiress then at the neighboring school, which proposal the nobleman resolutely refuses. BELLA, flying from an infuriated bull, chasing her and NAOMI, drops one of her shoes which is picked up by BEAUFOY. The bull is shot by POYNTZ, who thereby makes the acquaintance of NAOMI, while his lordship becomes enamored of BELLA. The second act, which can be suppressed as an episode, simply gives a school examination, attended by the BEAU, BEAUFOY and POYNTZ. The third act is devoted to the accidental meeting of BELLA and BEAUFOY, and of NAOMI and POYNTZ. The lovers indulge in a moonlight stroll, separately, in the course of which BEAUFOY presents BELLA with a ring. The walk and interview is watched by KRUX, who reports it to his principals, in consequence of which the charity pupil is banished the school. A period of six weeks elapses, during the course of which BEAU FARINTOSH is taken ill and lies almost at the point of death. Upon recovery, he learns BELLA to be the daughter of his only son, and goes to the school to claim her as his heiress and grandchild. In the garden he encounters POYNTZ, who is clandestinely visiting NAOMI, charged by her with the errand of seeking tidings as to the disappearance of her school-girl friend. FARINTOSH experiences intense disappointment at the unwelcome expulsion of his newly-found grandchild, when LORD BEAUFOY appears and explains that she has eloped at his solicitation. His motives and their consequences are misconstrued until BELLA returns among her former schoolmates, and is announced to LADY BEAUFOY, whereupon the play closes with the presentation, by his lordship, of a pair of glass slippers to his bride, thus practically terminating the story of Cinderella, with the narration of which the comedy commenced.

# A HAPPY PAIR.

An Original Comedietta.

IN ONE ACT.

BY

S. THEYRE SMITH.

LONDON :  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89. STRAND.

NEW YORK :  
SAMUEL FRENCH & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.



## A HAPPY PAIR.

*First performed at the St. James's Theatre (under the Management of Miss Herbert,) March 2, 1868.*

---

### CHARACTERS.

MR. HONEYTON	.	.	.	Mr. W. Farren.
MRS. HONEYTON	.	.	.	Miss Herbert.

---

Costumes of the day.

---

Time in performance—Forty minutes.

---

PROPERTIES.—Two newspapers, some letters in envelopes, and roses for Mr. Honeyton—fire in fire-place—breakfast laid for two—jar of honey—books and ornaments on table, &c.

SCENE

for

Lo

L.

THE

had

long

and

three

Then

me

mar

prin

man

wom

harg

I ne

hun

now

fall

affe

The

\*

Pair

adap

follo

fash

thet

putt

(under the  
1868.

## A HAPPY PAIR.\*

---

SCENE.—A breakfast room elegantly furnished—breakfast on the table at R., fireplace at back in the centre Large window, L., sofa R., table L. c. doors R. V. E. and L. 2 E.

Enter Mrs. HONEYTON.

There, Ferdinand's not down yet! How late he is. I've had some breakfast, for I was so hungry I could wait no longer—written two letters, been twice round the garden, and gathered these roses on purpose for him. (*takes some thread from a work-box and begins to tie them together*) There was a time, five months ago, when he used to give me bouquets and not I him. That was before we were married, of course. There seems to be some dreadful principle in human nature, some horrid law, that the man must pay the attentions before marriage and the woman afterwards; and the men have the best of the bargain, too, for I am sure in my most coquettish moods I never received Ferdinand's attentions, then, with a hundredth part the coldness with which he receives mine now. O, there's been a sad falling off in him, a sad falling off, a gradual decadence, a decline and fall in his affections like a thermometer in an increasing frost. There! (*holding up the bouquet*) Don't they look nice

---

\* The Author wishes it to be distinctly understood that "A Happy Pair," as published in New York, by Mr. Dewitt, is a mere American adaptation of the present piece. The incidents generally are closely followed, but the dialogue is marred and mangled in so shameless a fashion, that it becomes a question which is the more unjustifiable, the theft of the title and incidents, or the libel upon the Author, implied in putting his name upon the title page.

Farren.  
bert.

envelopes,  
ce—break:  
aments ou

now they're tied together? How beautifully they harmonise! O, the happy flowers, that don't change their tint and become something quite different directly they're coupled, as human creatures too often do directly *they're* tied together—Pleasant flowers that can be united in this way without all harmony being lost. But I won't think of our union, Ferdy's and mine, in this melancholy fashion. Perhaps he's only a little put out about something—I will still be cheerful, and happy, and loving, and in time he must come round again, and be as nice and affectionate as ever. Our life shall not be so unlike the flowers but that it shall be still *couleur de rose* if a woman's love can make it so. And he's quite a darling after all. O, (*turning to the table*) here are the letters. Let me see (*looking at them one after the other*) For Ferdy, Ferdy, Ferdy, me, Ferdy. There they are all ready for him with the roses a-top of them; and there's his chair (*pushing an easy chair to the table*), and there's his footstool (*giving it an affectionate pat*), and there are the newspapers, so now for my letter. O from Florence, of course (*opens it*) with a few lines from Kitty too. Now then, Florence first.—“Own precious darling of a Constance”—dear affectionate girl—“just returned from our tour in Spain—Spain is the most beautiful”—’m—’m—’m—O it must be lovely ’m—’m—’m—O how charming ’m—’m—’m—Ha, ha, ha! just fancy—’m—’m—’m—“tell you more when we meet. I will come and stay with you as soon as you like—give my love to Ferdinand, and believe me”—ah, the dear girl. “P.S. I picture to myself your perfect bliss with Ferdinand, my heart tells me that you are indeed a happy pair.” (*sally*) Does it tell you true? (*gaily*) O, of course, yes, yes. Now for Kitty. “Dearest Con. I have only time for three lines. I saw your last letter to Flo: and I am sure you are not happy.” What! I’m certain I never said so—“gather this generally from your note.” I detest people who gather things generally. “Now, darling Con., this unhappiness can only spring from one cause, your husband—married unhappiness always does spring from that one cause, the husband. I need not pause to tell you that I have felt certain from

the f  
mem  
want  
—’m  
treat  
Direc  
resist  
tyran  
you.  
sister  
bullie  
not to  
course  
relax  
such  
ing to  
my d  
believ  
not ba  
deserv  
won’t  
Perha

Enter

Mrs  
Well,  
ready,  
you ha  
Ferdy

Hon  
and ta

Mrs  
myself  
dewy  
me on  
dew of

Hon  
been—

MR  
say so

## A HAPPY PAIR.

the first that your Ferdinand, whom, as you may remember, I did not rejoice at your marrying—" (No! she wanted to marry him herself) "—that your Ferdinand 'm—'m—would turn out a tyrant, a brute, but let me entreat you to crush anything of that kind at once. Directly he shows the cloven-foot, stamp upon it. Prompt resistance is the only thing. Hold the mirror up to his tyrannical nature by treating him exactly as he treats you. By our long friendship I beseech you, by our sisterly affection, by all your hopes of happiness, don't be bullied"—(underlined dreadfully); "but be most careful not to let him suspect that you have been instigated to this course by anyone, and as you love me, darling Con., don't relax until he's quite subdued." But I don't love her after such a letter—it's shameful, positively shameful. Trying to sow discord between husband and wife. I forget my duty and my love? I—Oh Kitty, I couldn't have believed it of you. (*going as if to tear it*) No! tearing's not bad enough. (*walking promptly to the fire-place*) It deserves burning by the hangman. (*pausing*) No! I won't burn it yet—I'll—I'll—Here comes Ferdinand! Perhaps, I'll show it him. (*puts letter in her pocket.*)

*Enter Mr. HONEYTON, L. D. He comes surlily to the front.*

Mrs. H. Well, dear. (*he walks across to the window*) Well, my love. (*he looks up at the sky*) Breakfast's quite ready, my darling. (*he yawns tremendously*) What will you have? (*he pokes the fire*) There are your letters, Ferdy dear.

HONEY. (*grunts*) Oh! (*tosses the roses into the slop-basin and takes up the letters*)

Mrs. H. O, Ferdy, I gathered those roses for you myself, and got my feet so wet walking through the dewy grass. Yes, I did, though somebody used to tell me once that my foot was so light it wouldn't brush the dew off a daisy.

HONEY. (*coldly*) What a fool somebody must have been—once.

Mrs. H. (*playfully*) Why, my darling, you used to say so before we were married, you know.

HONEY. Have I ever said so since we were married?

Mrs. H. I don't think you have, indeed.

HONEY. Very well, then. It's plain I've repented of the falsehood, so you needn't throw that in my face again.

Mrs. H. Why, my own Nandy didn't think I meant to reproach him. No, no (*rising and going towards him with the roses*) let me put it in his button hole (*taking hold of his coat*) and —

HONEY. Constance, for goodness' sake don't paw me about. Will you have the kindness to give me a cup of tea, and not play the fool? I do very positively decline to be dressed out with flowers like a maypole, or a ritualistic church at Christmas-time.

Mrs. H. (*aside*) O, he's crosser than ever to-day. (*pours out tea and gives it him*) Won't you eat anything, love?

HONEY. O, no, don't bother me to eat. Mayn't I even have my own appetite to myself? I abominate having my meals forced down my throat as if I were a confounded cannon.

Mrs. H. (*sitting down and sipping tea*) I've had a letter from Florence Hayland, dearest. (*a pause*) Such a delightful letter. Shall I read you some of it? (*he takes up another letter*) Shall I, Ferdy? You were so fond of Florence, you know. (*a pause*) Shall I read it, Nandy? (*he opens his letter—she reads*) "My own precious darling of a Constance —"

HONEY. (*to himself*) Oh, Gibson's found me a pair of horses at last.

Mrs. H. Did you speak, dear? (*continuing*) "We have just returned from our tour in Spain. Spain is quite the most beautiful country you ever beheld. The landscapes are of the most gorgeous colours, being principally —"

HONEY. (*to himself*) "Coal black," eh?

Mrs. H. (*to him*) What, dear? (*a pause—she continues*) "The pastures extending in rich luxuriance for miles, have all —"

HONEY. (*to himself*) "Been fired." Hum!

Mrs.  
HON  
Mrs.  
very cu  
HON  
that.  
Mrs.  
listen to  
HON  
hind leg  
Mrs.  
Isn't it  
oh, here  
ever you  
HON  
Mrs.  
HON  
Mrs.  
so I'll w  
HON  
Mrs.  
HON  
Mrs.  
HON  
come.  
Mrs.  
HON  
Be as af  
you've a  
Mrs.  
that she  
HON  
Mrs.  
HON  
know, b  
Mrs.  
HON  
Mrs.  
once.  
HON

Mrs. H. "And the mountains are none of them——"

HONEY. (*to himself*) "Less than sixteen hands high."

Mrs. H. (*to him*) Eh, love? (*reads*) "The people are very curious. All the men have ——"

HONEY. (*to himself*) "Stringhalt slightly." Don't like that.

Mrs. H. (*to him*) No, dear, of course not. And just listen to this. (*reads*) "All the women go about with——"

HONEY. (*to himself*) "One white stocking on the near hind leg."

Mrs. H. (*to him*) What did you say, love? (*a pause*) Isn't it a strange country, Ferdy? And then she says—oh, here—"I will come and stay with you as long as ever you like. Give my love to Ferdinand, and——"

HONEY. What's that you're reading?

Mrs. H. Florence Hayland's letter, dear?

HONEY. And what does she say about coming to stay?

Mrs. H. That she will come as soon as ever we like, so I'll write at once and tell her——

HONEY. Not to come.

Mrs. H. What, Ferdy?

HONEY. Tell her not to come.

Mrs. H. O, Ferdy, and you used to like her so.

HONEY. Do you understand me?—tell her not to come.

Mrs. H. But, my dear, after inviting her so warmly,

HONEY. You must put her off warmly, too, of course. Be as affectionate as you like by letter—goodness knows you've affectionate terms enough at your command.

Mrs. H. But you promised at our marriage, you know, that she should come.

HONEY. Oh, marriage promises go for nothing.

Mrs. H. (*reproachfully*) Do they?

HONEY. Why, don't they? You promised to obey, you know, but it seems you never meant it.

Mrs. H. Oh, Ferdinand, I did and I do.

HONEY. Then obey.

Mrs. H. Whatever you direct, of course—I'll write at once. (*exit, sorrowfully, L. door*)

HONEY. Scarcely fair, perhaps, that last insinuation of

mine. She does the love and obey business to the letter—too much a great deal. Simply sickens me with it. (*reaching across the table*) Ha, a fly got into the honey! What! you would go in for sweets, sir, would you? How do you like it now, eh? Something too much of this, I fancy. Look at the poor wretch, all glued up together, leg tied to leg and wing to wing, as vainly trying to move easily and naturally in his sweet bondage, as a married man, confound it! Ha, ha! I can sympathise with you, sir—I understand your feelings perfectly. What am I but a miserable fly in the matrimonial honey-pot? Upon my soul, this perpetual billing and cooing like a couple of confounded doves—this everlasting pigeon English, as the Chinaman says, of dears and pets, and sweets and darlings, is worrying me steadily and surely to an early grave. Its all very well when one's courting, and, for, say a week, perhaps, after marriage—but to drag all this sweet stuff into your everyday life, to suppose that a man's ordinary existence is to be for ever garnished with loves and doves, and blisses and kisses!—'gad, you might as well provision a campaigning army with Everton toffee! Pah, I must have a cigar to take the sweet taste out of my mouth. My vital spark can't stand this much longer. Where the dickens are my weeds? Faith, if this sort of thing is to go on, the next question will be—where are *hors*? Oh, for a little spirit, a little resistance even; a little loss treacle and a little more—

*Enter Mrs. HONEYTON, L. door.*

Constance, where's my cigar-case?

Mrs. H. Here, darling, on the mantelpiece. Shall I pick one out for my own Nandy?

HONEY. (*to audience*) Nandy! My name's Ferdinand, you know!

Mrs. H. And shall I light it for him, as I used to do?

HONEY. (*to audience*) Confound it! (*furiously*) Will you give me those weeds?

Mrs. H. (*in astonishment*) Ferdy!

HONEY. Ferdy now. Plague take it, Constance, must my

poor  
lose  
Must  
half  
squa  
M  
have  
H  
whet  
me a  
utter  
bourl  
of cu  
exces  
exces  
M  
again  
Ho  
draw  
(se  
M  
answe  
Ho  
curiou  
my n  
house  
M  
wish  
Ho  
M  
H  
you  
wara  
my  
by J  
M  
drea  
pray  
wen

poor name always either drop its tail like a tadpole, or lose its head as if it had been guilty of high treason? Must it always come limping into the world, with only half its members about it like the statue in Leicester-square?

Mrs. H. A few months ago my Ferdinand would not have spoken to his Constance in this cruel—cruel way.

HONEY. My Ferdinand! I don't know Mrs. Honeyton whether you are designedly insulting me by speaking of me as if I were some one else a great distance off, by utterly ignoring my presence in your immediate neighbourhood, but let me tell you that it is a figurative way of cutting me dead in my own house which annoys me excessively; do you understand?—which annoys me excessively.

Mrs. H. Very well, dear Ferdinand,—I'll not do it again—I'll try to recollect.

HONEY. (*aside*) Still treacle! Linked sweetness long drawn out.

(*seating himself, L.; she stands at table, c., behind him.*)

Mrs. H. Ferdinand! (*no answer*) Ferdinand! (*no answer*) Ferdinand!

HONEY. (*counting them on his fingers*) Yes, now I'm curious to know how long you intend to go on repeating my name as if you were some eccentric ghost in a haunted house. That's three times.

Mrs. H. I was trying to attract your attention as I wished to ask you a question—

HONEY. Be quick then, please; my cigar's waiting.

Mrs. H. Why did you marry me, Ferdinand?

HONEY. Ha, ha! *ca!*

Mrs. H. Why did you marry me?

HONEY. Why did I marry you? ha, ha! (*rising*) Oh, you showed so distinctly that you wished it—(*strolling towards the door*)—that I did it—(*striking a match*)—upon my word, merely to oblige you; merely to oblige you, by Jove!

Mrs. H. (*starting up*) It's not true—it's—it's—a dreadful story. To oblige me! when he begged and prayed with tears in his eyes that I'd pity him; when he went down on his knees on the gravel walk, looking so



ridiculous but such a darling, and vowed he couldn't live without me; when he talked about early graves and blighted hopes, and blew first hot and then cold, raving now of fires and then of frosts, his poor heart always at one end of the thermometer or the other, till—till—and all to oblige me! It's a dreadful story. I've spoiled him. I've killed his love for me, as an over careful mother may kill her children, by too much cherishing. I longed to make my love the sunshine of his life, and now I find the weeds have grown and not the flowers. O dear Kitty, thanks, thanks for your timely letter. As my affection only repels him, I'll try what coldness and disdain will do. I'll take a leaf out of his book that shall make him detest his whole library: I'll pay him back in his own coin till he cries out for a reform in the currency. I'll be trodden on no longer without a struggle. The worm has turned at last, the worm has turned. (*reading the letter passionately*) "I have felt certain from the first that your Ferdinand would turn out a tyrant . . . entreat you to crush anything of that kind at once . . . directly he shows the cloven foot, stamp upon it . . . by our long friendship, by our sisterly affection, by all your hopes of happiness, don't be bullied." I'll try it, I will try it, but only for a short time. If it should fail, I will return submissively to my duty; but if Kitty's plan should succeed, I'll—I'll give her—oh, I'll give her *such* a bracelet. It is a delicate game I am going to play but surely I cannot lose, as I am playing for love—only for love. (*HONEY outside L. v. R. "Whiffins."*) There he's coming. Can I do it? Yes, I will. Farewell my affection for a short time (*with a loving look towards the door*); my love puts on its mask and—(*changing her expression suddenly*)—Now I'm ready. (*sits herself at writing-table, R.*)

*Enter Mr. HONEYTON, door L., wearing a wide-awake hat.*

HONEY. Whiffins! confound it! where's Whiffins? The grey mare has got loose and there's not a groom to be seen about the place. Provoking being interrupted in one's weed in this way—where's Whiffins, d'you hear.

Mrs. H. It's not my place to know where Whiffins is.

HONEY. (*with a look of some surprise*) It's your place to know where everything is that your husband wants.

Mrs. H. Then I ought to know where his manners are, for he wants them woefully.

HONEY. What do you mean Mrs. Honeyton?

Mrs. H. Take off your hat, sir, when you enter a room where your wife is sitting.

HONEY. (*aghast*) Upon my life the grey mare has got loose indeed (*aside—after a moment removes his hat*)

Mrs. H. (*aside*) Oh, how astonished he looks poor darling. There he has—bless you, Kitty.

HONEY. (*severely*) Constance, I find some difficulty in understanding —

Mrs. H. The candour of that confession is the only part of it likely to surprise any one who knows you.

HONEY. Do you remember to whom you're speaking?

Mrs. H. Distinctly. It doesn't follow that I must forget you because you so constantly forget yourself.

HONEY. Don't reply to me in that way.

Mrs. H. Don't speak to me in that way, then.

HONEY. Speak to you! must I remind you once more that it is for you to obey; that that's in the marriage service?

Mrs. H. And must I —

HONEY. Hold your tongue, madam.

Mrs. H. Pardon me! (*rising quickly and curtseying*) that's not in the marriage service.

HONEY. (*aside*) Confound it! How—how abominably—pretty she looks. But of course this must not be submitted to (*aloud*) Constance!

Mrs. H. (*forgetting*) Yes, dear. (*as he turns sharply*) Well, sir.

HONEY. Mrs. Honeyton, I am unable to account for your most extraordinary behaviour. Let me tell you Constance, that the duty of a wife —

Mrs. H. Now look here, sir? I won't be lectured—I simply won't be lectured, so you're only wasting your breath. I'm sick of your sermons; your eternal preachings—preachee. Why, I might as well have been married to a Low Church curate.

HONEY. I wish to goodness you had been, then, to anybody but me.

Mrs. H. Wonderful! we think alike for once.

HONEY. What! Do you mean to say that you regret your marriage with me?

Mrs. H. And if I did say so, have I done anything but imitate you? And if I imitate you, of course I must be right.

HONEY. Oh, you flatter me, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Just so; imitation, they say, is the sincerest flattery.

HONEY. Well, Constance, I never expected to hear this from your lips.

Mrs. H. No! Why it must have been quite a pleasant surprise.

HONEY. Take care, ma'am, take care; you're playing a dangerous game and may make a mistake.

Mrs. H. I've not in this case, at any rate, for didn't I follow my partner's lead?

HONEY. But suppose it was all a joke, Mrs. Honeyton?

Mrs. H. What sir, your marriage?

HONEY. No, by gad! that was no joke; there was nothing to laugh at in *that*.

Mrs. H. But it doesn't follow that you didn't intend a joke because there was nothing in it to laugh at, you know, Mr. Honeyton.

HONEY. (*aside*) How confounded sharp she is, bless her—I mean hang her; I mean—(*aloud*) Why will you pervert every syllable that comes out of my mouth? You change the meaning of my words —

Mrs. H. Well, any change in them must be for the better, that's one comfort.

HONEY. Change! I can tell you there's such a thing as giving bad change for a good sovereign.

Mrs. H. And what represents the good sovereign, sir, if you please?

HONEY. The affection that pours from my lips, ma'am—the undebased currency of sincere love—the unclipped money of devoted attachment. All this is—

Mrs. H. The mere worthless coinage of your brain.

Attempt to recall one affectionate word of your uttering this morning—one—*one* threepenny piece, even, of sincere love—one single coin which will not ring false and deserve to be nailed to the counter as a warning to bad husbands.

HONEY. (*aside*) It strikes me I'm getting the worst of it.

Mrs. H. No, sir; the circulating medium of your affection is anything but a golden mean, and the notes of your love-language are drawn on the bank of Inelegance.

HONEY. Mrs. Honeyton, it is useless prolonging this unseemly bandying of words. For me to set my wit against a woman's would be cowardly, to argue with her absurd. Wit and argument in my case are quite out of place.

Mrs. H. And so they ought to be, considering what shockingly bad servants they've been to you in the present instance. However I'll relieve you, for a time, of my detested presence.

HONEY. Detested! Constance, when you know that I worship—(*aside*) What the dickens am I saying?

Mrs. H. (*aside*) There shall be diamonds in that bracelet, Kitty. (*aloud*) Well, sir, I didn't quite catch the end of that remark.

HONEY. Perhaps it had no end, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Nothing more likely, sir; few of your remarks have.

HONEY. (*aside*) Confound her!

Mrs. H. Well, good morning, I'm going a drive.

HONEY. No you're not; at least, not in my carriage.

Mrs. H. Oh, you're going to make the carriage a vehicle for tyranny, now, are you?

HONEY. Tyranny is not a word for a wife to use to her husband, let me remind you.

Mrs. H. Not to a good husband, I know.

HONEY. Then you imply that I am a bad one?

Mrs. H. Ask your conscience, sir.

HONEY. I shall not trouble my conscience about the matter, ma'am.

Mrs. H. I wish then your conscience would trouble

you about it. But that inward monitor has, I fear, long since forgotten its duty.

HONEY. Ha, ha! In imitation of my wife, no doubt.

Mrs. H. And for the same reason, perhaps, long-continued neglect.

HONEY. Why, what the plague—confound it! you'd provoke a saint.

Mrs. H. Possibly; but the present company, you know, affords no opportunity for the exercise of my talent that way! (*bowing slightly and moving towards door, L.*)

HONEY. (*aside*) Hang it! this is getting rather unpleasant. To be on these terms with the wife one adores is—is—I'll speak calmly to her, quite calmly. (*turning towards her just as she calls off.*)

Mrs. H. Oh, Whiffins, order me the carriage.

HONEY. How dare you, you insolent woman! How dare you defy me to my face, you, you — (*rushes towards her—she bangs the door and leans her back against it.*)

Mrs. H. Don't make an exhibition of yourself before the servants at any rate, Mr. Honeyton. Don't let them overhear their master, whom it is their place at least to try to respect, giving way to unseemly fits of rage, and using language only fit for Billingsgate or St. Giles'.

HONEY. Upon my honour, now, I—I—but (*snatching up a newspaper and throwing himself into a chair*) it's ridiculous my attempting to argue —

Mrs. H. (*taking up another paper and sitting down*) So it seems, indeed!

HONEY. (*aside*) Hang her! (*aloud*) What have we got here—(*reads*)—"Matrimonial Squabbles!" Ha! ha!

Mrs. H. (*reads*) "Barbarous Conduct to a Wife! Outrageous Cruelty!"

HONEY. (*reads*) "Incompatibility of Temper!" Oh! of course!

Mrs. H. (*reads*) "Prisoner a brutal looking fellow!" Ah! just like them all!

HONEY. (*reads*) "Witnesses called to prove the infernal cruelty practised by this woman towards her unfortunate husband!" Just so! the old story.

Mrs. H. (*reads*) "Poor victim deposed that her hus-

band struck her on the head with a poker, exclaiming—

HONEY. (*reads*) "Forty shillings or one month!" Hope they gave her the month. They did! Happy, happy man!—for a month.

Mrs. H. (*reads*) "Penal servitude for seven years!" Serve him right, the ruffian.

HONEY. (*reflectively*) Were it not for the protecting arm of the law, some husbands would surely long to change condition with the brutes.

Mrs. H. (*in the same tone*) Which, in the case of some husbands, would be no change at all.

HONEY. So you call me a brute now, ma'am. (*starting up*) Well, if anyone had told me yesterday that my wife would ever behave to me like this, I'd have crammed the lie down his audacious throat.

Mrs. H. (*aside*) So would I. Oh, Kitty, Kitty, it's all your doing!

HONEY. If anyone had said to me that my—my Constance was merely acting the affectionate wife; that her love was all a sham—

Mrs. H. (*aside*) If he goes on like this, I can't keep it up—I must give way.

HONEY. That she would forget her vows of affection and obedience, and casting her duty from her, throw all her sweet womanly nature to the four winds —

Mrs. H. I deny it; it's a vile slander—I deny it, utterly.

HONEY. What's the good of your denying it when the facts speak for themselves? Where's the duty which, as a wife, you owe to your husband?

Mrs. H. Paid, sir—paid, long ago—ten times over—and no receipt given for it.

HONEY. Pooh! Love and duty are not to be looked upon as mere marketable articles; you'd make a regular debtor and creditor transaction of it, I suppose; so much payment for so much love, as if you bought it at a grocer's; or worse still, perhaps, money down and pay your own carriage, as if you dealt at a co-operative store.

Mrs. H. In your present insolent mood, let me advise

you to draw your illustrations from some source more congenial than the *Civil* service.

HONEY. All very fine, Mrs. Honeyton, no doubt, but if an appeal to love and duty falls unregarded upon your ear, I have no resource but to take my stand upon my authority.

Mrs. H. Your authority? (*snapping her fingers*) That for your authority! Thus I trample upon your authority. (*stamping, and happening to come down on his toes*)

HONEY. Confound it, Constance! (*hopping about*) Do you imagine that I carry my authority in my feet?

Mrs. H. (*aside*) Oh, his poor toes! (*aloud*) Somewhere in that quarter I suppose, as you are taking your stand upon it.

HONEY. Mrs. Honeyton, do you know where such conduct as this of yours is likely to drive me?

Mrs. H. (*aside*) O, whatever's he going to say now? (*aloud*) To the chiropodist's, sir?

HONEY. To the Divorce Court, madam.

Mrs. H. (*aside*) O good gracious! (*aloud*) Very well, sir—to the Divorce Court be it—Honeyton v. Honeyton by all means. But don't say I drove you there; don't say that, you Blue Beard, you!

HONEY. Ha! ha! if you think that the mention of that oriental hero is calculated to annoy me, you're mistaken. 'Gad, no! it's a compliment rather. Ah! what a man he was—he knew how to stop a woman's tongue.

Mrs. H. Yes, by cutting off her head—a nice way, truly.

HONEY. Mrs. Honeyton, upon my honour, I believe it is the only way.

Mrs. H. Well, in case you should feel inclined to adopt it, you'll pardon me if I retire.

HONEY. One word, Constance. How long is this sort of thing to go on, please? For if this is your way of treating me, why the plague did you marry me?

Mrs. H. Why did I marry you? Why, you showed so distinctly that you wished it, (*mimicking him*) that I did it merely to oblige you—merely to oblige you, by Jove! (*laughing, goes off L. door, imitating HONEYTON'S manner—dropping the letter.*)

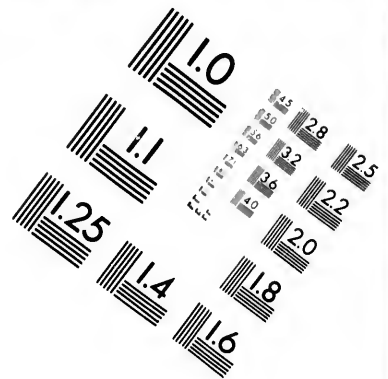
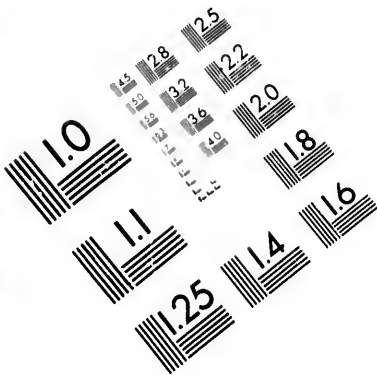
**HONEY.** She had me there, I confess; she certainly had me there. But what an atrocious—what a direct falsehood. If ever there was a case of mutual affection in this world it was our's. Why she was over head and ears, over bonnet and chignon, in love with me; and, for my part, I—I— It occurs to me, do you know, that I've been a fool rather. While she was good and loving I did not appreciate it—I rather rejected it. If I recollect rightly I compared myself to that fly in the honey. What a confounded ass I must have been! A fly in the honey, indeed! (*looking for the insect*) By Jove! the poor wretch has tumbled into the hot water now. (*picking it out*) Faith, my friend, there are worse things than honey, ain't there? And haven't I done just the same: quarrelled with my honey and got into hot water as well? (*picking up the rose and kissing it*) I'll go back to the honey again. (*sticking it in his coat*) I'm just as much in love as ever I was, and I'll—what's this? (*taking up KITTY'S letter*) Eh! O, a letter from Kitty Hayland! She never told me she'd heard from Kitty. I always liked Kitty; she's a sweet girl. (*reads*) "Dearest Con." Eh! hang it! what the dickens! (*reads to end, then reads it again*) Oh, very well, Miss Kitty. Pernicious little mischief-maker! I always detested that girl; hated her like poison from the first. Ah! by Jove! I see it all. So Constauc's behaviour was—I understand—all a piece of acting, eh! That makes it quite another matter—never do to allow such a piece of trickery as that to be successful. By Jove, I'll fight her at her own weapons. You shall see the engineer hoist with his own petard. I'll act the loving husband till she throws off her mask, and then—Here she comes. (*pockets the letter—she enters l. door.*)

**Mrs. H.** (*aside*) I've dropped Kitty's letter somewhere and oh, if he should have found it.

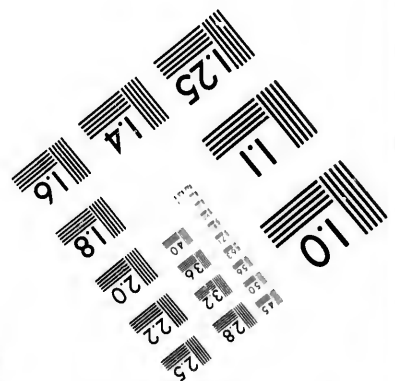
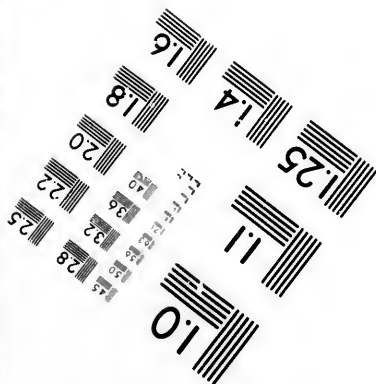
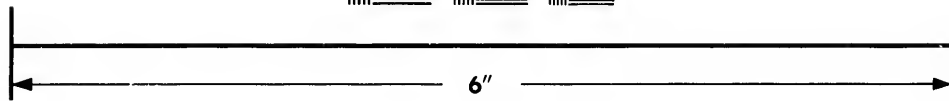
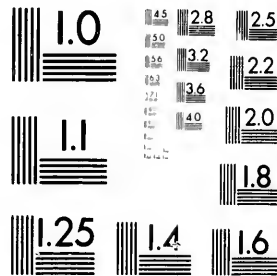
**HONEY.** (*aside*) I mustn't be too gushing all of a sudden (*aloud, pensively*) You appear to be looking for some thing, Constance.

**Mrs. H.** Yes—I—Kitty Hayland's letter! (*cautiously with a side look at him*) I've—I've dropped it somewhere.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

4.5 28 2.5  
3.0 32 2.2  
3.6 2.0  
4.0 18

11  
10  
5.7

HONEY. Oh! you didn't tell me you had a letter from her—I hope she's well, the dear girl.

MRS. H. (*aside*) It's all right; and he looks less cold than I have seen him for a long time—and he's put my roses in his button-hole, too. Victory!

HONEY. Let me help you to look for it.

MRS. H. Oh no, I couldn't think of troubling you.

HONEY. Time was, Constance, when you wouldn't have called my help trouble.

MRS. H. Time was, when you wouldn't have thought it so.

HONEY. I don't think it so now, dear.

MRS. H. (*aside*) Dear! That is an advance. Oh, if he should see this letter, it would ruin all.

HONEY. (*gazing at her fondly*) Constance!

MRS. H. (*aside*) I wonder whether I dropped it out of my pocket, or what. (*searching in various parts of the room.*)

HONEY. Constance. (*aside*) Hang it! why doesn't she attend?

MRS. H. (*aside*) Perhaps I left it upstairs after all.

HONEY. Constance! (*aside*) Confound her.

MRS. H. Yes, you know it's quite a matter for speculation how often you are going to say that; that's three times. Are we to have any more of it?

HONEY. This treatment at your hands—hands that ought —

MRS. H. There, sir, you need not abuse my hands. There's nothing to find fault with in them, I'm sure. You can't complain of your luck in that respect at any rate. You've thrown sixes and ought to be contented.

HONEY. Constance, I may have been to blame in the way in which I've treated you; I may have seemed cold and neglectful —

MRS. H. You don't say so, sir.

HONEY. Don't speak to me in those icy tones, Constance; I may have been wrong, but don't trample upon me when I own it. Remember, as Shakespeare says, that the poor beetle that you tread upon—

Mrs. H. Well I never! calling my feet beetlecrushers

now. (*seating herself on sofa, R., and spreading her dress over it*) Go on, sir, pray go on; (*aside*) one or two other such speeches and I shall drop into his arms.

HONEY. (*aside*) Two minutes more of this and I shall smash the furniture. (*aloud*) Still determined to misunderstand me? (*placing a footstool near her, after vainly trying to find room on sofa by her*) May I sit here at your feet?

MRS. H. You can sit wherever you like, of course. (*aside*) It's his proper place, as I'm giving him such a lesson.

HONEY. (*looking up at her and sighing*) Ah! (*aside*) Nothing like a sigh to start with. (*sighs*) Ah!

MRS. H. (*aside*) How he's sighing, poor darling!

HONEY. (*sighs*) Oh!

MRS. H. (*aside*) Oh dear! But I must hold out a little longer. (*aloud*) May I ask what those sighs are the prelude to?

HONEY. Constance, I want to say three words to you.

MRS. H. Gracious! is everything to go in threes this morning? Three repetitions of my name, three sighs, and now a speech of three words.

HONEY. And it is so then, and I have indeed lost the affection that was my chief earthly treasure. The glory is departed from my life, and the love that I had regarded as pure metal is but electro-plated after all—the jewels but worthless stones—the diamonds those peculiar to Bristol.

MRS. H. (*aside*) I'm going, Kitty; I'm going.

HONEY. (*aside*) Still unsoftened! Hang it! I'll—I'll shed a few tears. (*aloud*) Emotion such as mine may, perhaps, only excite your scorn; you may sneer at these drops as unmanly, but the anguish of the heart is insensible to scorn and derision. (*rising and walking to the fire-place*) O, my widowed heart! O, my Constance! Mine no more!

MRS. H. No, Ferdy, oh no, no. Your's still—your's always. O, forgive me! It has been all pretence, all sham, all— (*rushing towards him.*)

HONEY. (*holding out the letter*) Permit me!

MRS. H. (*with a scream*) Ah!

HONEY. Just so! Miss Kitty Hayland's very facetious letter. If you will glance over it again you will find one admonition which you have scarcely attended to as in prudence you ought. Don't let him suspect that you have been incited to this by anyone else, and don't relax until he's quite subdued. I think I'll have a weed. (*strolls to the door, whistling softly, "See the conquering hero comes."*)

Mrs. H. (*just as he gains the door*) Stop, sir!

HONEY. (*stopping*) Eh!

Mrs. H. I confess that this letter was what induced me to treat you as I have done.

HONEY. Yes, thanks! Happened to have discovered that for myself. A confession when all's known deserves an absolution when all's forgotten. (*she tears up the letter and throws it into the fire.*) Oh! that's ungrateful! that's imprudent! Why tear up your table of rules?

Mrs. H. Because I need them no longer; because I have that to guide me which is above rules; because my resistance will need for the future no supporting hand, no directing voice—henceforth it can walk without aid from anyone. You have destroyed the poor phantom of opposition by raising the very principle itself. This morning I was a mere puppet, an actress speaking another's words, moving by another's direction, but now I speak my own words, I stand on my own ground, and so standing, I defy you.

HONEY. By gad! this is a different sort of thing, indeed.

Mrs. H. When I said I married you for anything but love, that I took you out of compassion only, I said what was false, what was utterly false. I married you for love—real, sincere, ardent love. When I said that I regretted my marriage with you, that I wished my hand had been given to another, I said what was false again. I had never regretted it, never for a single instant. When I spoke of neglecting my duty, of disobeying your wishes, I was acting, trying to cheat you into believing me un- dutiful and disobedient.

HONEY. (*soothingly*) Yes, never mind; you did it so well, you—

Mrs. H. It was all a sham, all put on. I would not have disobeyed you really, for a kingdom; but now I've done with duty; I cast obedience to the winds—and the love of the girl and the love of the wife—(*falling upon the sofa and covering her face*) Oh, where are they—where are they?

HONEY. This is the real thing past all denying—my confounded coldness and ill-temper have borne their fruit at last. (*to audience*) You know I've been a fool, and a brute, I have—I—I—Constance, Constance! I've been mad, cruel, wicked, anything you like; nothing's too bad for me. Pitch into me, do—get up and abuse my head off—do anything—I own all my faults. I've neglected you, treated you coldly, used you abominably—I see it all now; but, upon my honour, I'll be different for the future. Won't you believe me?

Mrs. H. How can I believe you, when—

HONEY. Of course, how can you when I've been such a villain? How can I make you believe me—how can I prove to you—Will you believe me if I get some one to answer for me? Come, now—will you? Now, then, (*to audience*) who'll go bail for me—who'll promise and vow no end of things in my name? Will you? I give you my sacred word of honour I'll be a model of a husband for the future.

Come, say you will, say you'll assist me, do—

The welfare of this house depends on you.

If you'll but back me up, I must succeed—

If you condemn me, we're condemned indeed.

But if my faults you'll throw your mantle o'er,

I win back all I've lost, and something more.

Mrs. H. (*coming down to him*) I take your bail; (*to*

*audience*) I've—many thanks to you—

Played for a husband's love, and won it, too;

But I'd another purpose, truth to tell,

To win your favour. Have I that as well?

How shall I learn it, Ferdy?

HONEY.

Well, suppose

You put it to the verdict of the rose. (*handing her a rose*)

Mrs. H. Oh, yes; what fun—now then, “amused or teased”—

(pulling the leaves off one by one) They're pleased, they're not, they're pleased, they're not, they're pleased—  
They're not, they're—(pausing)

HONEY. Well, proceed; you can't retract;  
Why don't you finish?

Mrs. H. Daren't, and that's the fact.  
I simply daren't—I can't then, I declare,  
Turn the last leaf and read the verdict there.

I'll to the fountain-head, come weal, come woe—  
(to audience) Have we your favour? Answer, yes or no?

Mrs. H.

HONEY.

R.

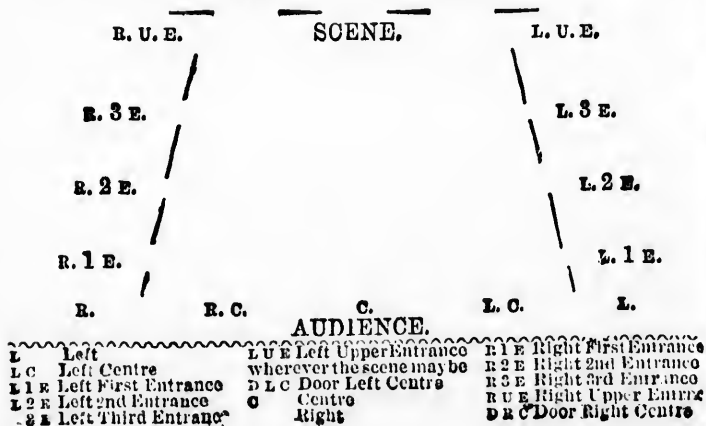
L.

### CURTAIN.

#### EXPLANATIONS OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.

D. R. C. C. D. D. L. C.



THE

# LOAN OF A LOVER.

A Vaudeville

BY

J. R. PLANCHE.

AUTHOR OF

*Reputation,* " *Follies of a Night,*" " *Grist to the Mill,*" " *Captain of the Watch,*" " *Somebody Else,*" " *A Cabinet Question,*"  
" *The Irish Post,*" " *Spring Gardens,*" " *The Jacobite,*"  
" *The Pride of the Market,*" " *The Jenkinsons,*"  
" *Mysterious Lady,*" &c., &c., &c.

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.



*First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre,  
on Monday, September 29th, 1831.*

---

### Characters.

CAPTAIN AMERSFORT ..... MR. J. VINING.  
PETER SPYK ..... MR. KEELEY.  
SWYZEL ..... MR. WILLIAM VINING.  
DELVE ..... MR. WYMAN.  
GERTRUDE ..... MADAME VESTRIS.  
ERNESTINE ROSENDAAL ... MISS FITZWALTER.

---

### Costumes.

*Amersfort.*—A military undress.

*Peter.*—Plain square-cut coat, large buttons, trunk breeches, striped stockings, shoes and buckles, and broad-brimmed hat.

*Swyzel.*—*Delve.* *Ibid.*

*Ernestine.*—Modern walking dress.

*Gertrude.*—Plain but neat peasant's dress. *2nd Dress:* White satin and veil.

---

*Time in Representation—1 hour and 20 minutes.*

☞ The passages between *inverted commas* are sometimes *omitted*.

## THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

SCENE.—*Gardens of a Villa on the Canal, near Utrecht. The tower of the Cathedral is seen in the distance. In R. corner of the Garden, overlooking the Canal, is a Summer House, in the Dutch taste.*

*Enter SWYZEL and DELVE, L. 2 E.*

SWY. Do as you're bid, and no reflections. Don't you know the mistress is the master?

DEL. Well, but now really, Mynheer Swyzel—to put out the orange-trees before the white frosts are over—is that common sense?

SWY. What have you to do with common sense? Nothing at all, or you would not pretend to have more than your mistress. It is Mamzelle Ernestine's pleasure to turn the orangery into a ball-room, and turned it must be.

DEL. But the trees will die.

SWY. Let 'em die, then—that's their business; yours is to clear the place out, according to order. About it without more words! If she told me to fling all the Schiedam in the cellar into the canal, I should do so, without hesitation.

DEL. You'd fling yourself after it, I'm sure.

SWY. Not when it was mixed with water, you rogue! or while the baron has money enough to buy more. Come—to work! to work! or you'll not get the room ready by midnight.

DEL. O, my poor orange-trees—they'll die, every one of them!

*Exit DELVE, L.*

SWY. Silly fellow, to trouble his head about what does not concern him. If his employers take no care for their own interests, why should he fidget about them? He hasn't the slightest notion of service! Ah! here's Peter Spyk.

*Enter* PETER, R.

Well, Peter.

PET. Good morning, Master Steward.

SWY. So, you've been to Amsterdam, to buy cattle, I hear?

PET. Ay, and fine beasts they are too, Master Steward: ut, talking of beasts, how do you find yourself to-day? ou were rather poorly when I left.

SWY. Oh, I'm better, thank you; but I'm not so young as I was thirty years ago—I find that, Peter. Ah! I envy you, you rogue! Three-and-twenty—stout-timbered—light-hearted—and rich, I may say; for old Jan Spyk, your father, left you a pretty round sum, I take it?

PET. Why, it might have been less, and yet worth having, Master Steward.

SWY. Well, and why don't you get a wife now? All the girls in the neighbourhood are pulling caps for you!

PET. Why, I don't know; they do look at me, somehow, but I'm not smitten with anybody in particular. However, I don't wish to prevent them—they may fall in love with me, then I can choose, you know.

SWY. Well, perhaps that's the best way.

PET. Yes, I think so; as Gertrude said to me, the other day, you don't love anybody in particular, Peter, so you can look about you.

SWY. Gertrude—what, our Gertrude? The simpleton that has the run of the house and gardens, by permission of the baron, because she is the orphan daughter of his old bailiff, and who is always so mighty busy, doing nothing at all, by way of earning the living allowed her! Is she your counsellor?

PET. Oh, she and I gossip now and then, when we meet. She's a sort of relation of mine—my brother-in-law's aunt stood godmother to her.

SWY. Well, that is a sort of relation, certainly.

PET. And then, you see, simpleton as she is, she has now and then an idea, and that's the only thing I want—I never have an idea. It's very odd, but I never have what you can really call an idea—of my own, that is—for I'm quick enough if a person only just—and yesterday, now, I saw her but for two or three minutes, and I'll be hanged

if she didn't give me a capital idea! and that's what has brought me here this morning. You've a captain Amersfort staying here, haven't you?

SWY. Oh, yes; one of our young lady's score of lovers—and the best of 'em, too, to my mind; but she's too capricious to make up hers. He's a fine fellow—handsome, clever, gallant—

PET. And landlord of the fine farm of Appledoorn—so Gertrude says.

SWY. Ah! and you want to be his tenant, no doubt?

PET. Why Gertrude thinks—

SWY. Well, she's right there—it's a pretty property; but there are several farmers offering.

PET. So she tells me; but she says that if you were to speak to the captain in my favour—

SWY. Well, she's right there, too. If I were to speak—

PET. And will you?—will you, Master Steward? I've a keg at home of the finest flavour, which I should be too happy—

SWY. Pshaw! pshaw! you know if I do anything it's never with a view to benefit myself, Peter; so send me the keg, if it will serve you, and we'll see what can be done about it.

GERTRUDE. (*without*) Mynheer Swyzel! Mynheer Swyzel! SWY. Here comes Gertrude.

*Enter GERTRUDE, running, R.*

GER. Mynheer Swyzel! Mynheer Swyzel!

SWY. Well, don't bawl so—you young baggage! What do you want!

GER. (*out of breath*) You're to go directly—I've been looking for you everywhere, to tell you—there's Peter Spyk!

SWY. To tell me that?—why I know that?

GER. No; to tell you—to tell you—how d'ye do, Peter? Are you very well?

PET. Ay, ay!

SWY. Will you tell me what you mean to tell me?

GER. Law! I'd almost forgotten—I'd run so fast. How well Peter looks this morning, don't he?

SWY. Do let Peter alone! and tell me who wants me—  
and what for. Is it the wine for breakfast?

GER. Yes, that's it; you've got the keys of the cellar,  
and the baron wants some of the best Moselle, to give to  
Captain Amersfort.

*“ French Air.*

GER. Well, but make more haste about it.  
Master wants to treat his guest.

SWY. Oh, I'll please him! never doubt it;  
Of his wine you know the best.  
He shall own that down his throttle,  
Such has seldom found its way.

GER. *(aside)* Then you'll get him up a bottle  
Of what you drink every day. ”

*Exit SWYZEL, R.*

GER. *(aside)* An old rogue, I'm sure he is; and he  
always snubs me and scolds me. So does everybody, in-  
deed, except Peter. Peter never snubs me, at any rate;  
but that's because he hardly ever speaks to me. Now  
only look at him at this moment! there he stands, puffing  
away with his pipe, and turning up the whites of his  
eyes, Now, what can he be thinking about?—that is if  
he is thinking. Suppose it's about—*(aloud, and taking  
hold of his arm)*—Peter!

PET. Eh!—Oh! you're here still, are you?

GER. *(aside)* How civil! *(aloud)* Yes, I am here  
still; and, if I had kept still, you'd never have known it  
seemingly. What are you thinking about so deeply?

PET. Thinking about? Why, I was thinking about  
Mother Wynk's tavern, where I breakfasted this morning.

GER. What an interesting subject!

PET. Rather. The old vrow worried my life out with  
“Why don't you get married, farmer Spyk?”—“Why do  
you live alone in that old house, like an owl in an ivy-  
bush?”—“Why don't you take a wife? You've got money  
enough to keep one, and you are your own master: you've  
only to please yourself.”

GER. Well, and haven't I told you so over and over  
again?

PET. Well, so you have; and I do think if I should  
get the Appeldoorn Farm, I'll sign a lease and a contract  
the same day.

GER. But, if you don't get the farm, what does it signify?—you might marry all the same for that. You've enough without. You needn't wait—that is, if you like anybody well enough to marry them.

PET. Ah, but then I don't know that I do. Now, who is there, in your opinion, that would suit me.

GER. Oh, don't know. I dare say, if I were to choose, I could name somebody.

PET. Well, but let's see now. To begin with the neighbourhood:—I know all the girls here, and I am sure I can't say—*(suddenly)*—What d'ye think of Mary Moerdyke, to begin with?

GER. Very bad, to begin with, and much better to have done with as soon as possible. She is the worst tempered girl in all Utrecht, and as tall as the tower yonder—a great, gawky, sulky thing, just like it.

PET. Ah, well, I don't think she would suit me.—But there's her cousin, Judith—she's very good-natured.

GER. Ah, Judith's a pretty girl, if you please, and very good-natured, as you say,—perhaps a little too good-natured.

PET. No, really—humph!—I shouldn't like that. What d'ye say to Anne Stein?

GER. Everybody says she's a great coquette. See her on a Sunday, that's all! or at a dance at the fair! She's always changing her partner.

PET. Oh, if she's always changing her partner—well, they can't say that of little Barbara?

GER. No, because she is lame, and can't dance at all.

PET. That's very true; poor thing, she's lame, so she is. Well, I declare, then, Vrow Wynk herself?

GER. Old enough to be your grandmother.

PET. And Rachel, her daughter?

GER. She's engaged to young Maurice.

PET. The devil! Then I must go farther a field, for there's nobody else that I know of in this place.

GER. Oh dear! oh dear! how blind he is, to be sure.

PET. Ah!—stop! What a fool I am never to have remembered—

GER. Well, who?—what?

PET. Why, that to-morrow will be market-day here,

and that there'll be plenty of pretty girls, from all the villages round about—so I can choose, without the trouble of a journey.

*Dutch Air.*

PET. To-morrow will be market-day,  
The streets all thronged with lasses gay,  
And from a crowd so great, no doubt,  
Sweethearts enough I may pick out.  
In verity, verity, &c.

GER. Be not too bold, for hearts fresh caught  
Are ne'er, I'm told to market brought;  
The best, they say, are given away,  
Nor left to sell on market-day.  
In verity, verity, &c.

PET. Well, at any rate, I'll take my chance of to-morrow. But yonder's manzelle and some of the gentlefolks, so I'll go and hear what the steward has done for me. Good-bye, Gertrude. I say, mind, if you can find me a nice little good-tempered wife, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding.

*Exit PETER, R, singing "In verity, verity," &c.*

GER. Now isn't it provoking? He can think of everybody but me; and unless I were to say to him, plump, "Peter, will you marry me?"—and then, if he should say, "No!" oh, I should die with shame and disappointment. O dear! O dear! how vexatious it is! And it's not only Peter, but nobody seems to think me worth marrying at all—nobody ever says a civil thing to me of any sort! I never had a sweetheart in my life, and I do believe that's the reason. If I only had one to begin with, I shouldn't wonder if **they** swarmed afterwards.

*"A Temple to Friendship."*

I don't think I'm ugly!—I'm only just twenty—  
I know I should make a most excellent wife;  
The girls all around me have lovers in plenty,  
But I not a sweetheart can get for my life!  
It isn't because I'm not worth a penny,  
For lasses as poor I've known dozens to win;  
That I should have none and the others so many,  
I vow and declare it's a shame and a sin!

*Retires up the stage sobbing*

*Enter ERNESTINE and CAPTAIN AMERSFORT, R. 1 E.*

AMER. Why, you proposed the ride yourself, Ernestine.

ERN. Perhaps I did ; but I've changed my mind.

AMER. Will you walk, then ?

ERN. It's too hot.

AMER. By the side of the canal—under the trees ?

ERN. By the side of the canal ? I wonder you don't propose that I should tow the passage-boat.

AMER. I shouldn't wonder if *you* proposed something equally extravagant. For myself, I have done—I shall suggest nothing else. Please yourself, if possible, and you will please me.

ERN. Now he's out of humour.

AMER. No, not out of humour—but you are the most capricious creature !

ERN. Well, well, sir, if you are tired of your allegiance, renounce it at once. I have plenty of slaves at my footstool who will serve me with oriental obedience !

AMER. If they really loved you, they would not encourage you in your follies.

ERN. My follies ! How dare you talk to me of my follies, sir ? Hold your tongue ! Hold your tongue, directly ! There's Gertrude, and I want to speak to her. Gertrude ! (*calling.*)

GER. Yes, mamzelle. (*drying her eyes, and advancing.*)

ERN. What's the matter, Gertrude ? you've been crying.

GER. Yes, mamzelle.

ERN. And what for ? Has any one vexed you ?—some faithless swain, perhaps ?

GER. Oh dear no, mamzelle ! I wish it was.—but that's not possible ! (*bursts out afresh.*)

ERN. How d'ye mean—not possible, child ?

GER. Because I haven't got a swain of any sort.

ERN. Bless the girl ! What ! no sweetheart, at your age ?

GER. No, mamzelle.

ERN. Then, perhaps that's what you are crying about ?

GER. Yes, mamzelle.

ERN. Silly wench ! you ought to rejoice at it rather ; the men are nothing but plagues, Gertrude. Love, indeed ! there's not one worth having !

GER. I—I wish I had one though, just to try. I was just saying to myself it was a shame that some young women should have a score, and others none at all



AMER. (R.) The girl is right enough there. It is a shame that some young women should have a score, and hold out equal hopes to all.

ERN. The sooner you lessen the number of mine the better, then. I could manage to spare even the gallant Captain Amersfort—and—a capital thought! as you seem so concerned at the unequal division, I'll transfer you to Gertrude.

GER. Law, mamzelle, you don't say so? Will you, really?

AMER. Ernestine!—what folly!

ERN. I'm quite serious. As you have no admirer, Gertrude, and I have so many, I'll give you one of mine.

GER. Oh, but I don't want you to give me one, mamzelle! If you'll only lend me a beau—just to encourage the others.

ERN. Ha! ha! ha! delightful! That's better still!—you hear, sir, I am not to give you up altogether, though you deserve it; I shall only try your obedience! We command you, therefore, on pain of our sovereign displeasure, to pay all proper attentions to our handmaid, Gertrude; you are her beau till further notice.

AMER. Ernestine, are you mad?

ERN. Mad or not, you will obey me, or take the consequences! I won't be charged with folly and extravagance for nothing! (*aside*) Remember, I have promised my father to decide this day in favour of somebody; if you hesitate only, you are excluded from all chance! (*crosses, R.*) Gertrude, I lend you a beau—on your personal security, mind!

GER. Oh, you needn't be afraid, mamzelle—I'll take the greatest care of him—"and, besides—"

*Dutch Air.*

GER. Think not I the heart would keep  
I'm content to borrow!  
See, if I don't have a heap,  
To pay it from to-morrow.  
Money, money makes they say—  
The job is to get any!  
And lovers grow like money may.

ERN. Oh, yes! one fool makes many!"

ERN. (to AMERSFORT) One step, and you lose me for ever!

*Exit ERNESTINE, R. 1 E.*

AMER. (to himself) This passes everything! I am a fool indeed, and love her like a fool, or I would never bear—

GER. Only think! I've got a beau at last—and such a beau—an officer!—a fine, young, handsome officer!—What'll Peter say to that?

AMER. And while I thus humour her caprices, she returns to the house to flirt with that puppy, Amstell, or that booby, Blankenberg!

GER. But he takes no more notice of me than Peter himself!

AMER. I will not endure it! I will follow her, and—

GER. Stop! stop! you mustn't run away—you're only lent to me, you know—and if I should lose you, there'll be a pretty business! (*taking his arm.*)

AMER. (*laughing in despite of himself*) Upon my word, this is too ridiculous; So, you really look upon me as a man, do you?

GER. Yes; and I don't choose to be left alone. My stars! Peter could do that.

AMER. Peter!—who's Peter? I thought you said you hadn't a sweetheart in the world?

GER. Nor have I.

AMER. Come, come, no fibs! You've betrayed yourself. This said Peter, isn't he a sweetheart.

GER. No, I don't think he is—at least, I don't know. What do you call a sweetheart—one whom you love, or one who loves you?

AMER. One who loves you, of course.

GER. Well, then, I'm right—he is not my sweetheart; but I am his, for I love him dearly!

AMER. What a candid little soul! And so you really love Peter dearly, though Peter doesn't love you? But are you sure he doesn't love you?

GER. I don't believe he ever thought about it.

AMER. Is it possible! Why you are very pretty!—(*aside*) Upon my soul, she is uncommonly pretty—I wonder I never noticed her before!—(*aloud*) And so Peter has never thought about you?

GER. No—

"*Faut l'oublier.*" (Music published.)  
 I've no money; so, you see,  
 Peter never thinks of me—  
 I own it to my sorrow;  
 Oh, could I grow rich, and he  
 Be reduced to poverty,  
 What sweet revenge 'twould be for me  
 To marry him to-morrow!

Peter's thought almost a fool—  
 You have profited by school—  
 Wit from you folks borrow!  
 Peter's plain—you handsome, gay;  
 But, if you wore both to say—  
 "Will you have me, Gertrude, pray?"  
 I'd marry *him* to-morrow!

AMER. There's love!—there's devotion! What charming frankness!—what innocent enthusiasm! By Jove, if she wasn't so fond of another, I should be almost tempted—if it were only to punish Ernestine! I—I—(aloud) Confound that Peter!—almost a fool—he must be a downright idiot not to fall head over ears in love with such a sweet, dear, bewitching—(catches her round the waist; and is about to kiss her)

PETER SPYK enters with SWYZEL, R. 2 E.

SWY. I beg your pardon, captain. (both stop short—  
 PETER staring at GERTRUDE)

GER. (aside) Oh, lud, there is Peter!

AMER. What the devil do you want?

SWY. Only to introduce Peter Spyk—an honest young farmer—who desires to be your honour's tenant.

AMER. Peter Spyk! What is this *the* Peter?

GER. Yes, that's Peter Spyk; and he wants to rent your farm of Appeldoorn; and I am sure you can't do better than let him have it, for he's as good a farmer, and as honest a young man—

AMER. If you interest yourself for him, my dear Gertrude, that is sufficient. Swyzel, come here. (aside to *him*) I am much interested about this girl!—I've taken a great fancy to her!

SWY. What, to our Gertrude?—to that poor simple thing? Well, I thought just now you seemed rather—oh? You're a terrible man, captain! What will *mam-zelle* say?

AMER. Oh, it's all in pure friendship, I assure you; but come this way, and tell me all you know about her. (*aloud to PETER*) I'll speak to you presently, young man.

AMERSFORT and SWYZEL enter the summerhouse, R. U. E.

GER. Peter, you'll have the farm!

PET. No, shall I, though? Well I thought he said something like it; and because you asked him, too! I say, you and he seem great friends—he'd got his arm round your waist!

GER. Had he? oh, yes, I believe he had.

PET. Well, now I've known you ever since you were that high, and I'm sure I never put my arm round your waist.

GER. No, that you never did! But, then, he's my sweetheart!

PET. Your sweetheart?—yours? What, the captain's Pshaw! you're joking!

GER. Joking! indeed I'm not joking! What is there so strange in that way?

PET. Why, in the first place, he's manzelle's sweetheart!

GER. Not now.

PET. What, has he left her for you? Why, what can a rich officer like that see in a poor servant girl?

GER. Don't be a brute, Peter! If you can't see anything to like in me, it's no reason that others should not.

PET. Me!—oh, that's a different affair; because you and I, you know, there's not so much difference between us, and—oh, by-the-bye, talking of that—I've been thinking of what you said to me, and I wont wait any longer—not even till to-morrow—I've fixed upon Ann Stein. Her mother was here just now, on some business with old Swyzel, and something was dropped about my having the Appeldoorn farm; and Swyzel says, she gave him a hint that her daughter, Anne, was very fond of me, and that decided me at once.

GER. It did?

PET. Oh, yes; because, where a woman is really fond of one, you know—So directly I've settled with the captain about the farm, I'll just off to widow Stein's, and—

well, what's the matter with you, Gertrude? Why, you are crying!

GER. Nothing—nothing! I wish you may be happy—that's all, Peter.

PET. Thank ye—thank ye! It's very kind of you to cry for joy about me, I'm sure—and I won't forget my promise.

*Enter AMERSFORT and SWYZEL, from the summerhouse.*

SWY. You can't be in earnest, captain?

AMER. I tell you there it is, in black and white! Put a wafer in that (*giving a note*) and send it immediately to my lawyer's, as directed.

SWY. (*aside*) Two thousand crowns to portion off a wench like that. 'Gad! she won't want a husband long.

*Exit SWYZEL, L.*

AMER. (*to PETER*) Now for you, farmer. I find there are writing materials in the summerhouse, so we can—

GER. Stop! stop!—one word.

AMER. What is it?

GER. (*leading him apart from PETER*) You are my beau, you know, and you're to do everything I bid you!

AMER. Of course.

GER. Well, then, I bid you refuse the farm to Peter Spyk!

AMER. Refuse!—why I thought you said—

GER. It doesn't signify what I said!—I've changed my mind! I suppose I may do that as well as your fine ladies! You're to obey me!—Mamzelle Ernestine said so; and I don't choose you should let Peter have the farm! (*speaking the last five words loud enough for PETER to hear*)

PET. (*aside*) "Let Peter have the farm!" 'Gad! she's giving me a famous lift with the captain!

AMER. Well, if you don't choose, he shan't have it certainly; and I'm not sorry, for I don't think he deserves it. And now, listen to me. I mean to help you to a good husband, and, in return, you must assist me in a little plot. I can't stay to tell you now; but meet me in half an hour's time at the sun-dial yonder. May I depend upon you?

GER. That you may.

AMER. Enough! Now, master Peter Spyk, follow me. There's no occasion for writing: we can settle this business in two words.

PET. (*aside*) The farm's mine! (*to GERTRUDE*) I owe you a good turn for this! *Exit, with AMERSFORT. E. U. E.*

GER. Indeed you do. If Anne Stem marries him now, I'm mistaken in the family altogether.

*Enter SWYZEL, L.*

SWY. I've sent Delve with the note; but I've made up my mind. I'm not a young man, certainly; and I had no idea of changing my situation; but two thousand crowns will suit me as well as anybody in the world, and so here goes—there's nothing like being first in the field. (*aloud*) Gertrude! Gertrude!—come hither, Gertrude; I want to say a word to you in private!

GER. To me, master steward? (*aside*) O dear, now he's going to scold me for something, I'm sure. A cross old patch!

SWY. Come here, I tell you! Nearer--don't be afraid—I'm going to propose something for your good, my dear!

GER. (*aside*) "My dear!" Bless me, how kind he's grown all of a sudden.

SWY. I've known you a long while, Gertrude—from your cradle in fact. I knew your poor dear father and mother, and I always had a great affection for you!

GER. You, Mynheer Swyzel?—I'm sure you never showed it, then.

SWY. May be not—may be not! I was afraid of spoiling you, as a child; but now, you know, you are grown up, and very nicely you have grown up—*I* see it more and more every day—and in short, Gertrude, I've been thinking that, as I am a bachelor, I couldn't do better than marry a good pretty girl like you, whose character and temper I have watched the growth of from an infant.

GER. You—you, Mynheer Swyzel, marry me?

SWY. Why not—why not?—if you have no objection. I'm only fifty-five, and a hale, hearty man for that age. I have saved some money in service, and—

GER. But I haven't a doit in the world!

SWY. Nay ; nay ! you are richer than you think for !

GER. Eh ?

SWY. In charms—in youth and beauty !—

GER. (*aside*) So—so ! here's a real, downright sweet heart at last !—and old Swyzel, too, of all men in the world ! I shall die of laughing !

SWY. (*aside*) She's silent !—she hesitates ! The two thousand crowns are mine !

“ *Dutch Air.*

SWY. My ears with sweet consentment bless !

GER. (*aside*) The moon must, surely, be about full !  
(*aloud*) I don't say *no*—I don't say *yes*.

SWY. Alack ! that's rather doubtful !

GER. What proof have I you mean me fair ?  
Your sex is of deceit, throughout, full.

SWY. Upon my honour, I declare !

GER. Alack ! that's rather doubtful ! ”

GER. (*aside*) Here's Peter a coming back. If I could manage—(*aloud*) Besides, that isn't the way to swear you love a body—you should go down on your knees !

SWY. There !—there, then ! Charming Gertrude, on my knees, I swear eternal love and constancy !

*Enter PETER, R. U. E.*

PET. Halloo !—why, Myulceer Swyzel, what are you doing there ?

SWY. (*scrambling up*) Confusion ! (*aloud*) I—nothing—only kneeling to—(*aside to GERTRUDE.*) Don't say anything to that fool. Come to my room as soon as you've got rid of him. *Exit SWYZEL, L.*

GER. You here again, Peter ?

PET. Here again !—I believe I am, too ; and just as I went away. Would you believe it ?—Captain Amersfort won't let me the farm, after all !

GER. Dear me !—you don't say so ?

PET. He wouldn't hear a word ; and, to make matters worse, old widow Stein, who saw me talking to him, waited to hear the upshot ; and, when I told her, she as good as gave me to understand that I wasn't match enough for her daughter, and that Anne herself liked Groot, the miller, much better than she did me ! A coquette !—you said

she w  
know  
more  
matten  
ing of  
I do b  
Ger  
love t  
PET  
GER  
like m  
PET  
fancy  
your  
think-  
GER

DEE  
you.  
all the  
GER  
DEE  
a lette  
home,  
captan  
to giv  
find t  
GE  
befor  
can't  
it, an  
PE  
to yo  
G  
P  
G  
P  
me,  
G

she was a coquette!—and you were quite right. I don't know how it is, but you're always right!—you've got more sense than all of 'em put together; and, for the matter of looks, why there's the captain vows—and, talking of vowing, what was old Swyzel about on his knees? I do believe he was vowing, too!

GER. Between you and me, he was vowing all sorts of love to me!—and he wants me to marry him!

PET. Marry him!—marry old Swyzel!—and will you?

GER. I don't know!—what do you think? Would you like me to marry him, Peter?

PET. Not at all! I don't know how it is, but I can't fancy your marrying anybody—that is, I never thought of *your* marrying anybody; and, now I do think of it, I think—

GER. Well—what?

*Enter DELVE, with a note, L.*

DEL. Oh, Gertrude, here you are; here's a note for you. It's very particular—they gave me a florin to run all the way!

GER. A note for me?—who is it from?

DEL. The clerk at Van Nickem's, the lawyer. I took a letter there for the captain, and, as his master wasn't at home, the clerk opened it, and wrote this answer to the captain, and then scribbled that for you, and begged me to give you yours first—and so I have; and now I must find the captain.

*Exit DELVE, R.*

GER. A note for me? Nobody ever wrote to me before; and if they had, it would have been no use, for I can't read written hand. You can, Peter; so pray open it, and let's hear what it's all about.

PET. (*opening and reading*) "Mamzelle." Mamzelle, to you!

GER. Go on—go on.

PET. "I have loved you above all earthly beings!"

GER. Bless us, and save us!

PET. "I dared not disclose my passion; but, believe me, my affection was equal to my silence."

GER. Then it was great indeed!



PET. "I have at length summoned courage to address you, and if the offer of my hand and fortune"—another proposal!—who is the fellow that writes this?

GER. Van Nickem's clerk, Delve told you.

PET. Yes; here's his ugly name, sure enough, at the bottom of it—Simon Sneek!

GER. Ah! if I recollect, he's rather a good-looking young man!

PET. Why, you don't mean to—

GER. Surely he's better than old Swyzel!

PET. Well! but what does it all mean? Everybody wants to marry you.

GER. I can't help that—can I? But I shan't be in a hurry; I shall do as you do—look about me; perhaps somebody may offer that I should like better. (*clock strikes*) Hark! that's two o'clock!—and I promised to meet the captain at the sun-dial yonder. Good bye, Peter; and mind, if you can find me a husband that I should like better than any of these, I'll make you a present the day I'm married, and you shall dance at the wedding!

(*goes out singing "In verity," &c., in imitation of PETER'S manner at his exit, R. 1 E.*)

PET. (*stands staring after her, with the note open in his hand*) Well, when she talks of Anne Stein always changing her partner—she's off to meet the captain now, and yet she says to me, "if you can find me a husband I should like better!"—the idea of Gertrude having a husband!—a little girl, that was only a baby the other day, as it seems to me. I wonder if she'd like me better; because if she would—I want a wife myself—and I don't know why I didn't at first. But there goes that cursed captain, running like mad to meet her!—'Gad! I begin to feel that I don't like it all! Why can't he keep to his fine ladies, and let the others alone? I don't go and make love to Mamzelle Ernestine, do I? What business has he to talk a pack of stuff to Gertrude, and turn the poor girl's head? He'd better mind what he's about, though—I can tell him that! If he makes her unhappy, I wouldn't be in his shoes for something, for I should break every bone in my own skin!

*Enter DELVE, R.*

DEL. What's the matter, Master Peter?—you don't look best pleased.

PET. Well, I have been pleased better.

DEL. Anything in that note?

PET. This note!—no. This is the note you brought from Van Nickem's. There's that young rogue, Sneek, wants to marry Gertrude.

DEL. To marry Gertrude! Well, now, do you know, I think he might do worse.

PET. Might do worse?—I believe he might, too!

DEL. Gertrude's by no means ill-looking.

PET. Ill-looking?—she's very pretty.

DEL. Well—yes—I think she is,—and very good tempered.

PET. The best humoured soul in the world!

DEL. Do you know, Master Peter, if I thought there was any chance of our living comfortably together, I shouldn't mind making up to Gertrude myself.

PET. You!—you be hanged!

DEL. Hanged!—what for, I should like to know? I question now if I couldn't afford to marry as well as young Sneek—he doesn't get much out of Nickem's pocket, I'll swear!

PET. Well, you needn't trouble your head about it, because you shan't have her!

DEL. Why, farmer Spyk, what have you to do with it?—suppose I choose, and she chooses, you're neither her father nor her mother. If you put my blood up, I'll go and ask her at once!

PET. And if you do, you'll put my blood up—and then I shall knock you down!

DEL. Knock me down! Donner and blitzen!

PET. Don't provoke me!—I'm getting desperate!—I mean to marry Gertrude myself, if she'll have me; and I'll fight anybody for her, with fists, knives, pistols—anything!

*Enter ERNESTINE, R.*

ERN. Heyday! heyday! what is all this noise about—and threat of fighting?

DEL. It's farmer Spyk, here, and please you, mamzelle; he threatens to knock me down if I go a-courting to Gertrude—and all in an honest way, too.

ERN. To Gertrude! Why how long have you taken this fancy into your head?

PET. Why, not five minutes, inamzelle; and he has the impudence to set himself up against me, who have been in love with her—more than half an hour!

ERN. And where is the fair object of your contention?—what does she say to these sudden passions?

PET. I'm waiting to know what she'll say to mine—but she's a plaguy long time with the captain. He's the only rival I'm afraid of; she seems deuced fond of him—and he raves about her!

ERN. (*alarmed*) He does!—(*recovering herself*) But, of course—I desired him.

PET. You desired him, mamzelle?

ERN. Yes; I commanded him to make love to her!

PET. Well, he wou't be broke for disobedience, then—that's all I can say—for he does make love to her most furiously! I caught him myself with his arm round her waist, this morning, and I dare say its round it now, if the truth was known; but I can't see for that beastly holly-bush.

DELVE *steals out behind, R.*

ERN. Why, where are they, then?

PET. She was to meet him at the sun-dial, and I saw him slinking through the trees yonder; and just now I'm almost certain I caught a glimpse of them at the end of that walk.

ERN. (*aside*) I don't like this account; I'm afraid I've acted very sillily. I repented of the freak almost as soon as I left them; but my pride would not suffer me to return. The girl's pretty—very pretty—and if Amersfort, enraged at my indifference, should, out of mere spite—such things have happened—Oh, dear! I do not like it at all!

PET. There she goes!—there she goes!

ERN. With the captain?

PET. No, by herself—and there's Delve after her as hard as he can scamper! I'll follow—I'll—no, I can't—I can't move—I—I feel very ill—my head spins round like a top! Here comes the captain.

ERN. Amersfort! I am ready to sink—

PET. Don't—don't, mamzelle—for I've no strength to catch you!

*Enter AMERSFORT, R. U. E.*

AMER. (*aside*) She is here—now for the trial!—(*aloud*) Mademoiselle Ernestine, I came to seek you.

ERN. Indeed, sir; and for what purpose? I thought I had desired you to pay your attentions in another quarter for the present.

AMER. It is in perfect accordance with that desire that I have sought this interview. I am anxious to express my gratitude for the blessing which you have so unexpectedly bestowed upon me.

ERN. What do you mean, sir?

AMER. I mean, Mamzelle Rosendaal, that the heart you treated with so much indifference has been accepted by one of the most lovely and amiable of your sex; and that, in the affection of Gertrude, it has found a balm for all the wounds you had so wantonly inflicted on it!

PET. There!—there! I told you so!

ERN. Upon my word, sir!—and you have the assurance to make this confession to me?

AMER. Why not, Mademoiselle? We are not masters of our affections, and, therefore, I will not reproach you. But can you be surprised that I should be weary of loving one who did not love me? or that, stung to the quick by your contempt, I should be more sensible to the kindness and sympathy of another? Gertrude is lovely!

PET. (*L.*) She is!—she is!

AMER. The sweetest tempered—the most frank and affectionate of beings!

PET. Too true!—too true!

AMER. The possession of her heart is a blessing monarchs might envy me!

PET. I shall go mad!

AMER. And monarchs have matched with maidens as lowly born, and far less deserving!

ERN. (*C.*) Enough!—enough, sir!

PET. No, it's not enough! He can't say too much about her!—she hasn't her equal upon earth!

AMER. You are right, farmer; and I thank you for the honest warmth with which you justify my choice.

(*crosses and offers his hand*)

PET. Your choice! Don't touch me!

AMER. My sweet bride—my affianced wife—Madame Amersfort shall thank you in person!

PET. His wife! Madame Amersfort! Cruel, faithless Gertrude!

AMER. Faithless!—why, did you ever propose to her?

PET. No; but I meant to do so! Oh, dear!

ERN. Your wife?—your wife?—and you really intend to marry this orphan girl?

AMER. I have desired my lawyer to prepare her marriage contract, which shall be signed this evening!

PET. Oh!

ERN. Not in this house, sir! I will not be insulted to that extent! I go this moment to inform my father.

AMER. The Baron Van Rosendaal is already informed, and approves of my intentions!

ERN. Approves!—we shall see, sir!—we shall see!

“Air—*‘The Challenge.’*”

ERN. Such perfidy was never known—  
I joy in its unmasking.

PET. O Gertrude! you've a heart of stone,  
To break a heart so true!

AMER. Why, had she promised you?

PET. No, there her falsehood's shown!  
So bent was she on jilting me,  
She could not wait for asking.

AMER. Well, there with you I must agree.  
Such falsehood ne'er was known.

ERN. 'Tis well,—'tis well, sir, we shall see,  
Such falsehood ne'er was known.”

*Exit ERNESTINE, R.*

AMER. (*aside*) Yes, yes, my fair tyrant, your father is in the plot! I think we have you now! (*aloud*) Well, my good friend, I must say I pity you extremely—you have lost a model of a wife!

PET. Don't—don't!

AMER. But where is she?—where is my adored Gertrude?

*Enter GERTRUDE, R., 3 E., dressed as a bride.*

AMER. (*makes signs to her not to speak, and points at PETER, who stands in an attitude of comic despair, with his back towards them*) I must hasten to find her—I cannot bear to be an instant from her sight! Oh, Peter!—Peter! what a treasure has escaped you!

*Exit AMERSFORT, R. 1 E., exchanging signs with GERTRUDE.*

PET. (*soliloquising*) Escaped me, as if I was a mad dog!—and it was an escape for Gertrude! An escape!—and I have let her escape! Well, well, she won't be Madame Swyzel, nor Madame Sneek; and that rascal Delve hasn't got her—that's one comfort! Comfort!—I talk of comfort!—I shall never know comfort again! Oh, Gertrude!—Gertrude!

GER. (*advancing*) Did you call me, Peter?

PET. Hah! what do I see? There's a dress—a wedding dress! It is!—it is!

GER. It is—*it is a very beautiful dress, as you say, and I don't wonder you start to see me in such a dress; but, as the bride of a captain, you know—*

PET. It is true, then, you are going—going to marry Captain Amersfort?

GER. Ah! he has told you, then? Well, I was in hopes of giving you an agreeable surprise!

PET. An agreeable surprise!

GER. Why, are you not delighted, Peter, at my good fortune?

PET. Delighted!

GER. Only think—a poor orphan girl like me, whom nobody loved, and nobody cared about—

PET. It isn't true! I cared about you—I loved you—doated on you!

GER. You, Peter!—you! Mercy on me! And why didn't you tell me so then?

PET. Because I didn't know it myself then; but I do now, Gertrude—I do now!

GER. Now!—now that it is too late!

PET. But is it—is it too late? You are not married yet?

GER. No; but I have promised! The contract is or-

dered, and this beautiful dress was bought by the captain on purpose. You would not have me behave so shamefully to one who loves me so dearly?

PET. But I—I love you dearly!

GER. Ah! if you had but said so an hour ago! But you thought of everybody but me!

PET. I know it—I know it! But then nobody thought of you, and now everybody does; and it proves to me that you—you are the only girl in the world that I ought to marry; and if you wont have me, I—I know what I'll do.

GER. Dear me, Peter, what?

PET. I'll fling myself into the canal!

GER. Nonsense!

PET. You see if I don't, then. I'm not desperate till I take anything in my head; but then nothing can turn me!

“Air—“*Take care of the corner.*”

PET. I rush to my fate,  
And my funeral straight-  
Way shall follow my latest transgression!  
And in the church-yard  
It shall go very hard,  
But it meets with your bridal procession!  
When my coffin appears,  
You will melt into tears,  
And your friends in your grief will be sharers.

GER. O yes, not only I,  
But my husband will cry—  
“Stand out of the way,” to the bearers!

PET. Laughed at!” I'll jump over the wall, here, into the canal, before your face!

GER. Indeed you shan't! Peter, don't be a fool! (*trying to hold him*) Oh dear, he will! Murder!—help!

*Enter ERNESTINE, R.*

ERN. What's the matter now?

GER. O, mamzelle, help me to hold Peter—he wants to drown himself!

ERN. He is sillier than ever I supposed him, if he would drown himself for so worthless a person! I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the face!

GER. I'm very sorry, mamzelle. I know you only

lent me a lover; but how can I give him you back if he wont go?

ERN. Cease your impertinence! Your simplicity is all affected!

GER. I'm sure mamzelle, if the captain will only consent, I'll give him up with pleasure!

PET. You will?

ERN. You will? Hark ye, Gertrude! Don't think that I care the least about Captain Amersfort—his behaviour has entirely destroyed any little affection I might have had for him; but, only to vex him in my turn, if you will promise not to marry him.—

PET. Do, do!

ERN. I will settle a handsome income on you!

PET. There, there!

ERN. Tell him you do not love him?

PET. Yes, yes!

ERN. That you love another—anybody!

PET. Yes, me!—I'm ready to be loved!

GER. (*aside*) I see him!—now's the time—(*aloud*) Well, mamzelle, I believe it would be only the truth—I have a great respect for Captain Amersfort, but I certainly do not love him—and perhaps I do love somebody else! (*looking at PETER.*)

PET. Oh, Gertrude!

*Enter AMERSFORT, unseen by them, R. U. E.*

GER. But how can I consent to make him wretched? If there was any chance of your making it up—if I thought you still loved the captain, and would make him happy in the avowal!

ERN. Would that decide you?

PET. Oh, do, then!—do. (*to ERNESTINE*)

ERN. What would you have me say?

GER. That you forgive him, and are willing to marry him, if I give him up!

ERN. Well, then, I am willing!

AMER. (*advances, R., and takes her hand*) And so am I!

GER. (*L. C.*) And so am I.

PET. (*L.*) Hurrah!



ERN. (R. C.) Captain Amersfort here! This was a plot, then!

AMER. Own that it was to secure your happiness, Ernestine, and you make mine for ever!

ERN. Well, I believe I deserved this lesson.

PET. And I'm sure I did!

GER. You've made your mind up, then, that I shall marry you now?

PET. To be sure I have!

GER. Well, as you say, when you once do take a thing in your head, nothing can turn you, I suppose it's useless to say "No." There is my hand, dear Peter!

AMER. And I suppose I may let him the farm now?

GER. If you please, captain.

AMER. And give him the two thousand crowns that I desired Van Nickem to settle on you as a wedding portion?

PET. Ah! then that's why young Sneek—but no matter!

*Finale. (Trio from "The Challenge.")*

She } is mine! She } is mine! Let the stars work their will  
He } He }

If our patrons approve, nothing now can go ill;  
But the lover we lend must with them make his way.  
Or our dealings will end with the devil to pay.

ERN. Should they not befriend us?

GER. I will hope for the best,  
If one kind friend will lend us  
His hands to move the rest.  
Will you as?

PET. No, do you.

GER., (to audience.) Do you like it?

PET. Say you do.

ALL. Oh happy hour! O joyous night!  
Our patrons share in our delight."

She } is mine! She } is mine! Let the stars work their will;  
He } He }

Since our friends have approved, nothing now can go ill;  
The lover we lent has with them made his way,  
And their smiles of content all our toils overpay.

**Curtain.**

AMERSFORT.

ERNESTINE.

GERTRUDE

PETER

L.

L.

# O U R W I F E ;

OR, THE

## R O S E O F A M I E N S

A COMIC DRAMA

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON.

AUTHOR OF

*Friend Waggles—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Going to the Derby—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners' Holiday—Wedding Breakfast—Irish Tiger—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Slasher and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—&c. &c.*

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

# OUR WIFE; OR, THE ROSE OF AMIENS.

*First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre,  
on Tuesday, November 18th, 1856.*

## CHARACTERS.

MARQUIS DE LIGNY,  
(*Captain of the King's  
Guards*) - - - MR. RYDER:  
COUNT DE BRISSAC,  
(*his friend*) - - - MR. DAVID FISHER.  
POMARET - - - MR. HARLEY.  
DUMONT - - - MR. RAYMOND.  
FIRST OFFICER - - MR. TERRY.  
SECOND OFFICER - - MR. COLLETT.  
MESSENGER - - MR. DALY.

ROSINE, (*Pomaret's  
Daughter*) - - - MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.  
MARIETTE, (*her cousin*) MISS MURRAY.

SCENE—AMIENS. PERIOD—1634.

## COSTUMES.

DE LIGNY.—Buff cloth Charles II. jacket, scarlet and gold trimming; white gauntlets, crimson velvet breeches, yellow boots, black hat and white feather, red ribbon; steel neck piece, sword-belt and sword, ruffles.

BRISSAC.—White cloth jacket, silver buttons, green and silver trimming; green velvet breeches, cream coloured boots, spurs, crimson and gold sword belt, sword, black hat, white feather, white ribbon, ruffles.

POMARET.—Black full jacket, red facings; black breeches, blue stockings, black shoes and red tie; brown curled wig, drab hat, black feather.

DUMONT.—Brown jacket, black breeches, black boots, sword, black hat.

OFFICERS.—Blue velvet jackets, breeches, black boots, hats, feathers, swords.

GUESTS.—Various coloured.

MESSENGER.—Dark drab velvet jacket and breeches, trimmed with black, black hat and boots.

ROSINE.—Pink silk tabbed jacket and skirt, blue trimming; pink hat and blue trimming, shoes. *Second Dress*, White silk, trimmed with blue.

MARIETTE.—Blue silk, cherry coloured trimming, blue hat and cherry trimming. *Second Dress*, White silk, cherry trimming, shoes.

GUESTS.—Various coloured.

AMIENS.

atre,

ER.

ECLERCQ.

34.

gold trim-  
ellow boots,  
neck piece,

and silver  
oots, spurs,  
ite feather,

ches, blue  
wig, drab

s, sword,

ots, hats,

amed with

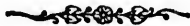
ng; pink  
hite silk,

hat and  
rimming,

## OUR WIFE;

OR, THE

## ROSE OF AMIENS.



### ACT I.

**SCENE.**—*The Interior of Pomaret's Shop, very handsomely fitted up. A counter at L. H. of the stage, on which are silks, ribbons, gloves, perfumes, &c., &c. Door, c.—window each side of door, showing the street beyond. Doors, R. H. 1 E. and R. H. 2 E.—door, L. H. 2 E.—a violin hanging near door in c.*

*At the rising of the curtain, several of the King's Musketeers, in the brilliant costume of the period, enter c. The MUSKETEERS striking on the counter.*

1ST MUSK. Shop!—Shop!—Shop!—I say!

MUSKETEERS. Ycs. Shop!—Shop!—Shop!

*Enter MARIETTE, hurriedly, at door R. H.*

MARI. Dear—dear! what a clatter to be sure. (*aside.*) King's Musketeers, I do declare! They're the best customers we have. (*running up c.*) Now, noble cavaliers, what can I serve you with? Gloves—silks—ribbons—laces—perfumes? You've only to ask for what you want, pay the money, and there it is. (*to 1ST MUSKETEER.*) What may you require, sir?

1ST MUSK. (L. H.) The fair Rosine.

MARI. Oh! (to 2ND MUSKETEER.) What for you, sir?

2ND MUSK. (R. H.) The fair Rosine.

MARI. (*aside.*) Rosine! the article is evidently in great request. (*aloud.*) But my cousin—"the fair Rosine," as you call her—isn't up yet. (*goes to the back of counter.*)

1ST MUSK. Then I'll wait till she is.

MUSKETEERS. Ay, ay! we'll wait till she is.

(*the MUSKETEERS separate and seat themselves.*)

MARI. As long as my cousin Rosine chooses to serve in the shop, I shouldn't sell a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon in a month. I pity their taste!

(*a trumpet sounds without.*)

1ST MUSK. Hark! there must be news astir to call us to horse at this early hour.

2ND MUSK. It is reported that the Cardinal de Richelieu is about to take command of the troops, and compel the Spaniards to raise the siege.

1ST MUSK. Well, we must away. (*to MARIETTE.*) We shall soon return; but, remember, though our purses are well filled, not one single livre will find its way into Master Pomaret's pocket, unless his pretty daughter, the Rose of Amiens, is here to serve us. (*Exeunt MUSKETEERS, c.*)

POMARET. (R.—*without.*) Don't tell me! The shop's full of customers! I'm sure it is—I *feel* it is! Where's my wig? I can't find my wig! It's all right—I've got it!

*He enters door R. H. U. E., hurriedly putting on his coat.*

MARI. You've found your wig I see, uncle?

POM. Yes; and where d'ye think it was? You'll never guess. On my head! It's a positive fact—my wig was on my head! (*crosses L. H.*)

MARI. (*with pretended astonishment.*) You don't say so?

POM. 'Pon my life I'm serious. Such a very out-of-the-way place for a man's wig to be, isn't it? But we've had customers here—eh, Mariette?

MARI. Yes, uncle—a whole regiment of the King's Musketeers.

Act 1.

POM. Noble fellows! they draw their purse-strings as freely as they draw their swords.

MARI. (R.) Yes, but when the sword's out the scabbard's empty—purses ditto.

POM. Holloa! Mariette! Mariette! holloa! This is my shop, not yours—my business, not yours. Be good enough to remember you're my uncle—I mean that I'm your niece. Well, and what was the article most in request this morning with the gallant Musketeers?

MARI. (*sulkily*.) One that I couldn't supply them with.

POM. I wasn't aware we were out of anything. What was the article?

MARI. Cousin Rosine. Not a single purchase would they make because she wasn't here to serve them. Isn't it absurd?

POM. Absurd! On the contrary, I consider it flattering in the highest degree. Ever so many customers actually walk out of my shop with their money in their pockets because my daughter isn't here to wait upon them!—It's intensely gratifying. And so you would think, if you were a father—which you are not.

MARI. Of what use am I in the shop if I can't sell anything?

POM. Not much, certainly; but you're ornamental to a certain degree; you look well behind a counter—at a distance. I don't wish to flatter you; but you're not repulsive. Besides, it's no fault of yours that Rosine happens to put an extinguisher on you. If you'd been my daughter, instead of my niece, you'd probably have been as handsome as she is.

MARI. Well, if admiration can make a young woman happy, Rosine ought to be; she has a sweetheart for every day in the year.

POM. Yes, she has only to pick and choose—the whole town adores her—the young Count de Brissac in particular.

MARI. He's a charming, delightful young man!

POM. So he is—so he is; but we should prefer a marquis. Our original intention was not to let ourselves go under a duke; but we've come down a peg.

MARI. I suspect we shall have to come down a good

many pegs. I should have thought that if a mercer's daughter even condescended to marry a count, she'd have the best of the bargain.

POM. Nothing is too good for Rosine. She was actually the subject of conversation at court the other day. But, nevertheless, I must condescend to attend to business—not that there's much doing, for the Spaniards are in possession of nearly the whole country round. But I must be off; and if any more customers should come, detain them till Rosine makes her appearance. You can chat with them—or flirt with them.

MARI. Flirt with them! I like the idea.

POM. I thought you did, that's why I mentioned it. Here's my violin left out again. Some accident will happen to it; do put it away in the case.

MARI. No, uncle—it is left out for Monsieur Glissade. He is coming to give Rosine her lesson this morning.

POM. Well, take care it is not broken. *Exit, c. and R. H.*

MARI. So cousin Rosine has added another to the list of her victims—the Count de Brissac. There goes another of my admirers. This is the sixteenth time, at least, she's put my nose out of joint in the last three months. Oh, here comes the count.

*Enter COUNT DE BRISSAC, c. from R., hurriedly.*

Your servant, Monsieur de Brissac. (*making a very low curtsey.*) Your servant, Monsieur de Brissac. (*following DE BRISSAC, who looks hurriedly about the stage.*)

BRIS. (*not noticing her.*) Thank ye, my good woman.

MARI. His good woman!

BRIS. Just my luck! Whenever I come, there's sure to be nobody in the shop.

MARI. Nobody! Well, I rather flatter myself I'm somebody—at any rate, I'm not nobody.

BRIS. (R.) Of course you're not nobody. But how is it, Mariette, that I find you alone in the shop, eh?

MARI. (L.) Perhaps it's because nobody's with me; but never mind, I can serve you with anything you want. Shall I show you the last new fashion in ribbons, or lace, or gloves, or perfumes?

BRIS. No, no—I don't want any scents. (*impatently.*)

MARI. (*aside.*) I'm not so sure of that.

BRIS. Tell me, my good Mariette, do you think that the flame which is consuming me is likely to meet its reward before I'm entirely burnt out? Does Rosine return my affection? Does she ever withdraw herself—within herself, as it were—and gazing intently upon nothing, as it were, exclaim in tremulous accents, "Oh! De Brissac?" or does she ever give way to a frantic flow of tears, or an insane paroxysm of laughter?

MARI. Yes; she was in convulsions of laughter yesterday morning, when your long sword got between your short legs and threw you down on your nose in the mud. You certainly did cut a very ridiculous figure—ha, ha!

BRIS. (*forcing a laugh.*) Ha, ha! But hark! her fairy footstep strikes upon my ear.

MARI. She's got her creaky shoes on. (*crosses R. H.*)

BRIS. My good Mariette, if you could suddenly remember that you've something very particular to do that would call you away to some other part of these extensive premises, you've no idea how much you would oblige me.

MARI. I understand. You want me to go.

BRIS. Oh dear, no—I only don't want you to stop. (*taking her hand and leading her towards L. side.*) It really grieves me to part with you; (*still leading her towards side.*) but if you will go, (*giving her a push.*) of course I can't help it. (*pushing her out and closing the L. H. door.*) She comes! the idol of my heart approaches! (*retires C.*)

*Enter ROSINE, door R. 1 E.*

ROSINE. How late I am this morning, to be sure! Half past nine o'clock, I declare! My dancing master, Monsieur Glissade, will be here directly, and I haven't practised my last lesson once. He'll be so angry. (*looking round, but not perceiving the COUNT.*) I see papa has left his violin. There's no one here to see me; why shouldn't I rehearse a little by myself? I will. Let me see; the first thing Monsieur Glissade does is to take his violin; (*COUNT takes the violin.*) he then makes me a very low bow.



(*imitating.*) which I return with a very gracious curtsey ; (*curtseying.*) and telling me to turn out my toes, he strikes up a preparatory flourish, and the dancing lesson at once begins. (*putting herself in attitude—the COUNT giving a flourish on the violin ; she turns and sees the COUNT.*) Monsieur le Comte ! Oh, have you been here all the time ?

BRIS. (L.) I have.

ROSINE. (R.) And you never said a word.

BRIS. I couldn't—I was speechless with admiration ! The beauty of your person—the swan-like elegance of your attitude (*imitating.*) kept me dumb. But you were about to practise your dancing lesson. Let me be your dancing master—you doubt my ability ?

ROSINE. No ! But I'm afraid you won't be strict enough.

BRIS. I will—I will. (*aside.*) As this will probably be the only lesson I shall ever give her, she shall have enough of it—she shall dance till she drops. (*crosses to R. H.—aloud.*) Now then, begin.

(*a dancing lesson is then gone through by ROSINE, which ultimately becomes a pas de deux—the COUNT playing and dancing at the same time.*)

Bravo ! bravissimo ! (*banging the bow violently on the back of the violin.*) And now suppose we begin and do it all over again.

ROSINE. Not I, indeed.

BRIS. Oh, Rosine, why are you more insensible than this unhappy violin ? Why don't you yield to the violence of my passion ? When—when will you name the happy day that makes me yours—I mean makes you mine—I might say, makes us ours ? Recollect, I've been dying for you for the last six weeks, and I really can't keep on dying much longer.

ROSINE. (L.) Monsieur de Brissac, you say you love me ?

BRIS. (R.) I do—to a degree bordering on insanity.

ROSINE. Now listen to me. Although I'm only a mercer's daughter, I am not without ambition ; consequently, I choose to put a certain value on myself.

BRIS. To do you justice, you do.

ROSINE. In the first place, then, I will marry no man who is not of noble birth.

BRIS. (*proudly.*) I am a De Brissac!

ROSINE. But that's not all. He must also be young, rich, and tolerably good looking.

BRIS. I am young, rich, and tolerably good looking I may say *very* tolerably good looking!

ROSINE. But that's not all. I must have a splendid hotel in Paris—a noble chateau in the country—a profusion of beautiful diamonds—and a magnificent coach and six.

(*crossing to R. H.*)

BRIS. You shall have a coach and sixteen.

ROSINE. And above all, he must become my husband with the full approbation of his noble family!

BRIS. Of course! I've already got the consent of my two aunts and my grandmother, and that's all the family I have.

ROSINE. Indeed! I thought you had a father?

BRIS. Eh? Yes! by-the-bye, so I have! I quite forgot my father! Then, adorable Rosine, with these conditions fulfilled, you will be mine?

ROSINE. Why, Monsieur le Comte, I cannot, of course, but feel flattered by such proofs of your affection, but then, you see, there are so many other fine gentlemen—who say they adore me quite as much as you do.

BRIS. But, of course, you don't believe them—you can't be so utterly, so hopelessly insane as to believe them.

ROSINE. Why shouldn't I?

BRIS. (*vehemently.*) Why shouldn't you? Why shouldn't you? She says why shouldn't she! Oh, Rosine! Rosine! Why did fate and my friend the Marquis de Ligny ever bring me into your presence, by bringing me into your shop?

ROSINE. The Marquis de Ligny!

BRIS. Yes! You must have observed him!

ROSINE. (*aside.*) Heigho! I'm afraid I have. (*aloud.*) Oh, yes, I think I have seen him! a short, stout, elderly gentleman—isn't he?

BRIS. No, no! A remarkably fine man, a different style of beauty from mine! but nevertheless very handsome.

I once had the good fortune to save his life, and we've been bosom friends ever since.

ROSINE. (*with interest.*) You saved his life?

BRIS. Yes, from a watery grave! we were walking together one day, on the banks of the Garonne, when his foot suddenly slipped, and he was as suddenly precipitated into the torrent. "Can you swim?" said I. "No!" said he. "That's unlucky," said I. "Very!" said he. "Can you?" said he. "Yes," said I—and instantly plunged in after him, clothes and all; I seized my drowning friend by the hair of his head—unfortunately it came off in my hand.

ROSINE. His head?

BRIS. No! his wig! Nevertheless, I grappled with him again, when I was suddenly seized with the cramp, and should inevitably have gone to the bottom if the Marquis, who by that time had recovered his presence of mind, had not supported me in his arms, and brought me safe to land—and that was how I saved his life.

ROSINE. I should say that was how he saved yours. It was a noble, generous action, indeed!

BRIS. No—no! I only did my duty. But it wasn't to talk of the Marquis that I came here—but of you—of me—of us. I have written to my aged sire for his consent to our marriage, and I expect his answer this very day.

*Enter POMARET, c. from L. with an open letter.*

POM. (c.) And here it is.

BRIS. He consents—say he consents, and I'll embrace you! I'll embrace you several times.

POM. You shall judge for yourself—I will read your aged sire's letter, verbatim. (*reads.*) "Monsieur Pomaret, my son informs me that he is enamoured of your daughter, and earnestly solicits my consent to his marriage. How can I possibly object to a young lady of whom I know nothing."

BRIS. (L.) There's a sensible father for you.

POM. (*reading.*) "I therefore leave the matter entirely in your hands—merely observing, that if the marriage

should take place, you will inevitably spend the remainder of your days in the Bastile."

ROSINE. (R., *alarmed*.) The Bastile! Oh, how dreadful.

BRIS. Oh, dear, no! not at all! Besides, (*to POMARET*.) as you are evidently sinking rapidly into the grave, what can it possibly signify to you where you spend the brief remnant of your wretched existence! And then, think of the unspeakable satisfaction of sacrificing yourself for your daughter's happiness.

POM. (C.) True! I never thought of that. But you see, being a man of domestic habits, and not caring to extend my present geographical knowledge, I had just as leave stop where I am. Strange infatuation, isn't it? consequently, Monsieur le Comte, you will oblige me by instantly removing yourself from this domicile and never shewing your face here again.

ROSINE. (R.) My dear father! This is absurd.

BRIS. (L.) Of course its absurd! you barbarous old savage you must be joking. Renounce Rosine! never! Leave your shop? never! If I can't remain here as your daughter's lover, I'll stop here as your customer—Ha, ha! I've got you there! As a shopkeeper you can't refuse to serve me. (*takes a chair, and seats himself in the middle of the stage—POMERAT goes behind counter*.) Therefore, worthy man, bring out everything you've got, and one at a time. I'm not in the slightest hurry! First, we'll begin with the glove department. (*ROSINE goes to the back of counter*.) My intention is to try on every pair you've got in the shop—that'll take about six weeks! Now when, you contemptible shopkeeper, are you going to keep a customer waiting all day? Where are your gloves? Produce your gloves. (*violently*.)

POM. I'm out of gloves.

BRIS. Very well—then I'll stop here till you've got a fresh supply.

POM. No, no! I find I *have* got a few left. (*presenting a parcel of gloves to BRISSAC*.)

BRIS. (*turning over the gloves*.) These? Pooh! pooh! These won't do at all. (*tossing the gloves about on the stage*.) Now let me look at your ribbons. (*suddenly to POMARET*,

*who is advancing.*) Let me look at your ribbons. (*very violently.*)

POM. Oh, lud! Here, Rosine. (*handing box of ribbons to ROSINE.*)

ROSINE. (*shewing ribbons to BRISSAC.*) Here are some very beautiful patterns, Monsieur.

BRISS. (*assuming a patronising tone and manner.*) Thank you, friend Pomaret, you've got a very pretty daughter! takes after her mother I presume? I must trouble your delicate fingers to pin these various coloured ribbons to different parts of my dress, in order that I may judge of the effect.

(*while ROSINE is pinning on the ribbons, BRISSAC kisses her hand repeatedly. POMARET tries to interfere, but gets his fingers pricked.*)

POM. There—there! that'll do! very well! and now, perhaps, you'll— (*pointing to the door.*)

BRISS. Go? oh dear no! I haven't half done yet! I intend being stuck all over with ribbons from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet! ha, ha, ha! (*triumphantly.*) And what's more, I won't budge from your shop till I am! Ha, ha, ha! (*again laughing triumphantly.*)

POM. Oh! you won't, won't you? Very well! (*calling.*) Mariette! Mariette!

*Enter MARIETTE, running, L. 1 E.*

MARI. Yes, uncle!

POM. You'll be good enough to wait on this gentleman, and stick him over with ribbons from the crown of his feet to the soles of his head. (*crosses behind ROSINE—takes her arm under his.*) I'm much obliged for your custom, sir, I'm sure! the more money you spend, of course—the better for me! My daughter and I, sir, have the honour to wish you a very good morning! We shut up shop at four o'clock, sir, but if you shouldn't have completed your numerous purchases by that time you'll find Mariette here the first thing in the morning, and if you should be writing to your aged sire, perhaps you'll mention that I've taken his hint about the Bastile. My daughter and I, sir, once more have the honour to wish you a very good morning.

ROSINE. (*aside.*) Poor young man, he does look so very sheepish!

(*POMARET takes ROSINE off, making a very low and obsequious bow to BRISSAC, door, R. 1 E.*)

BRIS. (*kisses his hand to ROSINE, till she disappears.*) She's gone! perhaps for ever! (*goes L. H.*) And this is the work of the man who calls himself my father. (*walking to and fro.*)

MARI. (*who has been following him about, with a bunch of ribbons in one hand, and a paper of pins in the other.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but I've been trotting after you for the last five minutes, with a bunch of ribbons in one hand and a paper of pins in the other.

BRIS. (*wildly.*) Leave me!

MARI. But I was told to receive your orders!

BRIS. You have received them! leave me! (*still more wildly.*)

MARI. (*alarmed.*) Oh, lud! (*runs out hastily, door, L. H. 1 E.*)

BRIS. (*pathetically.*) Even she deserts me! I'm in that state of nervous irritation that I could quarrel with the best friend I have in the world!

(*during the above speech, the MARQUIS DE LIGNY has entered c., he is in the splendid costume of a Captain of Musketeers.*)

LIGNY. (*L. H. laying his hand on the COUNT'S shoulder*) I am sorry to hear that, De Brissac, because the best friend you have in the world is myself, and I am not aware how I can have offended you.

BRIS. (*R. H., grasping his hand.*) My dear marquis, I'm delighted to see you! delighted beyond measure—so good bye.

LIGNY. (*laughing.*) "Delighted to see me" and "good bye" in the same breath. Where are you going in such a violent hurry?

BRIS. I haven't quite made up my mind, but the probability is that I shall amuse myself by climbing up to the very summit of something or other, and precipitating myself headlong into whatever happens to be below.

LIGNY. Why, what's the matter with you? you look the very concentrated picture of misery.

BRIS. (c.) Thank you—thank you! (*shaking DE LIGNY's hand.*) You can't delight me more than by telling me I am a wretched looking object.

LIGNY. Why, you ought to be about the happiest fellow in the world.

BRIS. And so I should be—unspeakably happy if I wasn't unutterably wretched.

LIGNY. But, why—why?

BRIS. Listen; and prepare for a dreadful shock! I love and am beloved.

LIGNY. Well, there's nothing very dreadful in that!

BRIS. No! the horrible part of it has got to come. (*grasping DE LIGNY's hand.*) They would tear us asunder.

LIGNY. They! who?

BRIS. Two flinty hearted fathers—mine and Rosine's!

LIGNY. Rosine? old Pomaret's daughter? the fair Rose of Amiens! is it she you love?

BRIS. Yes! What's to be done. (*hurriedly.*) Friend of my bosom, what's to be done?

LIGNY. Why as you can't conveniently get another father, suppose you try another mistress? Rosine is not the only woman in the world.

BRIS. Yes she is, in my eyes she constitutes the entire female sex—that's the melancholy part of it. Now confess! is there a more unhappy gentleman than I am in France!

LIGNY. Yes—I! at least, I might be if I chose. But you should look misfortune in the face, and laugh at it as I do. Ha, ha, ha!

BRIS. (*forcing a laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*with a grimace.*) It's no use, I can't! But now I think of it you certainly haven't been in your usual spirits since you returned from your last visit to Paris.

LIGNY. (*hastily*) Enough—enough! De Brissac, I love you too well to desert you in a moment of difficulty; now tell me, and examine well your heart before you answer me—this love for the fair Rosine, is it not rather one of those ephemeral passions which exist to-day and are gone to-morrow?

BRIS. No—no—no! I feel I shall love her as long as I live, and a considerable time after.

LIGNY. And you have reason to believe that she loves you?

BRIS. To distraction! she adores the very ground I tread upon.

LIGNY. And you think that your father would consent to your marriage, if the lady, instead of being a simple mercer's daughter, were a baroness, or a countess?

BRIS. Or even a marchioness! my opinion is, that he wouldn't turn up his nose at a marchioness.

LIGNY. Then you shall marry her!

BRIS. Marry her?

LIGNY. I swear it!

BRIS. But, how—how?

LIGNY. That's my affair!

BRIS. But what's your plan?

LIGNY. That's no business of yours. (*shouting.*) What ho! within there!

BRIS. Well, but my very dear friend—

LIGNY. Hold your tongue! Within there, I say!

MARIETTE. (*without.*) Coming—coming! (*runs in, l. i. e.*) Beg pardon, for keeping you waiting, I'm sure!

LIGNY. Tell Monsieur Pomaret I require his presence here immediately.

MARI. Yes, sir. (*crosses r.*) Who shall I say sir?

LIGNY. The Marquis de Ligny!

MARI. A marquis! oh, lud! Uncle Pomaret is very busy, sir, perhaps I could do as well. (*curtseying.*)

LIGNY. I repeat, I wish to see Monsieur Pomaret.

BRIS. (*aside to MARIETTE.*) And if you should see Rosine, tell her it's all right.

MARI. What's all right?

BRIS. Why, she's all right—I'm all right—we're all all right; go, go! (*pushes MARIETTE off at side door, r. h.*) Once more, my very dear friend, will you explain?

LIGNY. Once more, my equally dear friend, will you hold your tongue? I pledge you my honour that you shall marry Rosine, with your father's full consent. Does that satisfy you?

BRIS. Of course it does.

LIGNY. And you leave the matter entirely in my hands?



BRIS. Of course I do.

LIGNY. Then oblige me by going about your business.

BRIS. Couldn't I be present at the interview? I should so like to see how you're going to manage it.

LIGNY. Impossible! I must have a clear stage. So, as I said before, go. (*crosses, R.*)

BRIS. And when may I come back?

LIGNY. In a quarter of an hour.

BRIS. Couldn't you make it ten minutes? I'll go and take up a position in the market-place, and keep my eyes rivetted on the town clock. Noble, generous friend! farewell, for fifteen minutes. (*grasping and shaking DE LIGNY'S hand—about to embrace him.*) No, I won't embrace you, because it will take up time. (*runs out, c. and R.*)

LIGNY. Yes, De Brissac, you shall find my friendship something more than a mere name. And, since the inexorable cardinal has pronounced my doom, and my fate is inevitable—

POMARET. (*without.*) A marquis, did you say? A real marquis?

*Enter POMARET, R. H. D.*

Your lordship's most obedient. (*seeing DE LIGNY—aside.*) The Marquis de Ligny, the Count de Brissac's most particular friend. I see—he has sent him here to try and coax me over about his marriage with Rosine, but I'm not going to get myself locked up in the Bastille to please anybody, not even a marquis.

LIGNY. Monsieur Pomaret, may I request your attention to what I have to say?

POM. (*bowing.*) I am all ears. (*aside.*) He might just as well talk to a deafy.

LIGNY. You have a very charming daughter.

POM. Your lordship only echoes the universal opinion—but we're a handsome family.

LIGNY. Yes; I have heard that her mother was very lovely.

POM. (*aside.*) Rather a rude remark of the marquis.

LIGNY. But we are digressing. I presume the fair Rosine has not registered an oath against matrimony.

POM. (*aside.*) I knew what was coming.

LIGNY. And I equally presume, Monsieur Pomaret, that if a gentleman of birth and fortune were to solicit the honour of becoming your son-in-law, you would not be unwilling to accept him.

POM. (*aside.*) He's trying all he can to reconcile me to the Bastille, but it won't do. (*aloud.*) Certainly not, marquis, provided, I say, provided, the gentleman's father consented to receive Rosine as his daughter-in-law.

LIGNY. There can be no obstacle on that score, for the gentleman I allude to has no father.

POM. Goodness gracious! You don't mean to say he's defunct?

LIGNY. He was killed on the field of battle, twenty years ago.

POM. Go along! Why, I received a letter from him, half-an-hour ago.

LIGNY. A letter from my father?

POM. (*with a violent start.*) Your father! Gracious goodness! You don't mean—you can't mean to say that you are the gentleman who—

LIGNY. Yes, Monsieur Pomaret, I, Henri, Marquis de Ligny, Count of Neville, and Baron de Belleville, do hereby offer my hand in marriage to your daughter Rosine. Do you consent?

POM. Do I?—Don't I? Here's an honour! Rosine a marchioness! It's too much! Allow me to touch your hand—the extremest tips of your fingers! (*aside.*) Father-in-law to a marquis! Alive! all alive, oh!

LIGNY. Then you accept my proposal?

POM. I jump at it, marquis. Would you like to see me jump at it, marquis? I'll run and tell everybody!

LIGNY. One moment. There is a condition attached to this marriage.

POM. I consent to it, marquis. What is it, marquis?

LIGNY. That it takes place this very day—this very hour.

POM. Is that all, marquis? It shall take place this very minute, if you like. (*going.*)

LIGNY. Stay! There is one very important person in this business that we have entirely overlooked—your daughter! Will Rosine accept my hand?

POM. Will she? Won't she? Besides, marquis, if you'll

not let it go any farther, my belief is that she has long been secretly and ardently attached to you. (*aside.*) I don't believe she's ever seen him, but never mind that. (*calling.*) Rosine! Rosine! You're wanted in the shop! Rosine, I say!

*Enter ROSINE, hastily, R. H. D., followed by MARIETTE.*

ROSINE. Here I am, father; though it's rather hard I should be at the beck and call of every customer. (*pouting.*)

POM. Ah! but we don't get such a customer as this every day.

MARI. (*seeing DE LIGNY—aside to ROSINE.*) It's the Marquis de Ligny!

ROSINE. The Marquis de Ligny! Oh, monsieur!

(*making a very low curtsy to DE LIGNY.*)

LIGNY. Mademoiselle! (*making a low bow to ROSINE.*)

POM. Yes, my beloved daughter, you stand in the presence of the illustrious Marquis de Ligny, Count of Neville, and Baron de Belleville.

MARI. Three of them! Where are the other two?

(*looking about.*)

POM. The marquis and I have been talking about you, my child, and the result of our deliberation is, that you are to be married in three quarters of an hour!

ROSINE. Married! I!—in three quarters of an hour!

POM. Well, to give you ample time to prepare for this momentous epoch in your existence, we'll say an hour. I think we may give her an hour, marquis. Eh, marquis?

MARI. (*aside to ROSINE.*) Don't you see? The Count de Brissac has sent his friend, the marquis, here to plead his cause, and your father has relented. I wouldn't be married off hand in this sort of way.

ROSINE. Nor will I.

MARI. That's right—be a man!

ROSINE. I will. (*aloud, and looking at DE LIGNY.*) When I need advice as to the disposal of my hand, I will ask for it; until then I shall consider any interference in the matter as a very great liberty, from whatever quarter it may come. (*with strong intention.*)

MARI. (*aside.*) I should like to know how he feels after that!

LIGNY. (*to POMABET.*) Heyday! how's this? Fiends and furies, sir, you've been imposing on me.

POM. No—no—no! (*to ROSINE.*) But Rosine—Rosine—such a magnificent offer—you'll never get such another.

ROSINE. Perhaps not, but you may inform Monsieur de Brissac that my firm resolution is taken.

POM. Monsieur de Brissac! what's he to do with it? That for Monsieur de Brissac. (*snapping his fingers.*) It's my illustrious friend, the marquis himself, who does you the honour of "popping" to you.

ROSINE. The marquis! (*aside.*) Am I dreaming?

MARI. (*aside.*) There's luck! she no sooner snubs a count, than up turns a marquis.

LIGNY. (*coldly, and respectfully to ROSINE.*) Yes, mademoiselle, and I did venture to hope that you would not reject my suit.

POM. Nor does she—she blushes—she looks down! (*aside to ROSINE.*) Why don't you blush and look down! you'll never be such a simpleton as to refuse him; besides, see how his manly bosom is swelling with agitation. (*aside to MARQUIS.*) could you conveniently allow your manly bosom to swell with agitation?

LIGNY. Time presses! the hour of my fate draws on. (*aloud.*) Your answer, mademoiselle.

ROSINE. (*very modestly to MARQUIS.*) Of course it's my duty to obey my honoured father in all things, and if he wishes that I should accept your hand—

POM. If? what do you mean by "if?" Of course your honoured father does! (*takes ROSINE'S hand, then DE LIGNY'S, and joins them.*) Bless you, my children—bless you; (*affecting to weep, and making a very wry face, then suddenly, with great glee.*) And now, hey for the lawyer and the marriage contract.

ROSINE. So soon?

LIGNY. It is absolutely necessary—indispensable!

POM. (R. C.) You're not going to object again.

ROSINE. No! it's my honoured father's wish!

POM. Of course it is! Tell all our friends and neighbours. Go! (*to MARIETTE. R., who is running off, c.*) Stop! Call in at the "Cardinal's Head," over the way, and order a sumptuous marriage feast—every possible

delicacy. (*aside to her.*) For which my noble son-in-law will pay. (*aloud.*) And, Mariette, secure the large room in the Town Hall for a magnificent ball to-night! (*aside.*) For which my noble son-in-law will also pay. (*aloud.*) And, Mariette, run round to all the churches—there are only five-and-twenty of them, and set the bells ringing—and, Mariette—that'll do!

MARI. What a pity you can't think of something else.  
*Exit c.*

POM. Come, Rosine, we haven't time to prepare magnificent wedding dress fit for a marchioness, but pure white muslin will do—veils and wreaths we have plenty of! Salute your illustrious husband.

LIGNY. (*kisses ROSINE'S hand, as she makes him a very low curtsey—aside.*) She's very lovely! Happy—happy De Brissac.

ROSINE. (*aside.*) Happy—happy Rosine!

(*she is led out by POMARET, door R. H., who again returns, and clasps the MARQUIS in his arms two or three times, and then trots out after ROSINE.*)

*Enter DE BRISSAC, hastily, c. from R.*

BRIS. (R.) Here I am, punctual to half a second! Well, my dear friend—well? don't keep me in suspense if you love me!

LIGNY. (R.—*very calmly.*) Everything is settled.

BRIS. Best of men come to my arms! But how did you manage it? You clever creature! how did you manage it?

LIGNY. Simply enough! I saw Monsieur Pomaret—made a formal proposal for his daughter's hand—he consented, and in an hour's time—

BRIS. (*triumphantly.*) I shall lead her to the altar.

LIGNY. No! I shall lead her to the altar.

BRIS. You! Oh, yes, I see! You'll lead her to the altar, and there I shall marry her.

LIGNY. You're wrong again. I shall marry her.

BRIS. I say, my dear friend, no nonsense! I'm not in a state to stand any nonsense.

LIGNY. I'm perfectly serious! In an hour's time Rosine will be my wife.

BRIS. Then, my beloved friend, you're an atrocious

humbug, after all! You promise me that I shall marry Rosine—

LIGNY. (*smiling.*) So you shall.

BRIS. (*indignantly.*) What! after you? Ha, ha, ha!

LIGNY. (*very quietly.*) Yes, after me.

BRIS. Well, of all the cool things I ever heard in my life! De Ligny, you're a traitor. (*violently.*)

LIGNY. Pshaw! I tell you once more, it's all right.

BRIS. All right! he tells me to go about my business for a quarter of an hour, which, like an ass, I do, proposes to the woman I adore, and then coolly says, "it's all right." (*in a state of desperation, and drawing his sword.*) Defend yourself. (*distant music without.*)

LIGNY. Pshaw! (*grasping De Brissac's arm, and leading him forward, then aside to him.*) De Brissac, you have torn from me a secret which, otherwise, would have perished with me! Listen, De Brissac to the words of a dying man, for in a few short hours—

*Enter the MUSKETEERS, C.*

we are interrupted—another time. (*crosses to L.*)

BRIS. No, no, no! Now, or never.

(*detaining DE LIGNY.*)

(*ALL surround DE LIGNY, and congratulate him—DE BRISSAC trying in vain to obtain a hearing—at this moment MARIETTE, Pomaret's FRIENDS and NEIGHBOURS, in holiday costumes, come hastily on, c., and POMARET himself appears, R. D., leading ROSINE in bridal attire—the women surround and congratulate ROSINE.*)

FEMALES. Long life, and much joy to you, dear Rosine.

POM. (*with great self-importance.*) Ahem! friends and neighbours, you are welcome! Permit me to present you my noble and illustrious son-in law, the Marquis de Ligny.

BRIS. (*who has advanced close behind POMARET.*) Never! (*in a voice of thunder. POMARET hastily jumps aside.*) I demand your daughter. She's mine! I love her—she loves me—so give her to me, you contemptible retailer of gloves and ribbons.

LIGNY. (*L. H., interfering.*) De Brissac!

BRIS. *Avaunt!* false, perfidious friend!

POM. (R. c.) My dear Count—

BRIS. Silence, you atrocious, mercenary old mereer.

LIGNY. Once more, De Brissac, I pledge you my honour—

BRIS. I know what you're going to say—you're going to tell me again that it's all right, but I happen to v it's all wrong! Rosine, I appeal to you!

ROSINE. (*aside.*) Poor young man! but as I said before, I must obey my father.

(*crosses to DE LIGNY, and gives him her hand.*)

BRIS. (*laughing hysterically.*) Ha, ha! deceived—betrayed by all! Never mind—I won't leave you! I'll stick to you both like your shadows—I'll follow you to church—to the very altar—I'll forbid the banns, and if the priest won't listen to me, I'll run him through the body—I'll run everybody through everybody's body.

LIGNY. (*aside.*) There's but one course to pursue. (*aloud.*) Monsieur de Brissac—your disrespect to me, your commanding officer, cannot, must not be overlooked! You will consider yourself under arrest till further c . . . Gentlemen, away with him.

MUSKS. Come along—it's all right.

(*to DE BRISSAC, and taking him by the arms.*)

BRIS. (*struggling to free himself.*) All right—don't talk to me. Rosine—Rosine!

(*the MUSKETEERS seize and drag DE BRISSAC off, c., who is almost frantic with rage.*)

ROSINE. (*to MARQUIS.*) Oh, sir, have pity—

LIGNY. Fear not! in a few minutes he shall be restored to liberty, (*aside.*) and to happiness. (*aloud.*) Come! forward!

(*Music.—The MARQUIS leads ROSINE up the stage, followed by POMARET and his GUESTS.*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*An ante-room in the Town Hall of Amiens, illuminated. Window, c., with balcony; doors, R. and L. Lighted candelabras hanging on wall on each side of window, at c.*

*Music—Enter POMARET, R. H. door.*

POM. There never was such a ball seen in Amiens before—never! One hundred and twenty-six candles—all alight at the same time.—I counted them myself! And all in honour of my daughter, the marchioness. I can't repeat the words too often—my daughter, the marchioness! What a magnificent mouthful! Ah, she comes! Room there for the bride—room for “my daughter, the marchioness!”

*ROSINE enters in an elegant costume, followed by MARIETTE, R. H. door.*

ROSINE. (*aside to POMARET, and anxiously.*) My dear father, is not this protracted absence of the marquis, my husband, most strange, most unaccountable? The marriage ceremony was scarce performed when he pleaded his military duties as a reason for his temporary absence; and now the ball is half over, and he has not yet made his appearance—

MARI. (R. H.) Surely he is not neglecting you already.

POM. (L. H.) No, no, no!

MARI. It looks uncommonly like it.

POM. *to* (MARIETTE.) Hold your tongue, if you please.

MARI. I presume I may be allowed to open my mouth?

POM. You may open it as wide as you like, provided you don't say anything.

ROSINE. I'll scold him so, when he does come. (*sits.*)

POM. Do—scold him so, by all means. But recollect, Rosine, the marquis is a soldier, and military routine must be attended to



ROSINE. Routine! What is that?

POM. Why, military routine is—'pon my life I don't exactly know what it is, nor anybody else. (*Music.*) But never mind, the ball is about to re-commence; and see.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN enter door B. H.

here come our handsomest and gayest cavaliers, each anxious to secure for his partner my daughter, the marchioness—the queen of the revels. (*taking centre.*) Ahem! ladies and gentlemen, I have a communication to make which I will endeavour to convey in terms suitable to the solemnity of the occasion. (*great interest and curiosity on the part of the GUESTS.*) Supper's ready!

(*a general move is about to take place.*)

The MARQUIS enters, door L. H., hurriedly. All bow and curtsy to him.

LIGNY. (*taking ROSINE's hand and kissing it.*) A thousand pardons, dear Rosine, for so prolonged an absence; but it was forced upon me by a soldier's duty. (*aside.*) She is, indeed, lovely. (*turns to GUESTS.*) Friends, you are most welcome.

POM. Ahem! I again reiterate the interesting fact I mentioned just now—supper's ready.

(*the MARQUIS takes ROSINE's hand, and is about to lead her off.*)

At this moment DUMONT enters, door L. H., and making a military salute to the MARQUIS, places a paper in his hand.

DUMONT. (*in a rough tone.*) Paper.

LIGNY. From whom?

DUMONT. Don't know. (*goes up L. H.*)

LIGNY. (*opening and reading paper—aside.*) Ah! can it be possible? (*aloud.*) Monsieur Pomaret, lead your daughter to the banquet, I will follow you immediately.

ROSINE. (*pouting.*) Oh, pray don't hurry yourself, my lord, on my account—I beg!

LIGNY. Nay, Rosine, a most important despatch, I assure you, and one that requires immediate attention.

(POMARET takes ROSINE'S hand—she looks appealingly at the MARQUIS as she is led out. R. All the GUESTS follow. MARIETTE is left without a cavalier.)

MARI. (*satirically.*) Of course! (*aside.*) This comes of marrying a nobleman. I only wish a marquis would propose to me. (*looking about her.*) Holloa! well, I'm sure! Is anybody going to lead me to supper? (*aloud, and looking significantly at the MARQUIS.*) Ahem!

LIGNY. A thousand pardons, young lady, but if you will accept a soldier's escort—

MARI. Oh, my lord! (*curtseying und simpering.*)

LIGNY. Enough! Dumont, take the lady's hand and lead her in. (DUMONT, obedient to orders, seizes MARIETTE by the hand and deliberately walks out, dragging MARIETTE after him, R. H.—MARQUIS crushing the paper in his hands.) S'death! could anything be more provoking, more unfortunate? De Brissac escaped! and at the very moment I was about to restore him to liberty. Where, where can he be?

(*the window is thrown open violently and DE BRISSAC appears.*)

BRIS. (R.) Where can he be? here—here! (*leaps in.*) And now, Marquis de Ligny, now that we are face to face, I charge you with falsehood and perjury, and demand instant satisfaction. (*draws.*)

LIGNY. Satisfaction! after all I have done for you.

BRIS. Done for me! Yes, you have *done* for me, with a vengeance! In a word, are you Rosine's husband or are you not?

LIGNY. (*quietly.*) I am.

BRIS. Then, as I said before, come on. (*flourishing his sword round his head violently.*)

LIGNY. My dear young friend, listen to what I have to say, and then if you are not satisfied I'll run you through the body with all the pleasure in life.

BRIS. Oh, you will, will you? Then I'll listen to you. (*sheathing his sword.*)

LIGNY. You already know that—

BRIS. Now, goodness gracious! don't tell me what I know already. You know I want to know what I don't know.

LIGNY. Patience! I repeat, that you already know that I recently obtained a few days' leave of absence.

BRIS. Yes, yes, yes—get on.

LIGNY. If you keep interrupting me in this sort of way, I shan't be able to get on at all. It was a task of considerable difficulty and danger to escape the Spaniards, but I succeeded, for I was animated by the hope of once more beholding the only woman I have ever loved.

BRIS. (*laughing hysterically.*) Ha, ha! that's delicious—the only woman you ever loved? And here you've married the only woman I ever loved. Well, of all the—never mind; get on—get on!

LIGNY. It was night ere I arrived at the chateau—ah, would that night had been my last!

BRIS. Would it had; but get on—get on!

LIGNY. De Brissac, I found her faithless—a more favoured lover knelt at her feet, and imprinted burning kisses on that hand that she had so often pledged to me. Maddened by rage and jealousy, I drew my sword and leaped into the apartment; the light was extinguished—a momentary clash of swords, and a cry as from a wounded man followed—and I rushed from the house. The next morning the news had spread far and wide that the Duke de Chavannes—for so my rival was called—had been basely, treacherously assassinated.

BRIS. Assassinated! No such thing—it was a duel.

LIGNY. A duel, De Brissac, without witnesses, and, as such, by the late edict of the Cardinal de Richelieu, punishable with degradation and death.

BRIS. Death! You were not suspected as the assassin—I mean the murderer—I should say the—

LIGNY. Nothing can escape the cardinal's emissaries. Three days ago I received this letter from his eminence. (*reads.*) "The Duke de Chavannes died by your hand—your life is forfeited and you must die; but I will spare you the infamy of a public execution. The king is not unmindful of your services, and you are therefore graciously permitted to seek an honourable death. The Spaniards are now beseiging Amiens; within three days let me hear that the Marquis de Ligny has preferred a soldier's death on the battle field to that of a felon on the scaffold."

BRIS. Oh, my poor friend, how very dreadful! Never mind—get on!

LIGNY. In two hours the three days will have expired, and I shall have ceased to live.

BRIS. Don't talk in that horrible way, don't. Ah! (*suddenly.*) I begin to have some faint glimmering of your meaning; yes, I see it all—your motive for making Rosine your wife—

LIGNY. Was simply to fulfil my promise to you, that you should marry her. In two short hours she will be my widow.

BRIS. How delightful—I mean how dreadful! Get on.

LIGNY. No longer Rosine, the simple mercer's daughter, and, as such, scorned and rejected by your proud father, but the wealthy and noble Marchioness de Ligny. Now, say, De Brissac, am I the traitor—am I the false, perfidious friend?

BRIS. Don't—don't—don't! Oh, my poor, dear friend—generous but unhappy being! I'm so happy, and yet so miserable. I've recovered the woman I've just lost, and I'm going to lose the friend I've just recovered. I can't cry for laughing, and I can't laugh for crying—noble, self-sacrificing man! (*blubbing.*) It's too much!—(*suddenly.*) Don't die—live and be happy, and I'll try and fall in love with somebody else.

LIGNY. Nay, my fate is sealed—I must die.

BRIS. Must you? Forgive the apparent brutality of the question, but how do you intend getting rid of yourself?

LIGNY. How? Are there not sixty thousand Spaniards without the walls of Amiens.

BRIS. (*in an agony.*) Don't.

LIGNY. And after all what is death? 'Tis but a journey which we all must take.

*Enter DUMONT, L. H. door.*

LIGNY. Well, Dumont, what is it?

DUMONT. You're wanted.

LIGNY. Indeed! By whom?

DUMONT. A messenger from the Cardinal de Richelieu.

LIGNY. (*to DE BRISSAC.*) To remind me, doubtless, that my last hour is at hand.

BRIS. Don't. (*shuddering.*)

LIGNY. Well, he shall bear back the tidings to his

eminence that the Marquis de Ligny has died like a gentleman, and a soldier.

BRIS. Don't!—

LIGNY. Dumont.

DUMONT. Here!

LIGNY. Mount your horse instantly, and ride to the Spanish Camp with a flag of truce, you will there deliver this message. "That the Marquis de Ligny, captain of the King's Musketeers, will, within this hour, capture the Spanish standard, which now flaunts so proudly over the tent of their general.

BRIS. Well, but this is rushing to certain death.

LIGNY. I know it! But the Cardinal's scaffold, De Brissac, is equally certain, and thus I shall at least die with honour. Dumont, you'll obey my orders.

DUMONT. (*dashing his hand across his eyes.*) I will.

LIGNY. Be sure you go alone, and that not a living soul knows of your errand. Away!

(DUMONT *hesitates for a moment, then suddenly grasps MARQUIS'S hand, wrings it fervently, and goes out, L.*)

You are now satisfied, De Brissac, that there can be no escape for me, and consequently no impediment to your marriage with Rosine.

BRIS. Your business does appear to be settled, my poor dear friend, and I shall have the melancholy satisfaction of marrying your widow—horrible happiness.

*The MESSENGER from the Cardinal enters, door, L. H.*

MESSENGER. Is it to the Marquis de Ligny that I have the honour to address myself?

LIGNY. It is, sir.

MESSENGER. I come, sir, from—

LIGNY. The Cardinal de Richelieu—I am aware of it, sir. His eminence seems to fear that I should forget the conditions on which his clemency was shown to me.

MESSENGER. You mistake the nature of my mission, Marquis.

(*gives letter, bows, and exit, L. H.*)  
LIGNY. (*opening letter.*) "Among the papers of the late Duke de Chavannes, were found indisputable proofs of his being the originator of a treasonable correspondence with the Spanish general to deliver the town of Amiens into his hands."

BRIS. Well, well—

LIGNY. (*reads.*) "As your good sword, my Lord Marquis, took this vile traitor's life the king grants you a full pardon." (*takes stage, L. H.*)

BRIS. A pardon! Oh, my dear friend! (*shaking his hand.*) I'm so happy—I'm so delighted—Tol de rol. (*dancing—then suddenly stops.*) Holloa! Stop a bit. I say my dear friend—

LIGNY. Well.

BRIS. This won't do at all! You've married my wife, on the express condition of getting yourself killed within an hour—

LIGNY. Very true, my dear friend, but in the mean time, I unexpectedly receive my pardon. I can't help the Cardinal taking a merciful view of my case, can I?

BRIS. Pooh, pooh! Nonsense! You became Rosine's husband in order that she might be my wife, consequently I consider her to be my wife.

LIGNY. Hush! she comes! Leave us.

BRIS. Leave you! Ha, ha! Leave you alone with my wife—I mean your wife—I should say, our wife! No, no! Here I am and here I'll stop.

LIGNY. But see, her father, Monsieur Pomaret, is with her; recollect, he has forbidden you the house.

BRIS. Eh? that's true! I have it, yes—I'll step out on that balcony, in order that I may hear what you say to my wife, sir.

LIGNY. *My wife! sir!*

BRIS. Our wife, sir.

LIGNY. A capital idea! Go—make haste. (*pushing him towards window.*) Make haste, I say. (*BRISSAC goes to window, and steps out on balcony.*)

BRIS. But remember, sir. (*solemnly.*)

LIGNY. Yes, exactly! (*slams window in his face.*)

BRIS. (*re-opening window.*) I repeat, remember, sir.

(*the MARQUIS closes the window in his face again.*)

*Enter ROSINE, MARIETTE, and POMARET, R.*

POM. (*as he enters.*) But, Rosine, consider, I repeat, consider—

ROSINE. Nay, father—I must and will speak.

MARI. (*aside to her.*) That's right! Do, and don't spare him.

ROSINE. (*to MARQUIS.*) This business must be most important, indeed! my lord marquis, that you cannot devote even a few moments to the society of your guests—and your bride.

MARI. (*aside to her.*) That was severe. (*to POMARET.*) Why don't you say something?

LIGNY. (*to ROSINE.*) I assure you that I really—(*aside.*) What the deuce shall I say? (*aloud.*) A thousand pardons—let us rejoin our guests.

ROSINE. Indeed! And so escape the scolding I have in store for you, sir! No, no! We will follow you immediately, my dear father.

POM. (*to MARQUIS.*) When she says "scolding," she only means a little—gentle—or rather—mild, indeed, I might say—

MARI. Uncle, you're getting out of your depth.

(*thunder.*)

POM. I am. Hey day! thunder, I declare. I'll close the shutters.

LIGNY. Yes, yes! a very good idea, close the shutters by all means. (*POMARET closes the shutters.*)

POM. Come, Mariette! we're going to have a storm.

*Exeunt. with MARIETTE, door R. H.*

LIGNY. (*aside, and looking towards window.*) I think it very likely!—I can't conceive a much more awkward situation! Rosine evidently resolved on an explanation, and that confounded De Brissac on the balcony. This will be a lesson to me, never to marry a woman on another man's account again. I really don't know that I ever saw a prettier, or more interesting creature than my—I mean *our* wife.

ROSINE. I think you said something?

LIGNY. Ahem! I merely was about to observe (*thunder.*) that it seems—rather—a rather rough sort of night.

ROSINE. Very, Marquis! (*aside.*) Just as if I cared about the weather. (*sudden and violent wind and rain heard.*)

LIGNY. (*aside.*) Pleasant for my friend on the balcony! I should say a drowned rat would be a joke to him. He'll be knocking to come in, presently. (*aloud.*) But

really we mustn't forget our excellent friends are awaiting us—will you allow me? (*offers his hand.*)

ROSINE, (*very drily.*) One moment, my lord! Some little explanation is necessary.

LIGNY. (*aside.*) Now for it! I knew it was coming.

ROSINE. In a word then (*a loud knocking at the window.*) What's that?

LIGNY. No—thing! only the wind. (*aside.*) The shutters are fastened, so he can't get in, that's one comfort. (*to ROSINE.*) You were about to observe?—

ROSINE. This, Marquis, that your neglect of the woman, who, however inferior to yourself in position, is now your wife, is so obvious, so palpable, so marked—

(*endeavouring to restrain her tears, and at length overcome by her emotion, bursts into tears.*)

LIGNY. Rosine! Rosine! (*snatches her hand—the knocking and shaking at the window is resumed with redoubled force—rain—he hastily lets go her hand.*)

ROSINE. (*alarmed.*) That noise again! What—what—is it?

LIGNY. No—thing! it's only the rain. (*aside.*) Confound the fellow.

ROSINE. Oh, sir, be sincere, be honest with me, tell but how I may gain my husband's esteem, his confidence, his affection, and believe me I will earnestly, eagerly, try to deserve it.

LIGNY. (*aside.*) She's an angel! I repeat our wife is an angel. (*aloud.*) Rosine! dear, dear Rosine!

(*taking her hand again, the knocking and shaking of the window resumed more violently than ever; rain and thunder.—the MARQUIS again lets go her hand.*)

ROSINE. Again! I really feel quite alarmed. (*trembling and approaching the MARQUIS, who retreats.*)

LIGNY. There's nothing to fear! It's only the thunder. (*here a violent clap of thunder takes place, the window is again violently shaken.*)

ROSINE. Ah! (*screaming.*) Save me!

(*throws herself into his arms. At this moment the window is burst open with a violent crash and DE BRISSAC, soaked with wet leaps into the apartment. The sudden opening of the window extinguishes the candelabras hung on the flats. The stage is quite*



dark. *At the sound of the broken window, ROSINE again screams, and hides her face in her hands.*

BRIS. I haven't a dry thread on me. But where are they? I don't hear them—and yet they must be here.

*(groping his way about towards the front.)*

ROSINE. *(suddenly looking up.)* Oh, surely you do not mean to leave me here alone.

LIGNY. *(stopping.)* No!

BRIS. No!

ROSINE. Why, I do declare there's an echo in the room. *(the MARQUIS and DE BRISSAC approach ROSINE, carefully feeling their way; at last each takes hold of ROSINE's hands, upon which they each deposit a loud-sounding kiss—the MARQUIS first, and then BRISSAC.)* Mercy on me! there's another echo! *(then, conscious that she is in the hands of two men.)* Ah, help—help! *(struggling to free herself.)*

POMARET, MARIETTE, and GUESTS enter hastily, R. *Stage light.—ROSINE, seeing her position, frees herself. The GUESTS all speak to each other, and express their astonishment; they speak in whispers, shrugging their shoulders, &c.*

POM. *(seeing DE BRISSAC.)* What do I see? the count here—and kissing the hand of my daughter, the marchioness! What business have you here, sir? You hear, sir?—here, sir?

ROSINE. Nay, father, it is to me that an explanation is due. *(crosses to R. c.)*

POM. *(excited.)* If somebody doesn't hold me tight I shall do something desperate.

ROSINE. *(quietly to MARQUIS.)* I will return soon, my lord, in the certain assurance that the explanation I shall receive from my husband's lips will leave me no ground to blush that I bear his name. *(curtseys low to MARQUIS.)* Friends, follow me. *Exit, R. H.*

POM. You hear, sir! *(not aware that ROSINE and MARIETTE have gone out.)*

LIGNY. *(impatiently.)* Pshaw!

POM. What's that, sir?

LIGNY. *(turning sharply round to POMARET, who retreats.)* Hark'ye, Monsieur Pomaret—I should exceedingly regret that the first act of my married life should be to run my father-in-law through the body; but—

## Act 2.

## Act 2.

## OUR WIFE.

33

POM. That's enough, sir—I accept your apology, and wish you a very good evening!

*Exit, R.—the GUESTS retire with him—the MARQUIS and DE BRISSAC turn and look at each other face to face.*

LIGNY. Well?

BRIS. Well?

LIGNY. A pretty scene of mischief and scandal you have occasioned. We shall be the whole talk of the town. Rosine will believe that your presence here was sanctioned by me, and that I was a consenting party to an insult offered to my wife.

BRIS. *My wife, if you please!* Yes; you promised that I should marry her, and that promise you must fulfil.

LIGNY. But how—how?

BRIS. Get a divorce, and then you won't be condemned to pass the remainder of your existence with a woman you don't care about; for you don't care about her, do you?

LIGNY. Ah, De Brissac, if you fell a victim to her charms, how should I hope to escape? I confess her beauty has captivated, fascinated me.

BRIS. Gracious goodness, you don't mean to say you love my wife?

LIGNY. Be calm!

BRIS. Calm! ha, ha! He's got my wife in his pocket—I mean in his power; he's married Rosine—he says he loves her—and he tells me to be calm. (*crosses R. H.*)

*Enter DUMONT, L. H.*

LIGNY. (c.) Who is there?

DUMONT. (L.) I, captain!

LIGNY. Dumont! (*as if suddenly struck by a painful recollection—aside.*) I had forgotten. (*aloud.*) You have carried my defiance to the Spanish camp?

DUMONT. Yes, and delivered it to the general himself.

LIGNY. (*aside.*) It was the desperate resolve of a man who believed himself inevitably doomed to an ignominious death—my pardon has arrived too late. (*aloud.*) Enough.

DUMONT. No, there is something more, captain, that must be told. "Inform the Marquis de Ligny," said the Spanish general. "that I have received his message, which if he fails to execute within the hour"—and it's almost

gone, captain—" I shall not consider it the chivalrous challenge of a gallant soldier, but the insolent bravado of a coward !"

LIGNY. A coward ! Dumont, within five minutes, let me find my horse ready—my favourite charger, Dumont, and see that the noble animal is proudly caparisoned for he bears his master to a glorious death.

BRIS. (R. H.—*pathetically*.) I wish you wouldn't !

DUMONT. What arms, captain ?

LIGNY. My good sword here. (*touching the scabbard*.) Now, Dumont, away ! *Exit DUMONT, door L. H.*  
De Brissac, (*holding out his hand—DE BRISSAC grasps it*.) you'll not deny a dying man one favour ?

BRIS. But you're not a dying man. You've received your pardon. Send word to the whole Spanish camp you can't come—I should.

LIGNY. And be branded as a braggart and a coward ? No, De Brissac ; I dread dishonour more than death. And, now, farewell, my friend—my last request is that you will justify me with Rosine.

BRIS. I will. I'll tell her you only married her in order that she might marry me ; she won't perhaps exactly understand it ; but never mind that.

LIGNY. (*sitting at table, R. H.*) Stay ! I will write a few words to her.

BRIS. I shall always be seeing him in my dreams, in mortal conflict with the entire Spanish army. (*crosses, L. H.*) Oh, live, my dear friend—live, and I'll try and fall in love with some other woman.

LIGNY. (*rising and giving paper to DE BRISSAC*.) There ! give it her when I'm dead.

BRIS. Don't ! (*go up, L. H.*)

*Enter ROSINE, R.*

ROSINE. (*aside*.) Still together !

LIGNY. Rosine !

ROSINE. (*with cold reserve*.) My lord marquis I seek that explanation which you must feel is due to me.

LIGNY. Rosine !

ROSINE. I require no idle protestations—I ask but a few moments of your leisure.

LIGNY. I am at your orders, madame !

BRIS. (R. H.) Speak, dear Rosine! (*very tenderly.*)

ROSINE. Sir! (*drawing herself up.*) The words I have to say must be spoken to my husband alone. (*goes up.*)

BRIS. Oh! (*aside.*) That's a sufficiently intelligible hint for me—(*pointing to door.*)

LIGNY. Leave us! *Exit DE BRISSAC, R.*

ROSINE. (L. H.) My lord, I shall not long tax your patience—I do not come to remind you of the vows you solately uttered at the altar, neither do I come to demand reparation for the insult offered to your wife by the Count de Brissac, for I am well aware that his presence here was not the result of accident; no, my lord, it was sanctioned by you—yes, by you, my lord marquis; who were a participator in that shameful outrage from which it was your duty to protect me.

LIGNY. I? Nay, Rosine, I swear—

ROSINE. Do not, by the denial of this fact, sully the honour of a name already sufficiently humbled by your union with the poor mercer's daughter.

LIGNY. Hear me!

ROSINE. Hear *me*, my lord! My father is now with the Cardinal de Richelieu, and in compliance with my earnest wishes, is soliciting his eminence to annul our unhappy union.

LIGNY. Indeed? madame! you might have spared yourself the humiliation of such a step—for you will soon be free—ay, madame, free to wed the only man you ever truly loved.

ROSINE. So you believed I loved the Count de Brissac, but that, dazzled by your superior rank wealth, I married *you*. Oh, sir! I did not, could not believe you thought so meanly of me.

LIGNY. Can I be mistaken? Rosine! dear Rosine! has De Brissac, then, deceived himself and me? have you never loved him?

ROSINE. Never! I gave my heart where I gave my hand.

LIGNY. (*seizing her hand and kissing it passionately.*) You love me! Oh, speak, Rosine, do not crush the hope that you have raised, for I love you, Rosine, dearly, devotedly love you.

ROSINE. Ah! (*throwing herself into his arms.*) *Enter DUMONT, door, L. H. LIGNY, seeing DUMONT, starts—dis-*

*engages himself from ROSINE's arms and puts her across to R. H.*

DUMONT. All is ready, captain,

LIGNY. (*with intention.*) For the inspection!

DUMONT. No—yes—of course—for the inspection.

ROSINE. Must you leave me again?

LIGNY. (*smiling bitterly, and controlling his emotion.*)

Yes, Rosine, but believe me I leave you now for the last time.

ROSINE. (*playfully.*) You're sure of that?

LIGNY. Quite, quite sure. Farewell.

(*assuming a forced cheerfulness, and kissing her hand; goes up stage, stops, returns, clasps her in his arms, and hurries out, followed by DUMONT, door L. H.*)

ROSINE. He loves me! Happy, happy Rosine! (*runs to balcony and looks out.*) How he hurried away. Well, I think he might have looked up at the balcony for the chance of seeing me. How he does gallop to be sure!

*Enter MARIETTE, hurriedly, door R. H.*

MARI. Rosine—Rosine!

ROSINE. (*coming forward.*) Well, what's the matter?

MARI. I don't know, but there's something extraordinary going on. Where's the marquis?

ROSINE. He's just left me.

MARI. Gone again! The man doesn't seem able to stop in the same place five minutes together; then there's Monsieur de Brissac—what's the matter with him? There he is rushing about the corridors, tearing his hair—banging his head with both his hands, and raving about killing sixty thousand Spaniards and marrying their widows.

ROSINE. Poor young man! I'm afraid his love for me has turned his brain.

MARI. Not a bit of it; for just now he flopped both his knees to me, and asked me to marry him. "Be mine," said he; "say yes," said he, "and I'll preserve the marquis—you'll preserve the whole Spanish army." But here he comes.

*Enter DE BRISSAC, hurriedly, pale and agitated, R. H.*

BRIS. (*crosses L. H.*) Not here! Where is he—the marquis—my friend, my wretched, unhappy friend?

ROSINE. (R. H.) Not so very wretched or unhappy, either, I flatter myself.

BRIS. Where, where is he?

ROSINE. He has just left me.

BRIS. Gone! (*sinks on sofa, L. H.*)

ROSINE. Yes, on some trifling military duty.

BLIS. Trifling! (*aside.*) Fighting the entire Spanish army!

ROSINE. But he promised me he would soon return.

BRIS. Did he? ha, ha, ha? (*laughing hysterically.*)

ROSINE. But you are pale—agitated?

BRIS. Am I? ha, ha! (*starting up and grasping her hand.*) Rosine, how are your nerves? is your system in a condition to bear a terrific shock?

ROSINE. What do you mean?

BRIS. Mean? why this—that the miserable marquis is at this very moment engaged in deadly conflict.

ROSINE. Ah! and who is his antagonist? Speak—speak! who is he?

BRIS. Who is *he*? Sixty thousand of them—the entire Spanish Army; but read this. (*gives note.*) It must be all over with him by this time.

ROSINE. (*glancing over note.*) Ah, no, no—it cannot be—(*reading again.*) Dead! (*sinks into chair, R. H.*)

MARI. Dead! (*screams and falls on sofa, L. H.*)

BRIS. (*running from one to the other.*) Rosine, dear Rosine! don't take on so! Mariette! don't be absurd! (*taking her hand, and slapping it violently—then running again to ROSINE.*) It's very dreadful; but, after all, you can't care so very much about him.

ROSINE. (*passionately.*) I loved him!

BRIS. You loved him—ha, ha! (*sinks on sofa, embracing and hugging MARIETTE wildly.*)

ROSINE. I loved him—how dearly, how devotedly, he will never—never know. (*Drums, trumpets, and shouts, L.*)

*Enter DE LIGNY, door R. H.*

LIGNY. Rosine!

(ROSINE screams and rushes into his arms.)

BRIS. (*jumping off sofa.*) He's killed the whole sixty thousand! I thought he would.

LIGNY. My dear friend, believe me I did all I could to get myself killed.

BRIS. But you didn't succeed? Just my luck.

LIGNY, Nay, you love your friend too well not to rejoice to see him alive again.

BRIS. You're right; but the entire Spanish army must have been a sad set of bunglers for all that.

LIGNY. Nay, for when I had arrived within a few paces of their camp, I discovered that my brave companions had followed me—Dumont had turned traitor, and revealed to them the nature of my desperate errand.

POMARET. (*without door, R. H.*) Where is Rosine—where is she? (*Enters, followed by GUESTS.*) Long live the cardinal! his eminence for ever! It's all right, Rosine! In a word, your marriage with the Marquis de Ligny is dissolved.

ALL. Dissolved!

BRIS. (*snatching paper from POMARET and reading.*) Dissolved! Yes, "provided parties are mutually agreed to separate." (*tears paper.*)

POM. Holloa! halloa! why have you destroyed that paper?

BRIS. Because *both* parties are mutually agreed to live together. (*pointing to DE LIGNY and ROSINE.*)

POM. Then I may still call myself father-in-law to a marquis?

BRIS. Yes, and if Mariette has no objection, uncle-in-law to a count. (*offering his hand to MARIETTE.*)

MARI. (L.) A countess! Oh, Rosine, think of that!

ROSINE. (R.) A marchioness! Oh, Mariette, think of that!

BRIS. Rosine, I give you joy; and, marquis, I'll never forgive you if you don't make *our wife*—I mean my wife—pshaw! your wife—the happiest woman in the world.

POM. Very well. Then, for the future, let there be an end of *Our Wife*.

ROSINE. (*crosses to POMARET.*) Nay, father, I hope not. (*to AUDIENCE.*)

This "house" alone the weighty question can decide,  
Whether the title to our bill be laid aside.

Oh, let me rather *move*—the term, I think, is right—  
That it be read again another night.

B. MARQUIS. ROSINE. POMARET. BRISSAC. MARIETTE. L.

Act 2

uck.  
ell not to re-

panish army  
hat.

ithin a few  
brave com-  
! traitor, and  
rrrand.

is Rosine—  
) Long live  
ght, Rosine!  
de Ligny is

d reading.)  
ally agreed

troyed that

reed to live

n-law to a

n, uncle-in-

of that!

e, think of

I'll never

ny wife—  
world.

ere be an

r, I hope

decide,

right—

ERTIE. L.

A

# SCRAP OF PAPER.

A Comic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS

BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society).

AUTHOR OF

"Poor Cousin Walter," "The World and the Stage," "Second Love," "Very  
Suspicious," "Appearances," "That Odious Captain Cutter," "Dreams of  
Delusion," "Family Pride," "Prison and Palace," "A School for  
Coquettes," "Marco Spada," "Ranelagh," "Only a Clod,"  
"Matrimonial Prospectuses," "Heads or Tails?" "Without  
Incumbrances," "Deadly Reports," "Daddy Hardacre,"  
"A Smack for a Smack," "First Affections," &c. &c.;  
and "Bianca, the Bravo's Bride," "Romance,"  
"Caught and Caged," &c. &c. (*Operas*)

LONDON :

SAMUEL FRENCH,

PUBLISHER,

89, STRAND.

NEW YORK :

SAMUEL FRENCH & SON

PUBLISHERS.

122, NASSAU STREET.



## SCRAP OF PAPER.

*First performed at the St. James's Theatre, (under the Management of Mr. Alfred Wigan), on Monday, 22nd April, 1861.*

---

### Characters.

PROSPER COURAMONT.....	Mr. A. WIGAN.
BARON DE LA GLACIERE .....	Mr. EMERY.
BRISEMOUCHE ( <i>Landed Proprietor and Naturalist</i> ) .....	Mr. G. BELMORE.
ANATOLE ( <i>his Ward</i> ) .....	Mr. ASHLEY.
BAPTISTE ( <i>Servant</i> ) .....	Mr. TERRY.
FRANÇOIS ( <i>Servant of Prosper</i> ) .....	Mr. LEVER.
LOUISE DE LA GLACIERE .....	Miss HERBERT.
MADLE. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE ( <i>her Cousin</i> ) .....	Mrs. A. WIGAN.
MATHILDE ( <i>Sister to Louise</i> ) .....	Miss N. MOORE.
MADMOISELLE ZENOBIE ( <i>Sister to Brisemonche</i> ) .....	Miss RAINFORTH.
MADAME DUPONT ( <i>Housekeeper</i> ) .....	Mrs. MANDERS.
PAULINE ( <i>Maid</i> ) .....	Miss OESTEN.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—*Two Hours.*

---

### Costumes.

- PROSPER COURAMONT.—*First Dress:* white summer suit, white trousers. *Second Dress:* a modern gentleman's suit.
- BARON DE LA GLACIERE.—*First Dress:* a French cap, knickerbocker breeches, gaiters, and a shooting coat. *Second Dress:* an evening dinner dress.
- ANATOLE.—Straw hat, light trousers, and a velvet coat.
- BAPTISTE.—French servant's livery.
- FRANÇOIS.—Groom's livery coat, white breeches, and top boots.
- LOUISE DE LA GLACIERE.—*First Dress:* an elegant morning dress. *Second Dress:* an evening dress.
- MADLE. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE.—*First Dress:* silk morning dress, scarf, and bonnet. *Second Dress:* handsome evening dress.
- MATHILDE.—*First Dress:* riding habit. *Second Dress:* white muslin evening dress.
- MADMOISELLE ZENOBIE.—*First Dress:* modern Spanish hat and feather, dress looped up over petticoat, and balmoral boots. *Second Dress:* white muslin, and a mauve sash.
- MADAME DUPONT.—French cap, French country costume.
- PAULINE.—Servant's dress.

(under the  
Monday,

## A SCRAP OF PAPER.



### ACT I.

SCENE—Drawing Room in a French Country House—windows to the ground, in brick, looking out on Gardens and Park—between the windows a fire-place surmounted by a looking-glass—on either side of the glass a bracket, within reach of the hand, the one R., supporting a statuette of "Flora," the other L., empty—door R. 2 E., door L. 2 E.—old fashioned furniture, rich, but a little worn—sofa on either side—in centre, a round table, with a lamp, an embroidery frame, a book, and other objects, scattered upon it in disorder—chairs—the window, R., is open upon the garden; the window, L., is at first closed in with barred Venetian shutters.

BAPTISTE is dusting the cushions of the sofa, L.—PAULINE, R., is rubbing the legs of an old arm chair,

PAUL. (turning round the chair with disdain) Only just look at it! Did you ever see such old fashioned rubbish? But, what can you expect in the country?

BAP. A pretty idea, indeed, of master to come down for his shooting to this out-of-the-way old house, when I had made up my mind to take him to Baden-Baden for my lumbago. (opens window shutter)

PAUL. (giving up work) I've enough of it for one—here we have been at it, in this dust, ever since five in the morning.

BAP. (reclining) Yes: and after a whole day's railway shak- ing. (seated)

PAUL. (throwing herself into an arm chair) Second class, too! that's how poor servants are treated!

Enter MADAME DUPONT, L. D.

MAD. D. Well, I'm sure! is that the way you dust the furniture?

BAP. No, old lady, this is the way we rest ourselves.

PAUL. To whom have I the honour of speaking?

MAD. D. You have the honour of (crosses to C.) addressing yourself, young woman, to Madame Dupont, housekeeper of the chateau.

BAP. (L.) Then I can't compliment you on your housekeep-

ing, old lady. I should say this room has never seen besom or broom on it for the last two years.

MAD. D. You are out there, my master—for it's three!

BAP.

PAUL. { *(laughing)* Three years? "

MAD. D. (C.) Yes, three years! The room has never been opened since my poor old mistress, Madame de Merival, left for Paris, to take her daughter, my *present* mistress to be married to the Baron de la Glacière. She gave orders that this room was to be shut up until she came back. She never did come back, poor soul! for she died shortly after ma'amselle's marriage—three years ago. However, I always obey orders; and not a thing was touched till my lady's sudden arrival last night, when she ordered all the house to be ready to receive company to-day—and now to work.

PAUL. We'll soon finish it off. (*she begins to dust the statuette Flora*)

MAD. D. What are you about? you mustn't touch that image.

PAUL. But the creature's so covered with dust that she's positively not decent.

MAD. D. No matter; nobody's allowed to touch Flora, since the dreadful misfortune that happened to Zephyr, her sweetheart, who stood opposite (*points to the other bracket*) He was smashed to bits, poor little innocent. And, after that, nobody but Mademoiselle Louise was ever allowed, in my old lady's time, to dust the Flora.

PAUL. Very well, then, there's nothing more to do here. I shall go and have my cup of chocolate.

BAP. And (*crosses to R.*) I to see after my medicated bath.

PAUL. And I, to my Parisian correspondence. (*with irony, and a mock curtsey*) my humble respects, Madame Dupont.

BAP. (*likewise*) Housekeeper of the chateau.

*Exeunt* SERVANTS, R. D., *laughing.*

MAD. D. (*dusting and arranging*) Ugh! what a set! "My chocolate:" "my medicated bath:" "my Parisian correspondence." A pretty pass servants are come to!

ANATOLE *has entered stealthily, by window, during this, R. C.,*

ANAT. (R., *mysteriously*) Madame Dupont!

MAD. D. (L.) Bless me, if it isn't Master Anatole! and here at the chateau.

ANAT. (*as before*) Has she come down yet?

MAD. D. What, my Lady?

ANAT. Oh, no! Mademoiselle Mathilde.

MAD. D. And pray where did you make acquaintance with Mademoiselle Mathilde? She has never been at the chateau since she was a little girl—so high.

ANAT. Oh, at Paris—where I went with my guardian, Monsieur Brisemouche—you know.

MAD. D. Yes—our neighbour, who lives in the villa at the end of the Avenue. Why, here she is—just coming in from her ride!

*Enter MATHILDE, R. C., in a riding habit, by window.*

MATH. (R., *saluting*) Health and greeting to Monsieur Anatole!

ANAT. (C., *turning, startled*) Oh, Mademoiselle Mathilde! You are up, then?

MATH. Up, yes—up in my saddle, two hours ago. (*gives MADAME D. her hat and whip*)

*Exit MADAME D., R.*

ANAT. (*eagerly*) Oh, Mademoiselle!

MATH. (*mimicking*) Oh, Monsieur Anatole!

ANAT. I—I—(*breaking down*) I hope you have been quite well since last I had the pleasure of seeing you.

MATH. (*as before*) I—I—have been pretty well, I thank you.

ANAT. There—you are making fun of me again, as you used to do at Paris.

MATH. Utterly incapable of it, I assure you. Well—what have you been doing these last two months?

ANAT. Doing? Oh—nothing.

MATH. That's not much.

ANAT. Only scribbling a few poetical effusions.

MATH. Oh, show them to me!

ANAT. I dare not.

MATH. Dare not?

ANAT. No: they contain things I don't wish to tell you.

MATH. You shan't tell them me—I'll read them.

ANAT. Oh, no: you might be angry, and I couldn't bear that; and so I'd better—(*takes up his hat*) that is to say—oh—nothing!

MATH. Well, if you've nothing to say, I'd better go.

ANAT. But I have a thousand things to say.

MATH. A thousand! that's nine hundred and ninety-nine too many. Don't you think you had better take a turn in the park, just to pick and choose: and then, when you come back, you can say something like this: "Mademoiselle Mathilde—I am very silly"—

ANAT. Oh, yes—I know that.

MATH. "I've been expecting the arrival of a young friend—with a certain degree of impatience perhaps"—

ANAT. Yes—reckoning every minute.

MATH. Very well—"reckoning every minute: and now she is come, I don't dare to say what I've got on my mind;

although there is nothing in it but what is perfectly proper and correct."

ANAT. Nothing, I swear!

MATH. Now, that's what you had better go and repeat to yourself in the park; and when you have got it by heart, you shall come back and say it to me; and we'll see then whether I shall be affronted or not. Good morning, Monsieur Anatole.

*Exit, R. door.*

ANAT. Oh—Mademoiselle Mathilde! She won't stop. It's all over now. I've said it at last—that is to say, ~~she~~ said it—but it's all one. I never thought I should have got through my declaration so cleverly. Come, there's nothing like pluck, after all! (MADemoisELLE ZENOBIÉ calls without, L. C., "Anatole—Anatole!") Oh! Mademoiselle Zenobie, with my guardian—I can't face them now, I am so agitated.

(ANAT. escapes by one window, R. C., as MADAME. ZENO., followed by BRISE., enters at the other, L. C.)

ZENO. Anatole! Anatole! gone—escaped!

BRISE. (*holding a butterfly-net, in which is a butterfly*) No such thing—I've got him—isn't he a beauty?

ZENO. Anatole?

BRISE. (L.) No: my butterfly—a remarkable specimen, my dear.

ZENO. Bother your butterfly! brother, brother, I tell you, you had better be looking after that flighty boy, than spending your time hunting for dirty insects.

BRISE. (*sitting by table*) My precious Zenobie, entomology is a science which never did harm to any living creature (*sticks butterfly with a pin on his hat*)

ZENO. (*snappishly*) I tell you once more, brother, that you don't fulfil your duties as guardian to that child.

BRISE. A child! poor dear little baby!

ZENO. It was all very well before you conceived the ridiculous idea of taking the boy with you to Paris.

BRISE. It was necessary, my dear, for his law business.

ZENO. And putting all sorts of notions into his head, by throwing him the way of a quantity of improper Parisian flirts.

BRISE. I'm sure he only saw the best of company at Madame de la Glacière's.

ZENO. Madame de la Glacière, indeed! The greatest flirt that ever existed! I'm sure she got herself prettily talked of before her marriage—only ask that absurd friend of yours, Monsieur Prosper Couramont, who has just arrived at your house from Cochin China, or Nova Zembla, or heaven knows where.

BRISE. Well, if she did flirt with Prosper a little before he went abroad, it was before she was married—what of that?

ZENO. What of that? Flirting is flirting, before or after; and she and her Parisian flighty friend, Mademoiselle Suzanne

who is of innocent

BRISE

all his life

once my

ZENO.

know ye

BRISE

keep his

ZENO.

to that,

BRISE

ZENO.

know?

BRISE

window,

ZENO.

sir—I in

Enter P

with

PROSPER

ZENO.

PROSPER

sister fu

persuasi

to ZENO

BRISE

ZENO

thing s

And de

that ou

PROSPER

I may s

just no

girl!

ZENO

Such a

PROSPER

BRISE

PROSPER

self th

out th

civilize

—with

your f

BRISE

who is old enough to know better, are not fit associates for an innocent boy like that.

BRISE. And do you expect that he is to be an innocent boy all his life—tied to your apron strings? I was an innocent boy once myself, and I am now a devil of a fellow—

ZENO. Brother, I insist on you holding your tongue! You know you are going to say something shocking.

BRISE. Well, there, there! We'll get him well married, to keep him out of harm's way.

ZENO. Married! (*simpering*) Well, there can be no objection to that, providing we find him a fitting prudent helpmate.

BRISE. The truth is, I have an idea—

ZENO. You? nonsense! What's your idea, I should like to know?

BRISE. Well—no—I haven't an idea. (*goes up towards window, R.*)

ZENO. You've got some foolish notion in your head. Speak, sir—I insist on it.

*Enter PROSPER, by window, R. C., dressed in an entire white suit, with a Chinese parasol over his head, and a Chinese fan.*

PROSP. Don't speak, Brisemouche! (*both turn*)

ZENO. (*sharply*) Sir!

PROSP. (C.) Don't speak, I tell you! When your amiable sister falls in violence, she will have recourse to the charms of persuasive seduction, which will be all to her advantage (*bows to ZENOIE*)

BRISE. (L.) Oh, oh! as to seduction—

ZENO. (R.) Hold your tongue—you are going to say something shocking again. (*crosses to BRISEMOUCHE—to PROSPER*) And do you mean to say you have been round the village in that outlandish garb?

PROSP. I've been round the world in it! (*crosses to C.*) And I may say triumphantly, I produced the most striking effect just now, on a charming girl, I met on horseback—a charming girl! She laughed in my face!

ZENO. I should think so, with that parasol and that fan! Such an outrage on all decorum was never seen!

PROSP. Very frequently at Peking.

BRISE. Yes, among such savages as the Chinese—

PROSP. Savages! Listen to my European! He thinks himself the great lord of civilisation, when once he has sneered out the word "Savages." Why, man, in these two highly civilized countries, China and Japan, the savage would be you—with your whiskers like two mutton chops on either side of your face, and your chimney-pot of a hat on your head.

BRISE. I—a savage?

PROSP. Yes—you—I—Mademoiselle—all of us—in China! My friend Brisemouche doesn't eat hashed puppy dogs and stewed birds' nest; but he devours pickled oysters and snails *à la poulette*. My friend Mademoiselle Zenobie doesn't pinch her little foot in a shoe the size of a walnutshell; but she pinches her waist, and sticks out her dress with a cage of crinoline. I don't smoke opium—but I smoke twenty cigars a-day—ruin my pocket, brutalise my faculties, and make myself a nuisance to every delicate rose! Savages all of us, I tell you—savages!

BRISE. I should like to see you come to a pitched battle with Mademoiselle Suzanne on these points; and I'll wager she has the best of it. I know her arrival here is expected in the course of the day.

PROSP. And pray, who is this redoubtable Mademoiselle Suzanne?

BRISE. Mademoiselle Suzanne de Ruseville, cousin to Madame de la Glacière, and godmother to her young sister Mathilde—

PROSP. Godmother, and still *Mademoiselle*?

BRISE. Although mistress of a large fortune, she has refused every offer, and chosen to remain single from the sheer love of independence.

ZENO. Ridiculous affection! Don't talk of her—she's highly improper!

BRISE. At any rate, though she does live in the midst of the best Parisian society in the most independent style—

ZENO. The audacious creature!

BRISE. She makes a better use of her freedom than most women do of their —

ZENO. Hold your tongue, brother! (*crosses to R.*) You are going to say something shocking.

BRISE. (*seeing the BARON DE LA GLACIERE, L. door*) Hush, hush, my dear! here come's our host, the Baron de la Glacière—as usual, all life, spirits, and gaiety.

*Enter the BARON, L. door.*

ZENO. My dear Baron, (*crosses to L.*) I'm delighted to see you! How is your dear lady—slept well, I hope, after the fatigues of her journey?

BAR. (*cold and impassive*) Perfectly.

BRISE. Is she visible yet?

BAR. Yes.

BRISE. We will go and pay our respects. (*crosses to L.*) Allow me to present to you my friend, Monsieur Prosper Couramont, who is staying in my house. He wants to speak to you on a matter of considerable importance.

BARON. Very well. (*seated L. of table*)

PROSP. (*aside*) It isn't a man—it's a polar bear!

BRISE. Come, Zenobie, you know when men want to talk in private —

ZENO. Silence, you were going to say something improper; you know you were.

*Exeunt BRISEMOUCHE and MADEMOISELLE ZENOBIE, L. do r.* BARON *motions PROSPER to be seated.*

PROSP. You won't think me rude, Baron, if, at this very early period of our acquaintance, I ask a favour of you? (*seated*)

BARON. Want to shoot over my land?

PROSP. (*sitting*) Not exactly. The game I have in view is not precisely what you mean.

BARON. (*coolly*) Ah!

PROSP. I am a queer, frank fellow; and I always go straight to the point. I daresay you will be surprised to hear that, though I've come all the way from the other end of the world to get married, it is nevertheless very much against my will.

BAR. (*as before*) Ah!

PROSP. Now, I'll tell you how. I am the only heir of my uncle, who is enormously rich, and still more enormously obstinate. I have always been a sort of careless devil, and never took much care of my money—that may surprise you.

BARON. Not in the least.

PROSP. My travels round the world have played the deuce and all with my fortune; you naturally ask, why I should have undertaken them.

BARON. No, I don't.

PROSP. No? then you don't want to know how the cruel treachery of a heartless coquette compelled me to seek oblivion on the stormy brine?

BARON. No.

PROSP. No? but, of course, you must be impatient to learn the reasons which compel me to marry.

BARON. No.

PROSP. You'll excuse me, but it's indispensably necessary you *should* be impatient to learn them; or else I shouldn't have any earthly reason for telling you them.

BARON. (*cooly*) Very well—I'm all impatiencce.

PROSP. Thank you! your obvious impatiencce I will relieve at once. About a month ago, after tossing more or less on the aforesaid stormy brine for the space of three years, I knocked, with all my crocodiles, stuffed parrots, and pet monkeys, at the door of the uncle I just mentioned. He lives about a mile from here, in a sort of dilapidated owl's nest. 'Ah, you vagabond,' said he, "it is you, is it?" "Yes," said



I, "it is." "And are you married?" said he. "Married?" said I, "do you think I've brought home the Queen of the Cannibal Islands?" "Heartless ruffian," said he, "here have I condemned myself to the miseries of celibacy, entirely on your account, expecting you to marry and bring home a wife to make my gruel for me; and you persist on leaving me a solitary anchorite in my hermitage." He was speaking of the owl's nest—"Go," said he, "there are plenty of charming girls in the neighbourhood, and if you don't present me with a niece-in-law in six months time, I will marry my maid-of-all-work, and cut you off with a sou." Now what do you say to that?

BARON. Nothing.

PROSP. Nothing? Very well, then—we won't say another word about it. Well, I at once took up my quarters at the house of Brisemouche, your neighbour, who always has a bachelor den ready for me. I told him my dilemma, and he at once suggested a way out of it. He described your charming sister-in-law as just the wife for me—advised me to pay you a visit, make your acquaintance, and propose for the young lady's hand. I have paid you a visit, made your acquaintance, and I hereby propose for the young lady's hand.

(rises)

BARON. Very good.

PROSP. Well, then, what do you say

BARON. I don't say "no."

PROSP. Then you say "yes."

BARON. No.

PROSP. Then, my dear sir, what the deuce *do you say?*

BARON. You must see my wife and her sister—it's their affair. (rings—BARON rises)

PROSP. So be it—I had the honour of knowing Madame de la Glaciere before her marriage, three years ago, when I was staying with Brisemouche, but not her charming sister, who was then at school.

*Enter PAULINE, R. door.*

BARON. Tell your mistress, a gentleman requests to see her.

PROSP. And give her my card at the same time,

*Exit PAULINE, L. door, with card.*

BARON. Stop to lunch if you like.

PROSP. Enchanted!

BARON. Excuse me now—I must go and look after my dogs. (crosses to R. C.) We have a shooting party after luncheon—you can come with us if you like. *Exit by window, R. C.*

PROSP. Cordial creature! I have made easy work of the husband—and now for the wife. His wife! Louise! Pretty

"Married?"  
Queen of the  
"Here have  
entirely on  
home a wife  
leaving me a  
eaking of the  
arming girls  
t me with a  
maid-of-all-  
t do you say

say another  
rters at the  
ways has a  
mma, and he  
cribed your  
vised me to  
pose for the  
made your  
lady's hand.

u say?  
—it's their

Madame de  
when I was  
sister, who

to see her.

with card.

r my dogs.  
ancheon—  
adow, R. C.  
rk of the  
! Pretty

changes three years have brought about! Not in this room, though— it looks exactly as when I last saw it—the table—the ornaments—the same—and the very same piece of embroidery. (*taking up book*) "Genevieve!" the very book we were reading. Why, it's the palace of the sleeping beauty in the wood, with everything asleep in its place.

*Enter the BARONESS, LOUISE DE LA GLACIERE, L. door.*

LOUISE. Till you come to wake it up, my fairy Prince.

PROSP. (*turning*) Louise! (*checking herself*) Madam!

LOUISE. (*showing card*) I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I read *(his well known name)*. And it is really you?

PROSP. Positively I, and no other—am I so changed, then?

LOUISE. Indeed you are!

PROSP. Frank, at all events. I will be as candid—time has passed you by.

LOUISE. As gallant as ever, I see—but you are wrong—I am changed entirely.

PROSP. Entirely? what, does nothing then remain of the heart which, three years ago, promised mine so bright a dream of happiness?

LOUISE. Nothing whatever—there's not a scrap of my heart, nor a thought of mind, that does not belong to its proper owner.

PROSP. A sad change indeed. (*sighs*)

LOUISE. Now, don't sigh in *(that)* silly way, my dear Prosper—Our idle flirtation, I'm sure, has no more real place in your heart than it has in mine—We shall always be good friends, and have long talks about your travels, and so on. And now, what did you wish to see me about?

PROSP. About my marriage

LOUISE. Marriage! tell me all about it—with whom?

PROSP. With your sister, Mademoiselle Mathilde de Merival.

LOUISE. Mathilde! she's a mere child.

PROSP. There are no children now, madam, except babies in arms.

LOUISE. But she doesn't even know you.

PROSP. So much the better—the unknown has so many charms.

LOUISE. How do you know but what she may love somebody else?

PROSP. I should be delighted to hear it.

LOUISE. Delighted?

PROSP. Certainly, my dear madam. I've been in China, and know something about teas—It's a capital plan to pour boiling water on the tea leaves, in order to open them, and then throw it away—the first infusion is apt to be bitter—the next cup is sure to be all the more agreeable—So with love,

my dear madam,—throw the first infusion away; and the second will have all the real flavour.

LOUISE. You are not so much changed as I thought—you are as absurd as ever, I see.

PROSP. You are happy, I presume?

LOUISE. Perfectly: I love my husband devotedly—(*rises*)—and if I have a regret, it is that I should have deluded myself into the belief I ever cared for another.

PROSP. There, you see—you have flung your first infusion away; and the matrimonial cup is all the sweeter for it. Why should you deprive your charming sister of the same advantage?

LOUISE. Prosper, with my consent, this absurd marriage never shall take place. I was a silly, frivolous, foolish coquette—if you will—when first I knew you, sir. Much as I deceived myself in fancying I was attached to you, I will not have the remembrance of my folly forced upon me, by the presence, in my family—before my husband's eyes—of one whom I have ever permitted to—

PROSP. Don't stop—to utter words of love, which you so sweetly echoed.

LOUISE. (*angrily at first—then calmly*) You yourself have proved how right I am.—Come, come, be generous.—It is but little I ask of you.—You do not even know my sister—give up the idea of her, and leave the house; be assured, I shall ever feel for you the truest friendship.

PROSP. I am very sorry—but I don't believe it.

LOUISE. You don't believe—

PROSP. In your friendship—no—no more than I would counsel you to believe in mine. You are right in saying that what we both thought love—yes—both—was nothing of the sort.—But, besides wounded affection, there is such a thing as wounded vanity.—Three years ago you dropped me like a hot potatoe. (*PROSPER advances to LOUISE—she retreats to L.*) That potatoe's not cold yet—I have nursed it at the poles, and roasted it at the tropics; the ashes of wounded vanity still glow in it; and nothing but revenge can quench them.

LOUISE. What do you mean? (*seated, taking up embroidery*)

PROSP. Everything around us remains exactly as when we last met. It will require the very smallest effort of imagination on your part to believe the interval of three years only one night—that our parting was but yesterday. Well—yesterday you were sitting there working at that very same piece of embroidery—(*seated*) I was sitting here reading aloud this identical book; your mother dozed in yonder arm chair—but dozed so lightly that our love could only be expressed in looks and sighs, and little notes flicked across the table—notes that I, poor innocent that I was, never failed to burn. (*rises*) Look!

even our beloved post-box—that statuette of Flora—is still there, as it was there years ago—I mean yesterday. Well, then—yesterday evening, Mademoiselle Louise de Merival, you left me with the sweet consoling words: “We meet again to-morrow”—and this morning I find you Baroness de la Glacière. You must admit the transformation appears rather abrupt.

LOUISE. And whose was the fault?—your’s—and your’s alone!

PROSP. Mine?

LOUISE. Why were you not near me to prevent the wicked Baron from carrying me off?

PROSP. Where was I? On leaving you last night—three years ago—instead of going home to bed, I stayed standing on the damp grass to gaze upon your window—I had lighted a cigar and was emitting smoke and sighs together, when all at once I saw a little bright spot before me. It wasn’t a glow-worm—it was another cigar.

LOUISE. A cigar!

PROSP. Yes; with a man behind it—one of your ardent admirers, Monsieur de Rivière.—Mutual surprise, considerably augmented by the discovery of a third bright spot! It was a third cigar—with a third man behind it—Monsieur de Tonnère, another of your ardent admirers.

LOUISE. Ah! (*rises*)

PROSP. Three burning hearts offering the incense of their love and their cigars beneath your window! Stormy explanations ensued; and two very satisfactory little duels were the consequence.

LOUISE. Good heavens!

PROSP. De Tonnère contrived to give me a lunge through the arm, which caused me to be carried home fainting, and put to bed in a state of high fever and delirium—and there’s where I was.

LOUISE. But my letter must have explained—

PROSP. Your letter?

LOUISE. Yes—the letter that I wrote to tell you of my mother’s determination to start for Paris at daybreak—to marry me to the Baron de la Glacière. I scarce know what I wrote; but you must know—you must remember.

PROSP. Upon my honour, this is the first word I have heard of it.

LOUISE. Do not say that. I came down here by stealth to place the letter in the usual spot—certain that you would seek, and find it there, the next morning.

PROSP. But the next morning I was in a bed with a high fever, I tell you.

LOUISE. (*rising alarmed*) But if you did not take it, who did? Where can the letter be?

PROSP. Where it was, perhaps—inside the Flora!

LOUISE. Yes—this room has never been opened since

PROSP. Then the letter must be still there.

LOUISE. I scarce dare look.

PROSP. Never mind, I will.

LOUISE. (*eagerly*) No! I, I. (*they both go up to Flora*)

*Enter the BARON DE LA GLACIERE by R. C. window.*

PROSP. (*turning sharply, with coolness*) Your dogs are all right, my dear sir?

BARON. All right. (*crosses to C.—to LOUISE*) What's the matter?

LOUISE. Nothing.

BARON. You seem agitated.

PROSP. Yes: the subject of our conversation—the object of my interview—was of a nature to—

BARON. (C.) Oh! exactly—your offer.

PROSP. (R.) Precisely so.

BARON. (*to LOUISE*) Well?

PROSP. Well, it appears it's a settled affair.

LOUISE. (L) I have convinced Monsieur Couramont that there are serious obstacles in the way.

BARON. Ah!

PROSP. I beg your pardon! Obstacles to me are only stimulants.

*Enter MATHILDE, L. door, followed by ZENOBIE and ANATOLE L. door, and BRISEMOUCHE.*

MATH. (*kissing LOUISE*) Good morning, sister dear!

PROSP. (*aside*) Sister! she! my enchanting horsewoman of this morning! (*aloud*) No, no: unless the lady herself objects, I shall endeavour to stand my ground.

BARON. Quite right—try your luck (*goes up R.*)

LOUISE. (*low to PROSPER*) This is neither delicate or generous of you: but, at the same time, it is perfectly useless, believe me. (*goes up*)

ZENO. (*coming down to ANATOLE—apart to him*) I forbid you to say one word to that Mademoiselle Mathilde, sir. (*takes ANATOLE away*)

BRISE. (*coming down to PROSPER*) Well, how do you get on? What does the Baroness say to your suit? (*crosses to R.*)

PROSP. She has declared against me. But I defy her. Brise-mouche, did you ever see two men aim at one partridge? That's exactly what I and the Baroness are doing. The partridge is there.

BRISE. A partridge? Where?

PROSP. (*turning, and seeing LOUISE on the point of raising up the statuette of Flora*) By Jove! she's going to bring it down!

*Enter MADEMOISELLE SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE, L. C.*

SUZ. Here I am at last!

(*everybody turns round*—LOUISE is obliged to put down the statuette)

BRISE. } Mademoiselle de Ruseville!

LOUISE. } Suzanne!

MATH. } Ah, my dear godmother!

PROSP. (*while the BARONESS goes to embrace SUZANNE*) She has missed this time. Now it's my turn! (*goes up to the Flora, but is stopped by ZENOBIE, who intercepts his passage*)

SUZ. (*kissing the BARONESS and MATHILDE*) How d'ye do—how d'ye do?

MATH. I'll see that your room is ready. *Exit, L. door.*

SUZ. How do you do, cousin? (*to BARON, R.*) You know you are a bear—but I'll allow you to hug me for once in a way. Ah, Monsieur Brisemouche!

BRISE. (*presenting ANATOLE*) My young ward, whom I think you met in Paris.

ZENO. (*plucking ANATOLE, who is advancing towards SUZANNE*) Come away, sir, the impudent creature may want to kiss you next!

SUZ. (*pulling ANATOLE towards her*) Now you shall see how I'll make the dear boy blush! (*offers her hand, which he is obliged to kiss*) There! Didn't I tell you he'd blush? (*bowing to ZENOBIE*) Mademoiselle Zenobie, as fresh as ever.

ZENO. (*R., curtseying stiffly*) Mademoiselle! (*steps away ANATOLE, and gives him a scolding apart*)

LOUISE. (*L., turning and seeing PROSPER, who has gone up, and at that moment has his hand on Flora*) Monsieur Couramont!

PROSP. Missed!

LOUISE. (*presenting PROSPER eagerly, so has to oblige him to come down*) Monsieur Prosper, allow me to present you to Mademoiselle de Ruseville.

SUZ. Delighted! (*looking at both of them, aside*) Hum! hum! there's something going on here!

(BRISEMOUCHE behind table, c.—BARON by his side, R.—ANATOLE and ZENOBIE on sofa, L.)

PROSP. (*L.*) I have long been desirous of being introduced to you, Mademoiselle.

SUZ. You are fond of curiosities, I believe?

BRISE. He has collected them from all parts of the world. He's a mighty traveller—

SUZ. A man's happy privilege! How is a poor woman to

scamper over the world in steel hoops and crinoline petticoats? What is the greatest curiosity you have seen in the world?

PROSP. The greatest curiosity? Woman, of course!

SUZ. It seems you have studied the animal.

PROSP. Yes, as Brisemouche does insects and reptiles.

SUZ. I hope you have not found any venomous specimens.

PROSP. Sometimes—and they are generally the fairest to the eye. (*turns to look at the BARONESS, and sees her about to take down the Flora—aside*) She's at it again! (*aloud*) I was just making that identical remark to Madame de la Glacière—wasn't I? (*by directly addressing the BARONESS, he forces her to drop the Flora, which she has just lifted and come down—he offers her a chair, and thus obliges her to sit*) I was comparing woman to a bird with a sharp beak, long claws and varied plumage, which it is always striving to show off to the best advantage, and moults at every caprice of fashion.

SUZ. Indeed! And would you speak in that tone of your mother, or your sister, or your wife?

PROSP. I haven't got one.

SUZ. Then, that's the reason you are so deficient in your knowledge of natural history.

PROSP. But, my dear madam, the exception only proves the rule.

SUZ. But, my dear sir, the rule is wholly made up of exceptions.

PROSP. Well, I confess I believed in exceptions, until—

SUZ. Until what?

PROSP. Until two or three pleasant attempts were made to poison me. Since then, even in our civilized country, where poisons take the shape of perfidy and breach of faith, I have sworn never to be without an antidote.

BRISE. Bless my soul! an antidote! of what nature?

PROSP. Oh, the merest trifle, sometimes, is enough—a mere scrap of paper, perhaps—a morsel of handwriting.

SUZ. (*aside*) He means some letter. Hum! hum! What is all this?

BRISE. Pie, fie! you wouldn't use such a weapon against a woman.

PROSP. I Would—as a shield—not a sword. Such a system is permissible by the moral code of every nation.

BRISE. There! we shall have him citing his darling Chinese, now.

PROSP. Why not? They are our superiors in many things—their porcelain, for instance. Now, compare with Chinese works of art this little Sevres ornament for instance (*to the BARONESS*) it is a statuette of Flora, I perceive. (*takes down the Flora*)

LOUIS. (*alarmed*) Stop, sir!

PROSP. Don't be alarmed, madam! I know all its value.

LOUISE. (*trying to stop him*) Give it to me—it's covered with dust.

PROSP. (*coming down with it*) Don't give yourself the trouble. (*aside*) I feel the letter.

LOUISE. (*trying to dust with her handkerchief*) Allow me, with my handkerchief—

PROSP. No, no! I'll blow on it—that will do. (*turns away as if to blow the dust off the statuette*)

SUZ. (*seizing the hand of BARONESS to stop her—apart*) Your husband's eyes are upon you.

LOUISE. Oh! did you but know! (*the letter falls*) Ah!

PROSPER puts his foot hastily on the letter

SUZ. (*aside*) A letter! I was sure of it!

PROSP. (*giving the Flora to the BARONESS*) It is evident you set great store by this little ornament, madam.

LOUISE. (*low to him*) What you are doing is shameful, sir!  
(*the bell rings without for luncheon.*)

*Enter MATHILDE, L. door.*

MATH. Luncheon is ready.

BRISE. (*getting up*) I'm not sorry to hear it.

ANAT. (*rising hastily, and getting away from ZENOBIE*) No! nor I.

ZENO. (*apart to ANATOLE*) I forbid you to sit by the side of that Mademoiselle Mathilde.

ANAT. But I—

ZENO. I forbid you, I say.

MATH. (*seizing hold of ANATOLE*) You'll give me your arm, Monsieur Anatole?

ZENO. I forbid you. (*turning, she finds herself opposite to the BARON, who offers her his arm formally, she is obliged to accept—the BARONESS, unwillingly, takes the arm of BRISEMOUCHE, and keeps looking back at PROSPER—the party gradually prepare to go out, L. door*)

SUZ. (*to PROSPER, who never stirs, and stands with his foot on the letter*) My dear sir, don't you mean to offer me your arm?

PROSP. I beg your pardon, but I've let fall my handkerchief. (*lets fall his handkerchief, and picks up the letter with it*)

SUZ. (*low to him*) Come, come! Give it up like a gentleman.

PROSP. (*low to her*) Give up what?

SUZ. The letter!

PROSP. My antidote? No, I thank you.

SUZ. I'll make you give it up.

PROSP. I'll bet you anything you like, you won't.

SUZ. I'll bet you any thing you like, I will.



BARON. (*turning back*) Are you coming, you two?

PROSP. (*aloud*) Deign to accept my arm, madame.

SUZ. So you are a collector of curiosities? I think I shall be able to show you a few curious matters which may astonish you, great traveler as you are!

PROSP. (*laughing*) In instruments of warfare?

SUZ. In instruments of warfare! Have you ever met with any Amazons in your travels? They say it is a fabulous race—not quite, my dear sir; not quite, I can assure you—I'm an Amazon! Only, now-a-days people call us old maids, blue stockings, or strong-minded women!

(*they go up towards L. door, laughing*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Room assigned to Prosper, in the House of Brismouche—C. door in flat—R. 3 E., a window—a bedchamber door, R. 2 E., rendered almost invisible by being covered with the same paper as the rest of the room, and adorned by a large picture—R. 1 E., a fireplace and wood fire—L. 3 E., an Egyptian mummy case, and other curiosities—L. 2 E., a high glazed case, full of natural curiosities—L. 1 E., a door—on all sides, maps, exotic plants, stuffed animals, Eastern weapons and ornaments, pipes, porcelain vases, traveller's tent, &c., &c.; Indian grass, mats, and skins of wild beasts on the floor—R. C., a large table with casket, books, an album, an inkstand, a great tobacco-jar, letters, visiting cards, &c.; another table, covered with curiosities, L. C.—armchairs, rocking-chairs, stools, &c.*

PROSPER COURAMONT is seated in an easy chair, R., before the table, wrapped in a fur dressing-gown, with a fox-skin cap on his head.

PROSP. A pretty climate, upon my word! There's no sense about it! Before luncheon it was as hot as Calcutta; and now, later in the afternoon, it is as cold as Siberia! (*throws another log on the fire*) I can't stand caprice even in the weather. The male beings are out shooting. I wish them joy of their sport. (*warms himself at fire.*)

FRANCOIS appears at C. door.

What do you want? Come in, do—and shut the door! I didn't ring.

FRAN. A letter for you, sir. The messenger waits for an answer.

PROSP. (*taking the letter*) Ah, from my uncle again! I know his letter by heart before I read it—every day the same story! “Heartless reprobate! where is your wife?” (*reading*) Of course—“Heartless reprobate! where is”—— The twentieth edition, neither amended or corrected. (*throws letter into the fire*) Say that I’ll be with him in less than an hour, and have my horse saddled.

*Exit FRANCOIS, C. door.*

I can be there and back again in less than no time! I’ll see the precious old gentleman myself, and tell him I’ve found a wife—a charming wife—a delicious little wife! (*rolling up a cigarette*) I’ll win her, spite woman’s wit and woman’s wiles. Ah! you defy me to mortal combat—do you, Mademoiselle Suzanne? You want to steal my antidote—do you, Mademoiselle Suzanne? Possession is nine points to the good for me; but how to keep possession? The lining of my hat was a good place of concealment; but I’ve had a warning in hat linings. I once slipped a *billet doux* into my hat, left it on a ferocious brother’s table; he picked it up, thought it was his own, and has worn my letter on his head ever since. My own room was the place—but locks are not to be trusted, and servants still less. My casket, to be sure, has a secret spring; but caskets can be carried off bodily. I daresay some people might think it the simplest affair in the world to hide a scrap of paper. No such thing! It was a problem—the knottiest of problems—and I consider that I made a stroke of genius, by concealing my prize in — (*a knock at C. door*) Who’s there? come in.

*Enter ANATOLE, C. door.*

PROSP. (R.) Oh, it’s you, my young friend! You are not out shooting with the other gentlemen then?

ANAT. (L., *awkward and embarrassed, but trying to put on a dignified air*) No, sir.

PROSP. Mademoiselle Zenobie was afraid of your meeting with some accident, probably. All right I sit down. Take a cigar?

ANAT. (*as before*) I thank you, sir; I don’t smoke.

PROSP. (*sits, R. of table*) Ah, to be sure! Mademoiselle Zenobie objects to smoking.

ANAT. The fact is, sir, I am not here for the purpose of smoking, but of having a serious conversation with you

PROSP. (*seated, R. of table, by fire*) Indeed!

ANAT. I have learned by chance from my guardian, this morning, that you have asked the hand of Mademoiselle Mathilde de Merival in marriage.

PROSP. Quite true; what then?

ANAT. Why then, sir, I beg to inform you that I am in love with Mademoiselle Mathilde, and that my most ardent desire is to make her my wife.

PROSP. That is to say, if Mademoiselle Zenobie does not object.

ANAT. Mademoiselle Zenobie has nothing to do with it, sir. It is an affair between you and me. Will you have the kindness to tell me whether you still persist in your intention?

PROSP. (*aside*) Poor boy! (*aloud*) My reply will be brief—Yes.

ANAT. Well then, sir, you know the consequences.

PROSP. You don't mean a duel?

ANAT. I do. What else should I mean?

PROSP. Very well. But as there are several ways of duelling, may I ask which you prefer?

ANAT. I give you the choice, sir.

PROSP. Thank you. I own I have a sort of weakness for the Japanese fashion—

ANAT. (*getting up*) The Japanese fashion by all means! I shall have the honour of sending you my second—

PROSP. Oh, quite unnecessary! The affair can be settled at once.

ANAT. (*pulling off his gloves*) Such a proceeding is contrary to all established rules—but no matter—I'm your man!

PROSP. (*fetching two Malay daggers, and presenting them politely*) Here are the tools for the job. Take your choice!

ANAT. One of these?

PROSP. Of course. (*ANATOLE takes one*) You have taken the biggest—but never mind. And now (*sits down*) you are the challenging party, have the kindness to begin.

ANAT. (*turning in an attitude of defence, and surprised at seeing PROSPER quietly seated*) Begin! How?

PROSP. (*coolly*) By ripping yourself up.

ANAT. Rip myself up?

PROSP. Yes, it's the Japanese manner of proceeding. They call it "the happy despatch." The challenger rips himself up first, and then the challenged is bound in honour to follow his example. Proceed—I'll follow you immediately!

ANAT. I am not to be made game of, sir! We are in France here, not in Japan; and your fashion is utterly absurd.

PROSP. My dear fellow, the whole fashion of duelling is utterly absurd. In the first place, if we fought in the usual manner, I should kill you to a dead certainty.

ANAT. Sir!

PROSP. Oh, I should, I give you my word! And then you couldn't prevent my marrying the lady. But if you rip yourself, and I have to do the same, you won't marry her to be

ACT

sure—  
either

AN

PRO

friend

more

wits.

good

far, s

myself

I may

conse

AN

PRO

ZE

PRO

I'll be

ZE

PRO

E

ZE

PRO

dress

into f

ZE

Made

comin

PRO

M

ZE

You

Pros

A

Mon

it's I

Z

But

tuto

M

Mor

Z

trat

M

am

Zen

A

sure—but you'll have the pleasure of knowing that I can't either—

ANAT. You are treating me like a child, sir!

PROSP. (*rising and holding out his hand*) Say rather, like a friend. Come, my dear boy, let us fight out our fight after a more sensible manner—with our own stout hearts and mother-wits. You say you love Mademoiselle Mathilde—so far so good. For aught I know, she may be very fond of you—so far, so better. But, at the same time, allow me to flatter myself, that if you have made an impression, it's just possible I may do so too, especially as you haven't your guardian's consent to the marriage—and what's more, never will have.

ANAT. Never will have! Why?

PROSP. (*laughing*) Why!

ZENO. (*without, knocking at c. door*) Monsieur Prosper!

PROSP. (*laughing and pointing at door*) That's why! But I'll be off—I can't show myself to ladies in this trim.

ZENO. (*without*) May we come in?

PROSP. Come in by all means! *Exit into bed room, R.*

*Enter MADEMOISELLE ZENOBIÉ and MATHILDE, C. door.*

ZENO. (*looking round*) Well, where is Monsieur Prosper?

PROSP. (*from his room*) I'm here! I beg pardon—I was dressed as a wild Indian: and I should have frightened you into fits.

ZENO. It is for us to beg pardon. We expected to find Mademoiselle de Ruseville and the gentlemen here: they are coming to inspect your museum.

PROSP. Pray inspect by all means! (*without, R.*)

MATH. (*going up*) What a quantity of pretty things!

ZENO. (*apart to ANATOLE, whilst MATHILDE is looking round*) You know very well I object to your being with Monsieur Prosper—he's a very dangerous acquaintance.

ANAT. You won't let me speak to a soul next. Now, it's Monsieur Prosper—now, it's Mademoiselle de Ruseville—now, it's Mademoiselle Mathilde— (*comes down*)

ZENO. (*R.*) And pretty attention you pay to what I say! But this I tell you—if you can't behave better, back to your tutor, the Abbé Boulet, you go.

MATH. (*L., calling*) Monsieur Anatole—come here! Look, Monsieur Anatole! (*calling louder*)

ZENO. You'll not stir. (*sits down, R., and looks over illustrated books*)

MATH. (*coming down to ANATOLE*) Pretty behaviour! so I am to run after you, am I? Oh, yes! I see—Mademoiselle Zenobie has forbidden you to speak to me. (*sits, L. C.*)

ANAT. (*C.*) But, Mademoiselle—

ZENO. Anatole—bring me a footstool.

ANAT. Yes, ma'am. (*fetches a footstool*)

MATH. (*low to ANATOLE*) I forbid you to give it to her.

ANAT. (*bringing the footstool*) But I—

MATH. (*showing her feet*) And put it there directly, sir!

ANAT. (*between the two women with the footstool*) But really, I don't know—

ZENO. (*H.*) Why, you've got the footstool in your hands.

ANAT. Have I? Oh, yes! (*looking at MATHILDE, who keeps pointing at her own feet*) but—Mademoiselle Mathilde asked me too.

MATH. (*L.*) Oh, if Mademoiselle Zenobie desires her footstool, pray give it to her.

(ANATOLE *during the following, keeps going from one to the other*)

ZENO. (*tartly*) You are too kind, mademoiselle.

MATH. It is only due from a girl of my age to a woman of yours.

ZENO. (*pushing away the footstool which ANATOLE presents*) The difference is not so great that I should deprive you of the footstool, mademoiselle.

ANAT. (*rejecting the footstool which ANATOLE presents*) Then pray accept it as a delicate attention of Monsieur Anatole—which I give up to you.

ZENO. (*aside*) Insolent minx!

MATH. (*aside*) Take that, my dear! (*rises*)

ZENO. (*rising, apart to ANATOLE*) You go back to your tutor's this very evening.

MATH. (*apart to him on the other side*) If you answer her one word, I'll never speak to you again in my life.

(ANATOLE *sits down on the footstool in despair*)

*Enter BRISEMOUCHE, C. door, in shooting attire, with gun—followed by MADEMOISELLE DE RUSEVILLE.*

BRISE. May we come in?

*Enter PROSPER COURAMONT, dressed, R. door.*

PROSP. By all means!—by all means!

SUZ. (*entering—to PROSPER*) You see, sir, I make the most warlike entry, like an enemy armed to the teeth. Are you prepared to repulse me?

PROSP. As an Eastern traveller, I have but to say, "A ray of sunlight has the right to enter everywhere." (*bows to her*)

MATH. And if one isn't a ray of sun?

PROSP. (*bowing to her*) The perfume of the rose has the same privilege.

MATH. (*low to ANATOLE*) He's a great deal more gallant than you are.

PRO

BR

PRO

BR

with l

ever, s

accom

came

you d

ZEN

BRI

ZEN

BRI

AN.

ZEN

AN.

gone y

(L)

SUZ

room i

PRO

SUZ

chair

cloth,

a dinn

drinks

Italian

MAT

shells

PRO

ZEN

PRO

really

MAT

ZEN

MAT

Are yo

SUZ

BRI

that w

MAT

that's

BRI

bring

PROSP. Well, what have you killed to day?

BRISÉ. Between us all—just one dog!

PROSP. But I thought your friend the Baron was a crack shot?

BRISÉ. De la Glacière? I don't know what's the matter with him this afternoon. He was more silent and morose than ever, and missed every bird. I left him with Baptiste, who accompanied us. (*coming upon ANATOLE with his gun as if he came upon a hare*) Poor puss—on her form—Holloa! what are you doing here?

ZENO. He is going back to his tutor's.

BRISÉ. On that foot-stool?

ZENO. This very evening—to continue his studies.

BRISÉ. But, my dear girl, I don't see the necessity.

ANAT. Nor I. (*rises*)

ZENO. But I insist upon it! (*goes up*) There, go and pack up.

ANAT. I'm going—I'm going! (*aside, going, L.*) But I'm not gone yet. Hang old Zenobie! *Exit, L. door.*

(*PROSPER standing; ZENOË seated; SUZANNE behind her; BRISEMOUCHE seated on divan; MATHILDE going here and there*)

SUZ. Well, I must say, the collection of curiosities in this room is most remarkable.

PROSP. Including the collector?

SUZ. Especially the collector, who sits on an American easy chair before a Flemish table covered with an Algerine table cloth, and smokes Turkish tobacco in a German pipe—or after a dinner à la Russe, at which he has talked “sport” in English, drinks a Chinese beverage out of Dresden porcelain, asks for Italian music, and then calls himself a Frenchman!

MATH. (*holding up a string of shells*) Oh, what pretty shells! (*comes down*)

PROSP. A present from the Queen of the Cannibal Islands. (*crosses to C.*)

ZENO. A collar, I see.

PROSP. (*to ZENOË and SUZANNE*) Yes. (*to himself*) It is really a petticoat; but I did not like to say so.

MATH. (*L.*) Oh, Anatole! what, is he gone? (*goes up*)

ZENO. Gone, mademoiselle.

MATH. (*to PROSPER*) Many thanks for your kindness, sir. Are you coming, goddamna?

SUZ. I'll follow you immediately.

BRISÉ. (*to MATHILDE, who is going out, L.*) Are you going that way?

MATH. Yes; it's the shortest cut to the chateau. (*aside*) And that's the way Anatole went. *Exit, L.*

BRISÉ. I'll be off too—who knows—we may contrive to bring down another dog.

ZENO. (*about to go out door, c.*) Are you not coming mademoiselle?

SUZ. Thank you, I'll follow Mathilde.

BUISE. Good-bye, Prosper!

*Exit, L. c. door, preceded by ZENONIE.*

SUZ. (*with her hand on L. door, as if ready to go*) I wish you good sport. (*to PROSPER*) I have the honour, sir, (*as PROSPER goes up and closes door, c., and bows to her—coming back and seating himself, L.*) to wish you a very good day!

PROSP. (R.) Oh, oh, I thought you were beating a retreat.

SUZ. (L.) Before giving battle? It's very clear you don't know me. But, first, do you mean to keep the letter?

PROSP. I mean to keep it.

SUZ. Well then, before coming to actual hostilities, suppose we interchange a few diplomatic notes. (*L. of table, R. c.*)

PROSP. (R. of table, R. c.) A few diplomatic notes, by all means. (*both seated*)

SUZ. Note one—On our side we make an appeal to the honour of our adversary, and simply ask whether he thinks it honest to keep a letter which he has—what shall I say?

PROSP. Stolen!

SUZ. No—we'll be diplomatic, please, and say "annexed." What has your side to answer?

PROSP. That the letter being addressed to me was mine.

SUZ. But it was never delivered—*ergo*, it is still ours.

PROSP. But you sent it—*ergo*, it is still mine.

SUZ. Pardon me, it was never sent.

PROSP. Pardon me, it was put into the post—that is—the Flora. The question is—Does a letter put into the post belong to the sender or the sendee?

SUZ. To the send-*er*.

PROSP. To the send-*ee*.

SUZ. Well, let's cut the Gordian knot—to both.

PROSP. When the rights are equal, possession decides the claim. I think, madam, we have settled that question.

SUZ. Hum! Note two—We next enquire, what use you intend to make of our handwriting?

PROSP. My answer to that question has been already categorically given. Let the strictest neutrality be observed; and, the moment I give up all hopes of Mathilde, I'll bid an eternal adieu to Madame de la Glacière, and burn the letter before her eyes.

SUZ. You will do that?

PROSP. On my honour! And I verily believe I should have done so at once on returning home—of course, without admitting the fact—had you not defied me to mortal combat.

SUZ. Well then, I withdraw my challenge; and you can

burn it now. (*rising, laughing*) Look, here is a capital fire—I won't say a word to Louise—and you will lose nothing by your good action

PROSP. (*rising, laughing*) I beg your pardon—I should lose the intense satisfaction of seeing you hunt for the letter in vain.

SUZ. Is that your ultimatum?

PROSP. My ultimatum—Search, search! I shan't prevent you. The letter is here—somewhere!

SUZ. In this very room?

PROSP. Or else in the other! First catch your hare, and then you may cook him, yourself, at any fire you please.

SUZ. No no, I shall not be satisfied till I have made you burn it with your own hands.

PROSP. Indeed! Then, I give you my word of honour, if you contrive to do that, I will pack myself off this very evening to look out for a wife in the Cannibal Islands, Jericho, or anywhere you please.

SUZ. Your word of honour?

PROSP. My word of honour!

SUZ. Beware! I am obstinate.

PROSP. So am I.

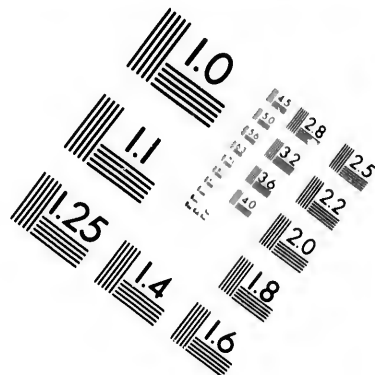
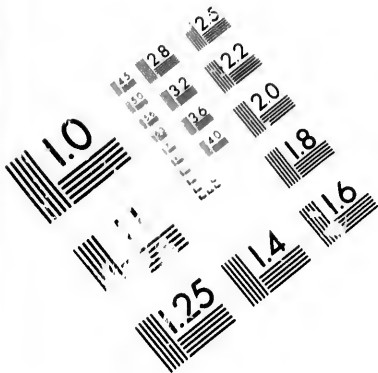
SUZ. I am going to sit down to a regular siege—I shall bore you until you say yourself, "I had better burn the letter and get rid of that nuisance of a woman!"

PROSP. Never was criminal threatened with so alluring a punishment! I'm enraptured to think of the many pleasant hours we are about to pass in a long delicious *tête à tête*—I am sorry to be obliged to leave you a short time—I have an indispensable visit to pay to a tiresome old uncle; but pray consider yourself perfectly at home. There's a good fire—plenty of books and drawings for your amusement—all my curiosities, and Brisemouche's entomological treasures—Everything is open for your inspection—except this little casket, which contains papers that cannot possibly interest you—Open everything else—turn everything topsy turvy—and I hope, on my return, to have the happy privilege of renewing this most agreeable conversation.

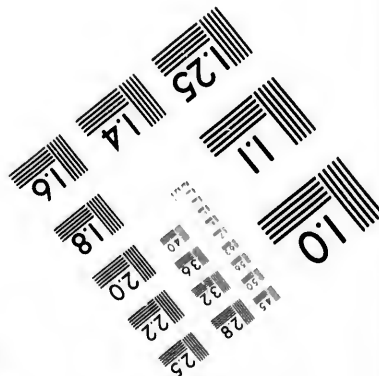
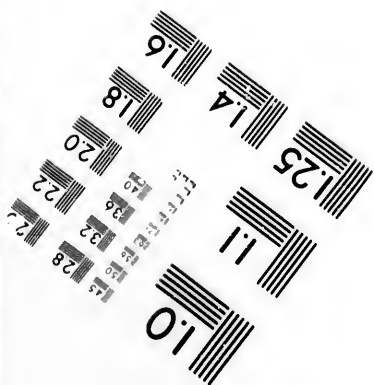
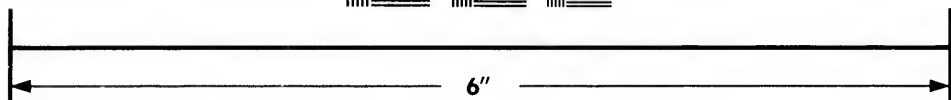
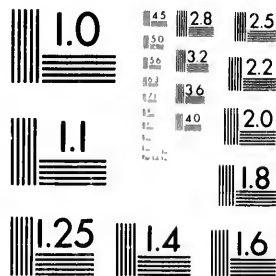
*Exit, c. door.*

SUZ. He's actually gone! Hang the man, his impertinence is perfectly delightful. (*imitating*) "Search, search—everything is open for your inspection—everything but this casket." My dear sir, the stress you lay upon the casket convinced me that the letter is *not* there—But it *is* here—"somewhere"—Where can he have concealed it? (*knocking, L. door*) Has he returned? no—it is at this little door leading down into the park. (*knocking again*) Who can it be? I don't want to be found in a strange gentleman's room—One's never too old



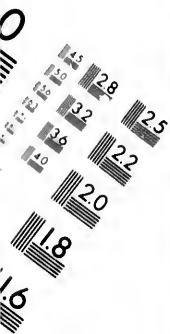


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



for scandal—a pretty mess I've let myself into—that comes of meddling with other people's affairs. (*knocking again*)

SUZANNE opens L. door—LOUISE looks in—she wears a remarkable Indian shawl over her head.

LOUISE. (L.) You are alone—are you not?

SUZ. (R.) Louise!

LOUISE. (*coming in and closing the door behind her hastily*) I saw him ride by the windows of the chateau—You did not return; and my impatience was so great, that I hastily threw on this shawl and came myself. (*crosses to R., and puts shawl on chair, next fire*)

SUZ. What imprudence! If your husband had seen you, or that dear, delightful, censorious Mademoiselle Zenobie—

LOUISE. What matter, since we were both together—Have you got it?

SUZ. The letter? No—he refuses to give it up.

LOUISE. He must have left it here. Find it—find it, I entreat you! I am so terrified—I scarce dare raise my eyes to look into my husband's face—I fancy he suspects—knows everything.

SUZ. What if he does know everything? You say the whole affair was only a most innocent little flirtation.

LOUISE. Of course it was—I was a thoughtless, romantic girl at the time, and saw no wrong; but my husband, under that semblance of apathy, conceals a highly sensitive nature. The bare suspicion of any previous attachment, even of the slightest flirtation, would wound that nature to the quick—The discovery of this letter might rouse all his jealous susceptibilities, and compromise our domestic happiness for ever.

SUZ. (*seated*) Ah, my poor dear friend, what a warning you give to silly girls—

LOUISE. Not to write letters! Oh, yes—girls should never write!

SUZ. They should rather beware of fostering absurd ideas, and fancying themselves in love.

LOUISE. But don't let us lose any time—let us hunt about. (*goes up*)

SUZ. (*seated*) That's the very thing I'm now doing.

LOUISE. Doing! seated there!

SUZ. Yes, in my head—that's my way of hunting. (*the BARONESS is turning over books, papers, &c., on the table, L. C.*) But do you go your own way to work.

LOUISE. Oh, you put me out of all my patience!

SUZ. (*coolly*) My dear child, nature made woman weak, but gave as compensation a sixth sense. Have you ever examined any butterflies?

LOUISE. What an absurd question!

SUZ. (*going to table, L. C., and taking up a case of butterflies*) They have got long, thin horns upon their heads to enable them to feel and appreciate objects at a distance. Look!

LOUISE. What do you mean?

SUZ. The naturalists call them "antennæ." Well, my dear, women too have "antennæ," but of so delicate a nature that they are invisible. Sometimes they are made like tendrils, to entangle our natural enemy, man;—sometimes they are sharp and pointed, just to blind them, my dear.

LOUISE. (*turning away pettishly*) And you want to find my letter with your "antennæ"—a likely idea! I'd rather trust to my ten fingers. (*goes on opening all the drawers, &c.*)

SUZ. You shall see how I will use my "antennæ." Yes, yes; open all the drawers—hunt away. Just see if you can't find your letter in the guitar case. What a child you are!

LOUISE. He may have hid it among the books.

SUZ. And you mean to look among all the three hundred volumes—out of the question! look at the edges of the shelves.

LOUISE. Why?

SUZ. Are they dusty?

LOUISE. (*getting on a chair*) Yes.

SUZ. All along?

LOUISE. All along.

SUZ. Then it's not among the books. If he had pulled one down, the dust would have been disturbed.

LOUISE. To be sure.

SUZ. Just look at that little bit of paper folded together, and put to steady the leg of the table.

LOUISE. This?

SUZ. Yes: (*getting up*) it's not worth the trouble, the paper is black and worn.

LOUISE. Yes: and he would never have put it there, where everybody can see it. (*she continues to hunt about*)

SUZ. It's very clear you don't know how to use your "antennæ"—Your knowing man would be sure to make a little concealment of an object he wished to hide, that nobody would be likely to look for it in a place so open to inspection. I'll wager now, that if we can't find this unfortunate letter, it is because it is lying about somewhere before our very eyes.

LOUISE. (*who has been hunting about, R.*) Nothing—nothing! but there's another room here

SUZ. Go in, by all means. My right of search is unlimited. though? No matter; you will give the alarm. *Exit into room, R.*

LOUISE. (*opening the door, R.*) If he should come back,

SUZ. (*looking around her*) Where can it be? He's clever enough to have put it simply under his letter-weight. (*lifts up*

*letter-press*) No!—in this vase? Nothing but visiting cards, and a stick of sealing-wax. In this jar? (*opens the tobacco-jar*) Tobacco—cigarette-papers—several letters crumpled and torn. (*reading superscription of letter*) “Monsieur Prosper Couramont, to the care of Mahony Brothers, Madrid.” “Monsieur Prosper Couramont, Albany, London.”—“Try Post-office, Paris.” (*goes on with several other letters, which she passes, as she speaks, from her right hand to her left*) “Monsieur Prosper Couramont,—to the care of the Reverend Mr. Huggins, Sandwich Islands!”—“Monsieur Prosper Couramont,”—(*stops, and takes up last letter*) Stop! this letter has seen a good deal of the world. It must have been a very precious letter for him to have brought it all the way from the Sandwich Islands, and kept it so long; (*weighing it in her hands*) and yet it's very light. There's only the veriest scrap of paper in it. Now who, I should like to know, would have sent a letter all the way to the Sandwich Islands, costing no end of postage-money, which cannot contain much more than “How do you do?”—“Very well, I thank you.” It's very odd—very! (*calling*) Louise!

LOUISE. (*in the room, R.*) I can't find it!

SUZ. Louise, was the letter large?

LOUISE. (*within*) No; only half a sheet of note-paper folded in two.

SUZ. (*feeling the envelope*) A half-sheet of note-paper folded in two. (*aloud*) On white paper?

LOUISE. (*as before*) No; pink.

SUZ. (*holding the envelope up to the light*) It is pink!

LOUISE. (*as before*) I've found a quantity of papers.

SUZ. Have you, dear?—all right! (*smelling the envelope*) 'Tis an old scrap of paper; all the perfume is gone; (*holding up the envelope again*) if I could but see the writing. (*about to open the envelope*) He gave me permission to search everything that was open, and this envelope is open. (*checking herself*) Stop, stop! it's not quite the thing. One isn't in the habit of opening other people's letters (*feeling the envelope*) And yet, if it were Louise's letter. Oh! my fingers burn—my fingers burn!

*Enter LOUISE, R.*

LOUISE. (*crying with vexation*) Oh, my dear Suzanne, I give it up! We shall never find it now—we shall never find it now!

SUZ. I can't bear it any longer—I can't see her cry. (*opens envelope and takes out paper, which she hands to LOUISE*) Is your letter anything like that?

LOUISE. (*opening the paper*) 'Tis the letter itself!

SUZ. (*bursting out laughing*) What do you say to my “antennæ” now, my dear?

LOUISE. Oh, yes—it's the same—(reading) "I am obliged to leave home by daybreak; but far or near—" Could I have written such words? Fool that I was! and should my husband ever know! (violent knocking, L. door)

SUZ. Some one knocks!

LOUISE. It was there—there!

BARON. (without, L.) Open the door!

SUZ. Your husband! Give me the letter. (snatches it)

LOUISE. Good heavens! where shall I hide?

SUZ. (low—going to open the door) Don't think of hiding—stay where you are.

LOUISE. No, no—he would see my agitation. (runs to door, R.—BARON continues to knock)

SUZ. (low, her hand on lock of door, L.) No—stop, I tell you! (LOUISE enters room, R.—with vexation) Oh, foolish woman! (she opens the door, L.)

Enter BARON, L. door, in shooting dress, with his gun.

BARON. (L., surprised) You!

SUZ. (R., calm and smiling) Yes—I! What an uproar you have been making!

BARON. Here?

SUZ. In this museum. I'm looking at all the curiosities.

BARON. (looking round him) Alone?

SUZ. You see— (sits at table and examines a drawer full of shells) What a wonderful collection of shells to be sure—only look!

BARON. (putting down his gun, L.) But I heard talking.

SUZ. I was trying to pronounce these dreadful words aloud. Why will scientific men give such preposterous names to things? Oh, look— isn't that pretty?

BARON. You were not alone—Louise was here.

SUZ. What should she be doing here?

BARON. Something she was ashamed of apparently, since she made her escape.

SUZ. (laughing, still looking at the shells) Ha, ha, ha! does this fit often seize you, cousin?

BARON. She was here, I say!

SUZ. And if she was, why shouldn't she be here still? Do you think she has hidden herself under the table?

BARON. (roughly, looking her full in the face) Then why didn't you open the door immediately?

SUZ. (not at all disconcerted) Because I thought the knocking was at the other door—and I opened that first.

BARON. In order that Louise might get away. That's the way she went, then? (goes up to c. door)

SUZ. What a tiresome old bear you are! If Louise went

that way, go and look after her; and leave me to examine the shells.

BARON. (*R., coming down*) My wife was strangely agitated this morning, after her conversation with Monsieur What's-his-name—whom she knew before her marriage—more still, during that little affair about the statuette—what did that mean?

SUZ. (*coming down—looking at shells*) Perhaps she was afraid he would drop it.

BARON. (*getting more and more angry*) The man made an offer of marriage for Mathilde, without ever having seen her—a mere pretext, it is very clear, to get into the house, and see my wife—a got-up plan to divert my suspicions! (*seizing hold of SUZANNE*) Look me in the face, and tell me it was not so, if you can.

SUZ. It's as clear as noon-day—only let go my hand, please, for you hurt me: and a pretty mess you have made of the poor shells. (*opens her hand—shows the shells in powder*) You really don't know how to behave yourself.

BARON. Listen: I left Brisemouche out shooting to return home—I enquired for my wife—She was gone out; but I had her spaniel, Fidèle, with me; and he has tracked her to this house—to the foot of that stair: I tell you my wife is here! Where is she, I say? Where is she?

SUZ. What do you ask me for? Since you've taken to hunting your wife, as they hunt Negroes, whistle for Fidèle, my dear sir—whistle for Fidèle.

BARON. Suzanne, you trifle with my feelings!

SUZ. Trifle with your feelings! No—I wish to spare them. If I laugh at you, it is to show how senseless is your conduct. Come—come—calm yourself, and try to be a little reasonable.

BARON. You are right—you are right to jeer me—my jealousy blinds me—it drives me mad! It makes me utterly miserable! (*throws himself into a chair, L. of table, R. C.*)

SUZ. Look up, my poor friend! Now, how can you ruin all your happiness thus, when you have a charming wife who thinks of nobody but you—lives for nobody but you?

BARON. I know it, Suzanne—I know it—and I am calm now—quite calm—but should anything again ever cause me to suspect—(*seeing LOUISE'S shawl, and darting on it*) My wife's shawl! Ah! you see she has been here! (*rises*)

SUZ. Well—what of the shawl?

BARON. Who put it there?

SUZ. I did—I took up the first that came to hand.

BARON. I don't believe you. My wife's shawl is here—then she's not gone—she's still concealed here—and I swear that if I find her—(*crosses to L., to take up his gun*)

SUZ.—Baron! Baron! I beg of you—

BARON. (*searching, in spite of her*) Leave me!

SUZ. (*trying to stop him*) Hear me! hear me!

BARON. (*finding the door, r.*) Ah! there's a door here!  
(SUZANNE *springs between him and the door*) She is concealed  
in that man's room. Let me go—by heaven, I'll have his  
life! (*menacing with his gun*)

SUZ. For my sake—

BARON. For your sake?

SUZ. (*with feverish haste, as if regardless of what she is saying*)  
Yes—for mine! you drive me to this confession by your  
violence. What! where you so blind? Did not my embarrass-  
ment—my agitation—at once reveal the truth? I didn't open  
the door at once, 'tis true, because I was afraid of being found  
here. Your dog evidently recognized your wife's shawl which  
I wore. Don't you see? Louise refused her sister's hand to  
Prosper, because she knew I loved him years ago—don't you  
see? Prosper imagined I had deceived him, and so wanted to  
marry another, in order to revenge himself on me—don't you  
see? When Louise spoke low to him, it was to justify me,  
and prevent this detested marriage, which I was resolved never  
should take place—don't you see? don't you see?

BARON. (L.) Yes, yes, I remember now. He spoke this  
morning of some heartless treachery on the part of a woman.

SUZ. He meant me—I was the heartless treachery! (*sighing*)  
But it was all a mistake—a misunderstanding.

BARON. Why not tell me this at once?

SUZ. Can you ask the question? What woman would  
willingly confess the weakness of her heart? And then you  
were so violent, and made such an awful noise—you don't  
know what a noise you *do* make. And I was so frightened,  
and—so out it came—I don't know how—and—don't you see?  
don't you see? (*aside*) I don't know what on earth I am  
talking about.

BARON. Be calm, my dear Suzanne—no one shall ever learn  
this secret from me. But I'll not allow this man to trifle with  
your feelings in this manner—I'll see him at once.

SUZ. See him—what for?

BARON. What for? Why, to tell him I know the state of  
of affairs between you, make him withdraw his pretensions to  
the hand of Mathilde, and—and—

SUZ. And what?

BARON. What? why marry you to be sure!

SUZ. (*aside*) Good heavens! I didn't take that into my  
reckoning.

BARON. Yes, yes; I'll see the fellow—speak out my mind  
at once.

SUZ. What are you thinking of, my dear friend? Let me



see him first—endeavour to lure him back myself. You would not deprive a woman of her dearest privilege—would you, cousin?

BARON. As you will. (*going on with volubility, spite of the efforts of SUZANNE to speak*) Marry you he shall—dead or alive! I won't have him play fast and loose with cousin Suzanne—that I won't. I owe him a grudge for making me suspect Louise--my own dear good Louise. (*bursts out laughing*) Good heavens! what a fool man makes of himself sometimes! But he shall pay for it—he shall marry you as a punishment—no, I don't mean that—but marry you he shall! (*taking up his gun*) Now, then, to bring down my man! amicably—I mean amicably! (*patting his gun*) Old trusty, here is for the partridges—so ho, Fidele! and off we go!

SUZ. (*aside*) Now the popular opinion is, that man can't talk.

BARON. (*turning at door, L.*) Not a word to Louise!

SUZ. She shall not know more about the affair than she knows at this moment—I give you my word.

BARON. I would not have her know for the world.

*Exit, L. door.*

*Re-enter LOUISE, R. door.*

LOUISE. (*throwing herself into the arms of SUZANNE*) Oh, Suzanne, my dear, kind friend, blessings on you—you have saved me!

SUZ. Yes, but I've lost myself!

LOUISE. What do you mean?

SUZ. Simply: that he wants me to marry this man. You know that will never do—I should inevitably have to play the "Bride of Lammermoor" with him and finish him off on the wedding-eve.

LOUISE. But think—should my husband see him and speak to him, all might still come out. He must go away at once.

SUZ. Go he shall! But now, be off yourself! Your husband might return home: and you must be there before him.

LOUISE. But I should like to see that letter burnt. (*crosses to L.*)

SUZ. Don't lose a moment, I entreat you!

LOUISE. (*taking up her shawl*) But should I be seen—

SUZ. (*opening door, C.*) Go this way—the coast is clear.

LOUISE. I will.

SUZ. (*seizing her shawl*) But leave your shawl, silly creature.

LOUISE. (*throwing it to SUSANNE*) Yes, of course. I shall fly home like a bird: my heart is lighter now. *Exit, C. door.*

SUZ. (*taking the letter out of her pocket*) It's no such difficult matter to burn the letter. But how to get him to go is quite another affair: he won't budge if he can help it. (*looking at*

You would  
would you,

spite of the  
—dead or  
with cousin  
making me  
t laughing)  
ometimes I  
ishment—  
king up his  
y—I mean  
is for the

can't talk.  
e!  
than she

it, L. door.

ANNE) Oh,  
—you have

aan. You  
e to play  
ium off on

and speak  
t once.

r husband  
m.

t. (crosses

n—  
clear.

creature.

I shall

t, c. door.

h difficult

o is quite

looking at

*the clock*) There is still time for him to pack up and get off by the nine o'clock train. *(she begins crumpling the letter in order to throw it into the fire)* If I could but contrive to get him away! *(just about to put the letter into the fire)* No—not the envelope—I have no right to that. *(she takes the paper out of the envelope)* But I must put something in the place of our precious prize—any scrap of paper will do. *(she takes up a piece of paper from the table, folds it, and puts it in the envelope)* And now we'll return “Monsieur the Rev. Mr. Huggins” to the Sandwich Islands, in the midst of the tobacco. Everything back to its place. *(she puts back into the jar the letters, &c., she had previously taken out of it, stirs them up, shakes the jar and sets it down in its place)* There—now for the fatal *billet doux!* *(approaches the fireplace)* 'Tis a great pity—for I had such a fancy *(lighting the paper)* for making him burn it himself. *(pulling back the paper, which is alight, and blowing it out)* Burn it himself—yes! what was it he swore? “I give you my word of honour, that if you manage to make me burn the letter myself I will pack myself off this very evening to look out for a wife in the Cannibal Islands—or Jericho—or where you will.” He gave me his word of honour—He's an oddity; but he would keep his word, I am sure he would—I like the looks of him. Would it be then such a very difficult task to make him burn the letter? Let's see—*(she looks into the fireplace)* suppose I place it on the hearth, near the fire. *(she twists the paper up)* That's it—it looks exactly as if he had already lighted a cigar with it. *(she comes away from the fire and looks around)* It's really getting quite exciting! How it would amuse me to make him burn it himself! *(listening)* Some one is coming up stairs. It's he probably. Oh—there mustn't be matches about! *(hastily throws the matches into the fire)* That will do. *(she sits down in arm chair, L. of table—a gentle knock, c. door)* Oh, yes—knock away! I'm not going to hear you.

*Enter PROSPER, quietly, c. door—he looks round for SUZANNE, and seeing her lying back in the arm chair approaches her on tiptoe.*

PROSP. Asleep! overcome with fatigue and utterly discouraged. *(looking round him)* She has been turning everything topsy-turvey. *(looks into room, R., and laughs)* Yes, and there too! Now for the letter! Can she have found it? *(SUZANNE follows him with the corners of her eyes, while he opens the tobacco jar and sees the envelope)* No, all safe—Come, woman's cunning has been baffled for once. *(sits down L. of table and looks at SUZANNE)* I am sorry for her *(looking more nearly)* she is really a very nice woman—pretty hand—good eyes too—I really must have another look at her eyes. *(getting up and bending over her)*

SUZ. (*opening her eyes wide, and looking at him*) What did you say?

PROSP. (*staggering back*) Knocked clean over!

SUZ. (*pretending to awake*) Oh! I beg your pardon, I believe I must have dropped asleep.

PROSP. Pray consider yourself at home.

SUZ. (*rising*) What o'clock is it?

PROSP. (*going to the clock on the mantel-piece*) Past six.

SUZ. So late! Well, I can't help it—I won't give up my purpose; and here I shall remain at my post, till that purpose is accomplished.

PROSP. Allow me to admire your obstinacy—It is the most heroic piece of chivalry I have ever seen.

SUZ. Obstinacy! you are not gallant.

PROSP. Well, let us say firmness.

SUZ. Yes: firmness in a woman—obstinacy in a man.

PROSP. Now, take care, you are pitting yourself against a man who has fought with Red Indians, and won his tomahawk on the field. I have been dubbed a great chief myself, and it would be no mean glory to carry off my scalp. (*it gets gradually dusk*)

SUZ. But, great chief, spite of the intense satisfaction I should naturally have in scalping you, I have better motives than the desire of obtaining such questionable glory. But please light your lamp—it is getting quite dark.

PROSP. Immediately. (*takes off the globe of the lamp on the table and looks at it*) There! that fool of a servant has put no wick in the lamp. (*he rings*)

SUZ. Then light a candle—it will be much handier.

PROSP. You are right. (*hunting about for matches*) Of course, there may exist women who—now there's not a match to be found anywhere.

SUZ. Then take a piece of paper, my dear sir.

PROSP. (*seeing the piece of paper on the hearth*) Ah! this will do. (*picks up paper*) There may exist women, certainly, who are so far traitors to their nature as to—(*he lights the paper*)

*Enter FRANCOIS, C. door, with a lighted lamp.*

FRAN. Did you ring for the lamp, sir?

PROSP. (*blowing out the paper and still holding it in his hand*) Yes—that will do—put it down there.

SUZ. (*aside*) Was ever anything so provoking! Another minute, and he would have done it. (*FRANCOIS has put the lamp on the table, R. C., and exit, C. door*)

PROSP. As I said, there may be women who—in short—upon my word, I don't know, now, what I was going to say.

SUZ. You were going to say, probably, that there may be women who would do and sacrifice much for the peace of mind of a friend.

PROSP. (*seated L. of table, holding the paper*) A friend! a friend! Have women female friends? (*aside*) She looks better still by lamp-light.

SUZ. You don't believe in friendship.

PROSP. In that respect I have not a much better opinion of our own sex than of yours. (*aside*) I can't help being fascinated by her more and more.

SUZ. (*taking the envelope and false letter from the jar mechanically and playing with it while PROSPER shows his agitation*) Come, that's something. You have generally so marvellous an opinion of your own superiority.

PROSP. (*laughing at seeing the letter in her hand and shaking the paper he holds*) We certainly sometimes fancy we see more clearly than your sex. (*laughing—aside*) She little knows she's got the letter. (*aloud*) Well, if I be an egotist, I have never found out after a life's experience, what I gained by doing good to others.

SUZ. (*throwing back the envelope into the jar*) Gained!—the pleasure of doing it. Does that count for nothing? Ah! if you knew how bright the world would look to you under consciousness of having done good—if you knew with how light a heart you would sleep at night—with how cheery a spirit you would raise your head from your pillow in the morning, you would never ask again, what you would gain.

PROSP. (*surprised and pleased*) Perhaps—I don't know.

SUZ. Exactly. You don't know.

PROSP. (*aside*) What a smile the woman has! and what a heart! *lets fall the letter on the carpet*

SUZ. (*aside*) Suppose I put out the lamp; he must light it again. *she begins turning the lamp up and down*

PROSP. (*with enthusiasm*) Ah, my dear madam, if it were true—Does the lamp smoke?

SUZ. It does a little. (*puts it out*) There—I've put it out.

PROSP. (*aside*) So much the better. (*aloud*) Ah, if it were true that your heart alone prompted you to give me battle, my admiration for your courage would give place to a far warmer feeling. I don't exactly know why, but it is a fact, of all the women I have ever seen you are the only woman who is a real woman.

SUZ. A very pretty declaration, upon my word—only a little obscure. Perhaps it would be clearer if you lighted your lamp.

PROSP. (*approaching her*) Ah, the fitful flicker of the cosy fire on the hearth is better suited to what I would say.

SUZ. Light the lamp, sir! or you'll force me to go at once.

PROSP. But I've got no matches.

SUZ. Will you light the lamp, sir?

PROSP. I declare to you—

SUZ. I'll hear no declaration till you light the lamp.

PROSP. I dare say you think I *am* mad! I am not. Perhaps it was the most sensible thing I could do to fall in love with the goddaughter this morning, and the godmother this evening.

SUZ. Well then, since you drive me away, sir. (*going up*)

PROSP. Don't go—don't go—don't leave your purpose unaccomplished. You have made me believe in the existence of a woman's heart that can beat with kindness and purity. Let me prove myself worthy of that heart. See!—here is the letter! (*takes envelope from jar*) I yield—I burn it before your own eyes. (*throws the envelope into the fire*)

SUZ. (*aside*) Now I could positively hug the man for that!

PROSP. (*taking up the burning envelope with the tongs*) Look, madam, it burns—it burns.

SUZ. I haven't the heart to send him away now. I must confess all.

PROSP. Shall I lay down the ashes at your feet?

SUZ. (*laughing*) Are you quite sure you have burned the right thing?

PROSP. Can you doubt?

SUZ. Your good faith?—oh, no! But pick up that little scrap of paper you had in your hand just now.

PROSP. (*hunting on the carpet*) That little scrap of paper! What do you mean?

SUZ. (*pointing it out laughing*) There it is!

PROSP. (*picking it up with surprise*) Well, and what then?

SUZ. (*listening*) Hush! what's that I hear?

PROSP. (*going to window*) The barking of dogs! (*looks out*) Brisemouche and the Baron are coming towards the house.

SUZ. And they may come up stairs! Give me that scrap of paper, quick!

PROSP. This darkness is rather awkward—I understand. I'll light the candle at once. (*he lights the paper*)

BARON. (*without, beneath the window*) Here, Fiddle!

SUZ. (*aside*) It was fated that *he* should burn the paper after all! (*PROSPER lights the candle with the burning paper, and throws it out of the window*) Oh, what have you done?

BARON. (*as before*) Holloa! Do you mean to set the house on fire?

PROSP. (*at window looking out*) Some one is picking it up!

SUZ. The Baron! Oh, we're lost!

PROSP. What do you mean?

SUZ. That was the very letter!

PROSP. (*bewildered*) That scrap of paper—the letter?

SUZ. The very letter! Run!—quick!—get it back! Why don't you run?

PROSP. (*losing his head, and running to the window*) I am running!

SUZ. Not by the window, man—by the door!

PROSP. (*running to door, l.*) Yes, to be sure!

SUZ. Not that way!

PROSP. No, no, of course not! (*runs to door, c., throwing down all the furniture in his way*)

SUZ. You'll find me at the chateau in the conservatory!

PROSP. I'll have it, dead or alive! *Runs out C. door.*

SUZ. That comes of being too clever by half!

*Exit, rapidly, l. door.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—*A Conservatory attached to the Chateau—L. c., several spreading exotic plants, advancing in a clump on the stage—L. 2 E., door leading to interior—same side, table and easy chairs; behind, the glazed portion of the conservatory, lined with climbing plants—C., the entrance door upon the park—R., tubs of plants, with a bench, &c.—R. 2 E., the dining-room door—the scene is lighted with standing lamps and hanging Chinese lanthorns.*

MADAME DUPONT, L., *is taking fruit from a basket, which she places in a tray, and hands over to PAULINE.*

MAD. D. There, you have the fruit. *Exit PAULINE, R. 2 E.*

*Enter BAPTISTE, L.*

So you are back from accompanying the Baron out shooting.

BAP. Yes; I've just had time to make myself genteel. The gentlemen will be here directly, and clamouring for their dinner. So, stir your stumps, old girl. (*crosses to R. door*)

MAD. D. Old girl, indeed!

*Enter BRISEMOUCHE, c. door. He is still in his shooting-coat, and has his gun, with a little screwed-up paper stuck in it.*

BRISE. (R.) Ah, Dupont, there you are! Is dinner ready? I want my dinner awfully! There is no time to go home, and dress for dinner; but I know Madame de la Glacière will excuse me; and I am dreadfully tired with my day's sport.

D

MAD. D. (L.) You have bagged a great deal of game, I suppose, sir?

BRISE. Game?—well, not exactly; not but that I'm a good shot, when I choose—a very good shot. However, I've brought home a prize.

MAD. D. A fine bird?

BRISE. No, not exactly. Just as I was about to bring down a partridge—sure, this time—I spied, trotting along to his nocturnal lair, a tiger.

MAD. D. A tiger! good gracious!

BRISE. Yes—a tiger!—a gold-winged tiger—a tiger-beetle! the most beautiful specimen. With one eye on the partridge, and the other on the beetle, I missed the partridge; but I bagged my beetle; and here he is. (*shows the screw of paper in his gun*) Don't touch the precious creature for the life of you, woman! But how about the dinner?

MAD. D. It is not ready yet; but the Baron is just returned.

BRISE. Yes, yes; he left me under Couramont's window. While dinner is getting ready, I should like to put myself to rights a little.

BAP. (*advancing*) If you will walk this way, sir.

*Exit, L. door.*

BRISE. A pretty mess my tiger hunt has put my hands in. (*turning at door*) Has my sister come yet?

MAD. D. I have not seen her, sir.

BRISE. She's still at her toilet; she is so very particular about her toilet. She has so much decency and decorum.

*Exit, L. door.*

PAULINE *has entered during this, from R. door.*

PAUL. Well, for my part, I think if that Mademoiselle Zenobie had so much decency and decorum, she might just show them by not trotting after that young Monsieur Anatole.

MAD. D. Hold your tongue. I won't have any scandal-mongering; and don't stand idling there! The company will take coffee here.

PAUL. You needn't stare at me, madam—I'm off! I'm going to change my handkerchief. (*crosses to L.*) This is a shockingly unbecoming one—makes one look like a common housemaid.

*Exit L. door.*

MAD. D. Yes; that's all one sees now-a-days—an affected creature that can't stitch a hem, but wants an hour every day for her piano! Good lord! what will the world come to next?

*Exit into dining room, R. door.*

*Enter PROSPER COURAMONT, C. D., agitated, and out of breath.*

PROSP. In the conservatory, she said——

*Enter SUZANNE, L., in agitation.*

SUZ. You've got it?

PROSP. Haven't you?

SUZ. No.

PROSP. Nor I.

SUZ. }

PROSP. } (*in despair*) Oh!

SUZ. What have you been doing?

PROSP. I rushed down the stairs—I don't know how—heels over head! When I got out of the house—no one—nothing—not a ghost of a scrap of paper. "Now, one of two things must have happened," said I; "either the Baron stamped on the paper, to put it out, or picked it up to see that it was extinguished. But, as the paper was no longer there, it is most probable he flung it aside, as he walked along. Suppose, then, I follow his trail, and hunt on the ground?" So I followed his trail, and hunted —

SUZ. But you found nothing?

PROSP. Absolutely nothing.

SUZ. Perhaps the wind has wafted it away.

PROSP. But there isn't a breath of air. (*sitting down, in despair*) Then I've all to begin over again, to-morrow morning.

SUZ. What do you mean by to-morrow morning?—directly.

PROSP. (*shivering*) Without an overcoat?

SUZ. Would you leave some one else to pick it up, and bring it to the Baron? Go at once.

PROSP. (*buttoning up his coat, and shivering*) Well, I'm going. Burr, burr!

SUZ. Poor fellow! here, take this shawl. (*throws LOUISE'S shawl about him*)

PROSP. No, no—I really can't!

SUZ. But, I say you must.

PROSP. (*while SUZANNE wraps him up in the shawl*) You do with me what you will. I'm caught—bandaged; and (*she puts the shawl over his mouth*) muzzled!

SUZ. Now go, quick—I implore you!

PROSP. I go! (*with thick voice*) muzzled—positively muzzled! (*runs out c. door*)

SUZ. Here have I been, ever since morning, running up and down, round and round, like a squirrel in his cage—worrying myself to death, all about a stupid little scrap of paper, and a tiresome man—hang him! I'm so provoked with him, that I could—poor fellow!—I'm sure, he's giving himself trouble enough to undo all the mischief he has done! I can't be angry with him! But I am all the more enraged with the silly folks who are idiotic enough to write insane love-letters! "I love



you—I love you!”—is all very pretty to say; but it isn't the thing to *write*!—and looks so cold on paper. I'm sure, if I were to send all the loves in the world in a letter to any one—this Monsieur Prosper, for instance—they wouldn't call up one flush of colour in his face. Holloa! what's this? They seem to have called one up in mine, though. Oh, come, come! I'm not going to be so absurd, I hope, as to allow myself to be thinking about this good gentleman—pooh, pooh!—this will never do. Mademoiselle Suzanne! Mademoiselle Suzanne, I must have an eye upon you, and see what you are about, Mademoiselle—

*Enter MATHILDE, L. door.*

MATH. (L.) Ah, godmother, there you are! Have you seen Anatole?

SUZ. (R. *aside*) Poor child, she isn't troubled with any scruples. (*aloud*) No my dear—have *you* seen the Baron?

MATH. No; but I heard him stumping up and down in his room like a wild beast in his den.

SUZ. (*alarmed*) Has he discovered the truth, then?

*Enter BAPTISTE, L., crosses to R. at back.*

(*seeing him*) Ah, Baptiste was with the shooting party—he may have seen what passed. (*to BAPTISTE, who is going out, R. 2 E.*) Baptiste, a word with you. Mathilde, dear, do you think dinner is getting ready?

MATH. I'll go and see.

*Exit into dining room.*

SUZ. (L.) Baptiste, you accompanied the gentlemen out shooting?

BAP. (R.) Yes, my lady.

SUZ. You were with them when a lighted paper was flung out of a window of Monsieur Brisemouche's house?

BAP. A lighted paper? Oh, yes, I recollect!

SUZ. Who picked it up?

BAP. Really, I can't tax my memory, my lady.

SUZ. Think—was it the Baron?

BAP. My master? I fancy it was—

SUZ. It was?

BAP. I don't exactly remember—

SUZ. (*aside*) The man will drive me mad!

BAP. Oh no, I recollect, *I* picked it up—

SUZ. You! What did you do with it?

BAP. I believe I flung it away—no, I didn't—

SUZ. Then you've got it?

BAP. No, I haven't, my lady. Ah! I know now—I handed it to Monsieur Brisemouche, who asked me for it.

(ANATOLE appears, C. door, and, seeing the others, conceals himself)

SUZ. You gave it to Monsieur Brisemouche?

BAP. No, I didn't, my lady—

SUZ. Grant me patience! You said—

BAP. He took it out of my hand.

SUZ. (*aside*) Brisemouche has it—unlucky chance!—there is no trusting such a man. (*aloud*) Do you know where he is?

BAP. He was there just now, my lady—I will call him! (*crosses to L.*)

SUZ. No, no, don't call him—no noise—let him know I want to see him.

*Exit BAPTISTE, L. door.*

I must get it from him without awakening his suspicions. I am on burning coals, and cannot control my impatience! I'll watch for him in the hall!

*Exit, L. door.*

ANATOLE *comes forward.*

ANAT. They are gone—I think I may venture—

*Enter MADAME DUPONT, from dining room, R. door.*

DUP. Bless my heart! Monsieur Anatole!

ANAT. Hush, hush, not a word!

MAD. D. (*low*) Mademoiselle Zenobie let me know you wouldn't dine here.

ANAT. (*sorrowfully*) Yes; she packed me off to my tutor's in the market cart, and told old Jean to keep an eye on me. But I persuaded him to get down for a glass of brandy—jumped out of the cart—and here I am.

MAD. D. And now you are here, what do you mean to do here?

ANAT. Why—see her—tell her I love her—love her a thousand times more than ever. I mean to hide here in the conservatory, where there will be no Zenobie at my heels. But, first of all, I must write to Mademoiselle Mathilde. (*feeling in his pockets*) Now there, I've lost my pocketbook! Eat here's the pencil! Give me a scrap of paper—any scrap of paper—

MAD. D. Yes, I daresay, and I suppose you'll want me to carry your letter next?

ANAT. Of course, you won't refuse me?

MAD. D. Of course I shall! Well, I never!—the impudence. (*aside*) I'd better go or he would wheedle me over in no time—the little rascal!

*Exit into dining room, R.*

ANAT. What am I to do now? I can't write without paper—oh bother! (*sits down in despair on bench, L., just opposite BRISEMOUCHE'S gun*) What's this?—a paper screwed up. (*takes the horn of the paper out of the gun and shakes it*) There's something inside. (*opens it*) Oh, lud, a beetle!—one of my guardian's treasures. Well, what matter to him, a beetle more

or less? He'll think he lost it as he came along. (*shakes out the beetle*) Poor thing, it little dreams it owes its life to the power of love. (*tears burnt end from paper*) There, it looks better with that ragged edge torn off—there's writing on it—never mind, there's one side clean, that will do. (*writes*) "They wanted to send me away, but I have returned. They say I must complete my studies—but my only study henceforth will be to make you happy, by becoming your husband. I have hidden myself in the conservatory—for ever and ever your"——

BRISE. (*without, L.*) The paper, the paper, what do you mean? (*ANATOLE springs in among the bushes, C. L., and hides*)

*Enter BRISEMOUCHE, followed by SUZANNE, L.*

BRISE. (*R. aloud*) What is all this about a paper? I haven't the slightest comprehension of what you mean!

SUZ. (*L.*) For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud!

BRISE. But what paper?

SUZ. A scrap of paper, set on fire and thrown out of Monsieur Prosper's window, to be sure!

BRISE. Oh! the scrap of paper set on fire and—then why didn't you say so at once?

SUZ. At all events, I say so now. But, where is it?—where is it?—where is it?

BRISE. But, what can you want with only a scrap of paper—half burned, too—a little paltry scrap not worth——

SUZ. (*exasperated*) What-did-you-do-with-it?

BRISE. I made a cage of it.

SUZ. A cage?

BRISE. Yes; to enclose a beautiful specimen of the tiger-beetle, which tickled the palm of my hand so confoundly, kicking about in it, that I——

SUZ. But again—where is it?

BRISE. Oh! I stuck it into my gun. (*goes up and brings down his gun without looking at it*)

SUZ. I have it now!

BRISE. Why, it's no longer there? (*looking at his gun*)

SUZ. No longer there?

BRISE. Clean gone!

SUZ. (*alarmed*) Lost!

BRISE. Oh! the little monster of a beetle! He must have ticked about so much that he rolled down, cage and all.

SUZ. Then it can't be gone far; let us hunt about for it.

BRISE. (*hunting among the plants*) It's remarkable—it's very remarkable how intelligent these little animals are. I'll write a paper on the subject for the Entomological Society of the Department—a most interesting paper. (*suddenly*) Oh! I've

(shakes out  
life to the  
e, it looks  
ng on it—  
tes) "They  
They say I  
henceforth  
usband. I  
r and ever

at do you  
and hides)

L.  
I haven't

of Monsieur

—then why

it?—where

ap of paper

of the tiger-  
confoundly,

and brings

s gun)

must have  
d all.

t for it.

e. it's very

I'll write

ciety of the

) Oh! I've

found—(SUZANNE comes down, thinking he has found the paper)  
I've found such a good title! "The Insect's Escape; or, the  
Beetle's Bastille." (SUZANNE turns away angrily) Hey! a  
capital title!

SUZ. (hunting in vain) Nothing—nothing! but have it I  
must. Look everywhere—look everywhere! (seeing the BARON  
coming) No, no—don't look—don't look anywhere.

BRISE. Eh! what?

Enter BARON DE LA GLACIERE, LOUISE, and MADEMOISELLE  
ZENOBIE, L. door.

BARON. Well, ain't we going to dine to day?

Enter MATHILDE, from dining room, R.

MATH. Yes; dinner is all ready.

Enter BAPTISTE, from dining room, R.

BAP. Dinner is on table, my lady.

BARON. That's all right.

LOUISE. (low to SUZANNE) Gone away?

SUZ. (absent, and hunting about after the beetle with her eyes)  
Yes, gone!—entirely gone; a tiresome little beast!

LOUISE. (surprised) A tiresome little beast! Monsieur  
Prosper?

SUZ. Monsieur Prosper. No—yes! (aside) Poor fellow.

LOUISE. Now he is gone, and my letter burned, I breathe  
more freely. (goes up)

SUZ. (aside) Do you? and I am suffocating!

BARON. (looking at SUZANNE) Anxious and embarrassed—  
matters are not made up then. I must take the affair upon  
myself, I see. (offers his arm to SUZANNE) Cousin Suzanne! (R.)

SUZ. (taking his arm mechanically, and looking back as she  
follows the party into the dining-room) Ah! thank you.

MATH. (to SUZANNE) Have you lost anything?

SUZ. Nothing, only a little beast—I mean a brooch.

BARON. (stopping) Here! in the conservatory.

SUZ. (eagerly) Oh, don't think of looking for it—its not  
worth the trouble, I assure you. (low to MATHILDE) Tell  
Madame Dupont to come and speak to me.

Exit with the BARON into the dining-room after the others.

MATH. I will. (apart—going) And to think of Anatole not  
coming after all. Oh, I'll give it to him when I catch him.

Exit into dining-room—ANATOLE opens the branches of the  
plants, and creeps out on all-fours, his letter in his hand.

ANAT. At last I'm free again. And I can't say I was very  
comfortable in there, amidst a quantity of outlandish plants  
that scraped my face, and poked my neck, and pricked my

legs; but now, how to send my letter? (*he goes up and looks out into the park*)

*Enter PAULINE, L. door, with a smart handkerchief.*

PAUL. Come, I look something like now. (*going towards dining-room, sees ANATOLE*) Well, if there isn't Mademoiselle Zenobie's young gentleman!

ANAT. (R., *turning, alarmed*) Ah! pray, my good young woman, don't tell anybody that you have seen me here. Nobody must know—nobody!

PAUL. (L.) Make your mind easy, sir. It's my business to hold my tongue. (*aside*) When I'm not paid to the contrary.

ANAT. (*aside*) Oh, perhaps she would take the letter—I've read of such things in novels. Suppose I tried. (*aloud*) Mademoiselle!

PAUL. Sir!

ANAT. (*awkward and embarrassed*) You—you—you are very pretty, Mademoiselle.

PAUL. I've heard people say so, sir.

ANAT. (*as before, with his eyes cast down*) And people say very right. But—but—there's one thing you haven't got!

PAUL. (*looking at him fixedly*) Not fine eyes, I suppose.

ANAT. Oh yes, you have very fine eyes—no, I mean a pair of nice ear-drops.

PAUL. So bribery and corruption is our little game. (*aside*)

ANAT. (*aside*) I hope she won't be indignant, and fly in a passion. (*very timidly*) Oh, if I dared to— (*slips a purse in her hand*)

PAUL. Anything you please, sir.

ANAT. (*delighted*) May I? Then just take this letter for me, will you?

PAUL. (*taking the letter*) I needn't ask who it's for. (*laughing, crosses to R.*)

ANAT. And you'll give it to her?

PAUL. Do you think I don't know *my* business?

ANAT. (*enchanted*) Pauline, I must kiss you for that. (*kisses her*)

PAUL. I suppose I am to keep that for myself, sir!

*Exit into dining-room, R.*

ANAT. Oh, I'm going it—I really *am* going it!—running away—hiding in secret places—sending clandestine *billet doux*—and kissing chambermaids—oh, it's just like a novel! Who's there?—deuce take him! (*hides, R.*)

*Enter PROSPER COURAMONT, C. door, wrapped in the shawl.*

PROSP. Nothing—I've got nothing but the rheumatism, and a perfectly wolfish hunger. (*noise of plates and glasses*) Oh yes!

all the others are at dinner, satisfying their vile appetites without me. Was ever man in a more ridiculous position—a more ridiculous attire? Prosper, my friend, you are a pretty fellow, after sailing round the world in safety, to be wrecked all at once on the reefs of woman's wheedledom! This shawl is like the shirt of Nessus. It burns me to the heart's core; and yet I cannot tear it off! Dear shawl! and dearer owner of the shawl! whom I—I—— (*kisses the shawl*) There, don't mince the matter, idiot! it's no use—whom I love! whom I adore! 'Pon my soul, I must adore her, if I go raving up and down here all day instead of getting my dinner. (*goes R.*)

*Enter MADAME DUPONT from dining-room, R.*

MAD. D. Sir!

PROSP. Don't stop me—I'm dying of hunger! (*MADAME DUPONT lays hold of his shawl*) Don't touch that shawl, woman!

MAD. D. But you are Monsieur Prosper.

PROSP. (*MADAME DUPONT as before*) Don't touch my shawl, I tell you! (*makes a rush at the dining-room*)

MAD. D. But Mademoiselle Suzanne told me——

PROSP. (*returning eagerly*) Mademoiselle Suzanne? What of her?

MAD. D. (*mysteriously*) She told me to look for you as you came in, and let you know she had lost, somewhere about here, a paper, with a little beast in it.

PROSP. A little beast? What's the little beast to me?

MAD. D. I'm sure I don't know—only she said you were to look for it—and told me to ask for her shawl.

PROSP. (*giving up the shawl*) Her shawl? Give it up? that completes my misery! (*sinking down on a seat, R.*) I'm a dead man!

MAD. D. Dead, sir?

PROSP. (*with dignity*) Go, woman, go, and leave me to die alone.

*Exit MADAME DUPONT, R. door, with the shawl, expressing astonishment.*

PROSP. If I stop and hunt for the little beast, I shan't be able to get any dinner. If I don't hunt, and go into the dining room, she'll fulminate me with a reproachful glance, and I shan't be able to get any dinner, for shame! No! I am her slave! her negro slave! I am doomed to serve all her little caprices, however absurd and ridiculous, and hunt for little beasts! To your work, hound! to your work! You have been chained and muzzled, and now you are to hunt for missis—so ho, sir! so ho! hunt for missis! seek for the little beast! seek hound, seek! (*he goes up hunting and sniffing about, and disappears for a moment in the conservatory*)

ANAT. (*coming down as PROSPER goes up*) I don't hear any one now—they are all at dinner. (*looking out cautiously R. door*) I can see them all—they are changing plates. (PROSPER re-appears, and comes down hunting, first L., then R.) Ah! the maid-servant is making signs to me. (*makes signs in return*) Yes—yes—now's your time! She's taking up a plute and going. Holloa! where the deuce is she going? Oh, you little fool, it isn't—goodness gracious! She has given my letter to Madamemoiselle Zenobie—oh!

PROSP. (*seated on bench, R., turning suddenly*) What's that? (ANATOLE *hides in the clump of bushes*) I heard a sort of scream. Can I have trod on the little beast? (*he looks about again and picks up the end of burnt paper*) A little bit of pink paper burnt at the edge. Why, it's a portion of the very letter!—torn?—who can have torn it—who?

*Enter BARON, from dining-room, R.*

Ah—I see—it's clear enough! It must have been the husband himself.

BARON. (R.) I thought I heard a voice. (*perceiving him*) Ah—it's you!

PROSP. (L.) I beg your pardon—I'm afraid I'm rather late. (*going to dining-room*)

BARON. (*stopping him*) Two words, if you please.

PROSP. (*aside, coming back*) I shall have to fight on an empty stomach.

BARON. Do you still entertain the same views you did this morning?

PROSP. (*aside*) They will have done dinner soon.

BARON. Do you still entertain the same views—

PROSP. Yes—no—that is, (*aside*) I had forgotten all about that! (*aloud*) Well, in principle, yes—in practice, no; certainly not—in fact, Madame de la Glacière displayed so much opposition to my projects—

BARON. She had her reasons, probably.

PROSP. I don't know what reasons.

BARON. (*quietly*) Her unwillingness probably to see you sacrificing an old attachment to a new fancy.

PROSP. (*after looking at him steadily*) Indeed! (*aside*) Nothing like making the plunge at once. (*with a change of manner*) I see, sir, that you know all.

BARON. All.

PROSP. Then perhaps you'll permit the conversation to drop until after dinner. (*attempts again to enter dining-room—stopped by the BARON*)

BARON. I beg pardon, sir—the affair is too serious to admit of any delay.

PROSP. Serious—serious! After all, there's nothing so very serious in the matter. I admit that I entertained a very strong regard for the lady—that there was a sort of understanding between us, and that we even had a trifling correspondence; but that was all—and the lady has no longer the slightest regard for me.

BARON. Her affection is undiminished.

PROSP. I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon—I give you my word of honour that—

BARON. She has confessed it to me herself.

PROSP. Confessed *it!*—confessed what?

BARON. Her attachment to you.

PROSP. She confessed that—to you?

BARON. To me.

PROSP. (*aside*) I'm thunderstruck!

BARON. She has told me all, sir. Your desertion of her upon the most unfounded suspicion—your long absence in consequence—and, spite of your unkindness, the affection she still bears you—

PROSP. She told you *that!*

BARON. She told me that.

PROSP. (*aside*) Well, I must say she might have chosen another confidant. (*aloud*) I understand you, sir; and you have sought me to demand a reparation at the sword's point.

BARON. Far from it—to try and effect a reconciliation between you.

PROSP. (*stupidly*) What!

BARON. And to take you by the hand. (*stretches out this hand*)

PROSP. You are too good. (*aside*) Too good, a vast deal!

BARON. Her happiness is in your hands.

PROSP. Is it?

BARON. Make her happy, then.

PROSP. (*shaking hands*) I should be delighted to oblige you, but—

BARON. And make me happy, too.

PROSP. But, my dear sir, have you maturely considered what you are proposing to me?

BARON. Do you think, sir, I would permit you to refuse a lady so closely allied to me—after proffering her the most ardent attachment—the satisfaction she has a right to demand?

PROSP. Surely Madame de la Glacière could never have sent you to—

BARON. I must insist, sir, you don't mix up my wife's name in this business.

PROSP. But how the deuce, sir, am I to do otherwise? Oh, I have had enough of this—you'll drive me mad, famished as I

am Do what you like—fight, or go to the—



BARON. Not another word—time and place.

PROSP. (*exasperated*) When you please!

*Enter SUZANNE and LOUISE hastily from dining-room, R.*

SUZ. (*aside*) This is what I feared.

LOUISE. (*aside*) A challenge! all is lost!

SUZ. (*throwing herself between them*) Ah, Prosper! has the Baron's persuasion, then, (*crosses to c.*) had no more power over you than my tears?

PROSP. (*surprised*) Hey! what?

SUZ. Would you wish to see me at your feet?

BARON. Never would I suffer such a humiliation!

PROSP. (*aside*) What the deuce *does* all this mean?

SUZ. But when I swear, Prosper, that I never deceived you. (*low to him*) Back me up in all I say. (*aloud*) It was only a misapprehension. (*aside*) Back me up.

PROSP. (*bewildered*) But I don't see—

SUZ. (*low to him*) Don't be stupid! (*aloud*) You don't see that you break my heart?

PROSP. Break your heart!

SUZ. Yes, my loving heart and you are still silent! Speak, sir, speak!

BARON. Now, sir, what have you to say?

PROSP. I have to say—I have to say— (*aside*) Oh, I have her now! (*aloud*) That if all she says be true—

SUZ. Can you doubt me, Prosper? (*apart to him*) That's right, go on—go on!

PROSP. (*aside*) That's right, is it? Just you wait a bit. (*aloud*) And you swear that you have never been faithless to me?

SUZ. Oh, never, never! (*apart to him*) Go on—go on!

PROSP. That you love me still?

SUZ. Love you! oh yes!

PROSP. Then, madam, I own that I, too, love—adore you! I swear it before these witnesses of our mutual affection.

SUZ. (*apart to him*) That will do now! Quite enough!

PROSP. And I am ready to marry you, madam, as soon as you will.

SUZ. In make believe, of course. (*apart to him*)

PROSP. (*aside*) Deuce a bit! in downright earnest! (*aloud*) Come to my arms, Suzanne!

SUZ. (*springing back*) you go too far, sir—you go too far.

BARON. (*pushing her into PROSPER'S arms*) Never mind us, Suzanne; it's all in the family. Embrace him, I tell you.

PROSP. (*embracing her*) Oh, Suzanne!

SUZ. Oh, Prosper! (*apart to him*) You horrid traitor!

PROSP. I think I've caught you now!

SEZ. (*aside*) Don't make too sure of that.

Enter MADEMOISELLE ZENOBIE and MATHILDE, from the dining room—BRISEMOUCHE—then BAPTISTE and PAULINE.

(*during the following, SERVANTS hand coffee—BRISEMOUCHE is alone in front, holding a piece of paper in his hand; he is slightly intoxicated*)

BRISE. It is a love letter!—a love letter to Zenobie! I shouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen—with my own eyes seen—the young woman slip it under her plate. (*reading*) "I am obliged to leave home by daylight, dearest love." Now, who the deuce could ever call Zenobie "dearest love?" (*reading again*) "But far or near, my soul will follow thine." All this to Zenobie! It is incredible! but here it is. Ah, here's a chance—if I could but get rid of Zenobie—force the fellow to marry her—what a piece of good luck it would be.

(*folds the paper in two*)

BARON (*coming down with a cup of coffee in his hand*) Don't you take coffee? (*drops down, l. c.*)

BRISE. (*aside*) Ah—an idea! (*gives paper to the BARON*) Do you know that handwriting?

BARON. This? (*as he opens the paper, PROSPER is coming down with a cup of coffee in his hand, and observes the BARON reading the reverse side to that read by BRISEMOUCHE*) "They wanted to send me away, but I have returned."

BRISE. Nonsense—"returned"—he said he was obliged to go.

BARON. (*continuing to read*) "They say I must continue my studies."

BRISE. Nonsense—"studies"—no, no—"dearest love."

BARON. No—"studies"—it is written in pencil!

BRISE. No—"dearest love"—in ink. (*takes letter and turns over to the other side*) There—it is there! (*gives back letter to the BARON*)

PROSP. (*coming down hastily*) The letter! (*snatching it from the BARON*)

BARON. (*still laughing*) Come let's see this wonderful letter.

PROSP. No, no; I can't allow it.

BRISE. But, why?

PROSP. (*quietly finishing his cup of coffee*) Because I don't want to admit everybody into my confidence. (*gives his empty cup to BRISEMOUCHE to hold*)

BRISE. Then you wrote that letter?

PROSP. Well, and if I did?

BRISE. What! unworthy friend, you have taken advantage of being under my roof, to make love to Zenobie—delude her innocence—

BARON. He! make love to Zenobie?

BRISE. But, of course, he will take her off my hands—I mean marry her?

BARON. (*giving his empty cup to BRISEMOUCHE to hold*) What does all this mean, sir? This morning you make love to Mathilde—this evening, you promise to marry Suzanne—and all the while you are making love to Zenobie.

BRISE. Don't you call Zenobie "Dearest love?"

PROSP. Never dreamed of such a thing!

BRISE. But the proof is that scrap of paper.

BARON. Yes—show us the scrap of paper—what is it?

PROSP. As you say—a mere scrap of paper. (*shows it behind his back to SUZANNE*)

SUZ. (*to LOUISE, alarmed*) It is the letter!

LOUISE. (*alarmed*) The letter!

PROSP. (*coolly*) But as you seem to attach some mystery to this scrap of paper, I request Mademoiselle Suzanne—my wife—to judge of its contents. (*holds out paper to SUZANNE*)

BARON. (*seizing letter to the alarm of PROSPER and SUZANNE*) So be it—Suzanne shall read and judge!

SUZ. It is unnecessary—quite. I know what it contains. (*takes the paper*)

BARON. You know?

SUZ. Yes—a mere bit of folly—a joke.

BRISE. A joke! a joke! The chance of getting rid of Zenobie is no joke!

BARON. Beware, Suzanne—your life's happiness may be concerned. (*crosses to SUZANNE*)

SUZ. Well, even if it be? (*gives paper to PROSPER, R, and holds a lighted candle which she takes from a table close by her*) Burn it, my good friend.

BARON. Suzanne!

SUZ. (*holding candle*) Burn—burn!

BARON. Ah! you're a happy man to marry such a woman who trusts you so implicitly.

PROSP. I know I am. (*burns the letter and puts the taper on one of the coffee cups held by BRISEMOUCHE—looking at the ashes of letter*) Oh, you confounded little rascal of a scrap of paper! what a peck of troubles you have put me in.

BRISE. (*holding the two cups of coffee and taper*) I take my oath I saw the words "dearest love."

ZEN. (*coming down, L.*) What's that you are saying?

SUZ. My dear Mademoiselle Zenobie, I've a piece of pleasant intelligence to communicate. We've just made up a match between Monsieur Anatole—

ZEN. (*simpering*) Oh, dear—spare my feelings!

SUZ. And my little cousin Mathilde.

hands—I

old) What  
e love to  
anne—and

it?  
it behind

mystery to  
—my wife  
(SUZANNE)

contains.

g rid of

may be

, R, and  
e by her)

woman

aper on  
the ashes  
pap r'

ake my

lea a nt  
mata b

ANAT. (*springing forward from the bushes, R.*) Oh! what joy!  
(*drops down, L.*)

ZEN. (*aside*) The little wretch was there all the time.

ANAT. (*kissing the hand of MATHILDE*) I am so happy.

PROSP. (*to SUZANNE*) And so am I.

SUZ. (*low to him*) I have no doubt you are. You have given  
your word to start to-night for the Cannibal Islands.

PROSP. By all means—but not without my wife.

SUZ. What! do you want to eat me up?

PROSP. With love!

LOUISE. Suzann:—you must give in, you know.

SUZ. (*smiling*) Well, it seems fated I am to sacrifice myself  
for others.

PROSP. Yes: to ensure my happiness.

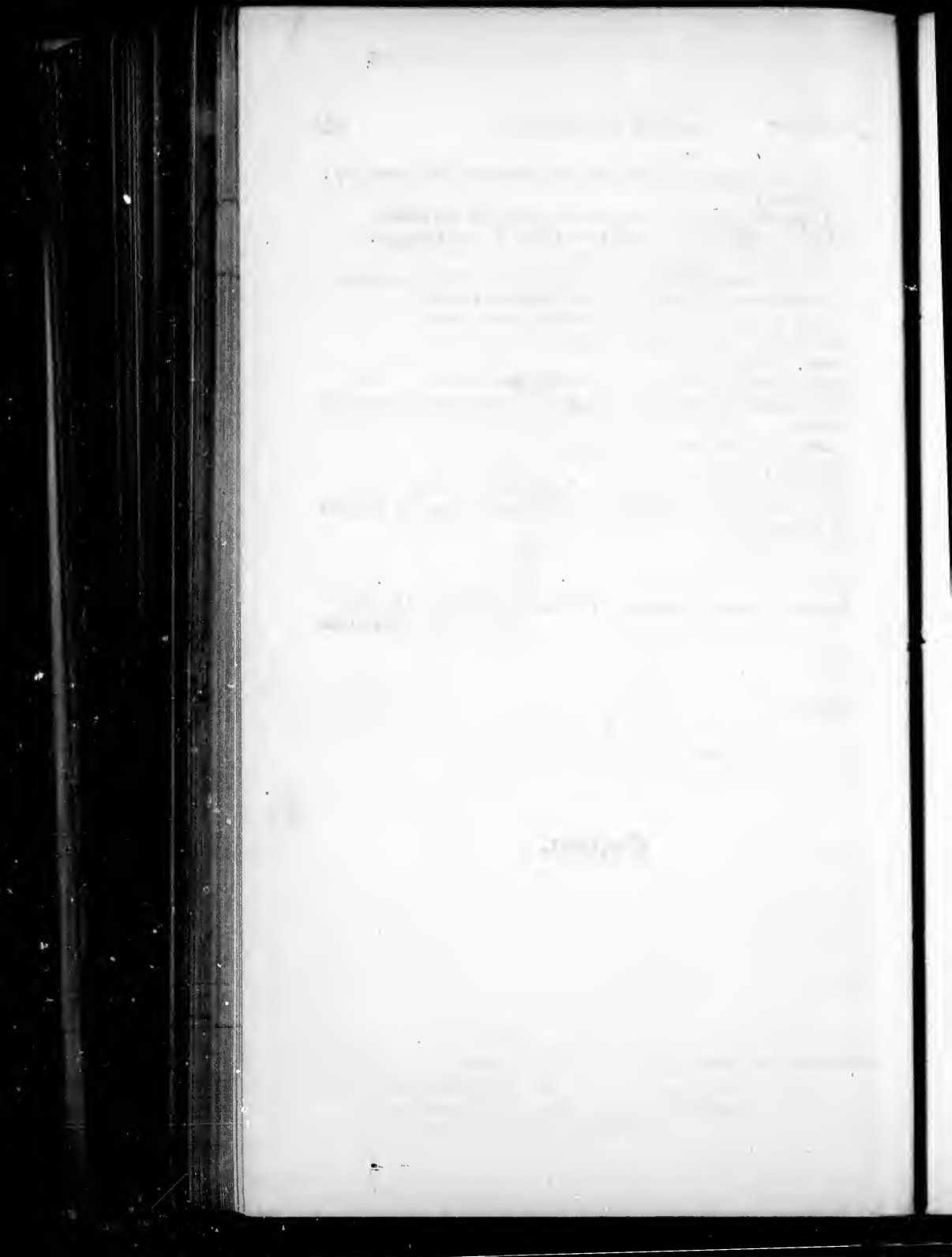
LOUISE. Your own as well.

PROSP. And the contentment of all around, I trust.

SUZ. (*looking at the ashes*) And all on account of a mere  
scrap of paper!

R.	L.
LOUISE. BARON. SUZANNE. PROSPER. ZENOBIE.	ANATOLE. MATHILDE.

**Curtain.**



# NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

An Original Comedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

TOM TAYLOR & AUGUSTUS W. DUBOURG.

JOINT AUTHORS OF THE DRAMA

*"A Sister's Penance."*

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

*First performed at the Haymarket Theatre (under the management of Mr. Buckstone), on the 25th October, 1869*

---

**Characters.**

MARMADUKE VAVASOUR, Esq. ( <i>of Cleve Abbey</i> )	... ..	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
SAMUEL BROWN ( <i>a Liverpool Merchant</i> )		Mr. HOWE.
BERTIE FITZURSE	... ..	Mr. BUCKSTONE, Jun.
MR. BUNTER ... ( <i>a Self-made Man</i> )	...	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
BERTHOLD BLASENBAIG ( <i>a Mining Agent and Financier</i> )	... ..	Mr. ROGERS.
SECKER	... ..	Mr. BRAID.
GANTRY ( <i>Butler at Cleve Abbey</i> )		Mr. WEATHERSBY.
TURBIT ... ( <i>Clerk of the Works</i> )	...	Mr. JAMES.
MONTMORENCY ( <i>Servant to Bunter</i> )		Mr. CROUCH.
SERVANT ... ( <i>to Vavasow</i> )	...	Mr. WEBSTER.
TELEGRAPH MESSENGER	...	Master FIELDER.
LADY MATILDA VAVASOUR		Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.
LILIAN VAVASOUR	... ..	Miss M. ROBERTSON.
MRS. BUNTER	... ..	Mrs. E. FITZWILLIAM.
FANNY BUNTER	... ..	Miss C. HILL.
MRS. BRILL ( <i>Housekeeper at Cleve Abbey</i> )		Miss HARRISON.

---

**TIME.—Present Day**

(under the  
cover, 1869

## NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.



### ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Library of Cleve Abbey, opening by French window, R. C., to garden and shrubbery—in the distance, a finely-timbered park—beyond, the lawn, picturesque Abbey Ruin—doors, R. and L. 1 E., and door up L., facing audience—the room is handsomely furnished in an old-fashioned style, with buhl and marqueterie cabinets—old oak panelling, &c.—rich draperies to window—the furniture shows marks of age and long use.*

GANTRY discovered arranging the contents of letter-bag on table, C.

*Enter* MRS. BRILL, L. 1 E.

MRS. BRILL. Mr. Gantry, can I say a word to you, please?

GANT. If you can't, Mrs. Brill, who can? What is it?

MRS. BRILL. Mr. Secker's card, for a friend of his to see over the ruins. (*gives card*)

GANT. Mr. Secker's card—eh? (*looks at card, and returns it to Mrs. Brill*) Then, I should say, Mrs. Brill, attend to it.

MRS. BRILL. But Thursday's the show-day, and what's Mr. Secker, I'd like to know?—only an attorney.

GANT. Only an attorney! *Only* the party as has his fingers in every pie in the county, and the licking of 'em afterwards. Take my word, Mrs. Brill, if you don't feel at home in 'ot water, always keep out of law and in with the lawyer. (*Mrs. Brill goes up, and comes down, L. as SECKER crosses*)



*Enter SECKER, door L. 1 E.*

Talk of the old gentleman—here he comes!

SECK. Let Mr. Vavasour know I'm here, Mr. Gantry. Oh, Mrs. Brill, did you get my card?

MRS. BRILL. And attended to it; you may be sure of that, Mr. Secker. (*curtseys*)

(GANTRY *obsequiously relieves SECKER of his hat gloves, and papers*)

SECK. That's right. Now, my minutes are six-and-eightpences. Look sharp, Gantry! (*arranging his papers*) *Exit GANTRY, door R. 1 E., with letter-bag.*

MRS. BRILL. (*aside*) Drat them papers of his! There's mischief in 'em—I know there is! *Exit, L. 1 E.*

SECK. (*looking over papers*) Yes, the crash must come. If clients won't look ruin in the face till it's more than a match for them, so much the worse for clients.

*Enter VAVASOUR, door R.*

Good morning, sir! (*seated L. of table, c.*)

VAVAS. (R.) Ah, Secker! good morning! Glad to see you. (*sits R. of table, c.*)

SECK. (*shrugging his shoulders*) Ah!

VAVAS. Bright, cheery weather—eh?

SECK. We shall want it—I'm afraid, sir—for the business I've come upon.

VAVAS. The old story—eh? More bother about money matters? I wish I saw my way out of it.

SECK. I'm afraid I see my way out of it at last, Mr. Vavasour.

VAVAS. Afraid you see your way out of it, Secker?

SECK. Heavy arrears of interest—no means of raising it; mortgagee insists on his money, and has served the usual six months' notice. (*points to paper*)

VAVAS. Confound it, Secker! I thought he was to give us time. He has given us time for two years—

SECK. And he's tired of it at last, sir. He announces his determination to force a sale—

VAVAS. (*in consternation*) Sell Cleve Abbey? This will be terrible news for Lady Matilda. Is there no way to stave off ruin a little longer?

SECK. Only by making it more complete when it *does* come. A sale now will leave you with a few thousands margin; another year would swallow them up, and leave you with nothing.

VAVAS. It's not for myself I care, but for Lady Matilda and the children. There's the money to be lodged for Stanhope's commission, and Lilian's outfit for the season—her first season, you know, Seeker, on which her mother counts so much. Who's to break this to my lady?

SECK. You promised to prepare Lady Matilda for the worst, last audit day.

VAVAS. Yes, yes! but have you no feeling? Don't you see that sort of thing isn't to be done on the spur of the moment, sir?

SECK. Further concealment is impossible. My advice is—tell Lady Vavasour the worst, at once.

VAVAS. But do have a little consideration for my position, Seeker, as the head of an ancient family—a family, sir, that has held Cleve Manor since the Conquest, and returned county members in the reign of Henry IV. (*his voice trembles*) And now, to leave the old place, where one's heart has grown to every stone, every tree—where the old name seems to have taken root like the old timber—to be shouldered out by some mushroom money-maker. Confess, Seeker, it is hard to bear!

SECK. Families are like crops, Mr. Vavasour; they will exhaust the soil, if you keep always taking out, and never putting in, and then there's nothing for it but new soiling.

VAVAS. I never expected to hear such revolutionary sentiments from you, Seeker.

SECK. We lawyers must look facts in the face, Mr. Vavasour, revolutionary or otherwise. After all, the world moves, sir, and it will only give us the lie if we say it stands still. I'd better leave you to break the unpleasant news to Lady Matilda. (*makes a motion to go door, L.*)

VAVAS. Stay, stay, my good friend! It would come so much better from you; Lady Matilda is quite a woman of business; *I* can't put it to her in a business point of view; *you* can, you know.

SECK. I make it a rule never to interfere between husband and wife. You must face the facts.

VAVAS. Confound it, sir! I am quite ready to face the facts, but how am I to face Lady Vavasour?

*Enter* LADY MATILDA VAVASOUR, *window, c.—down, c.*  
Good gracious! here she is.

(*BOTH rise—SECKER, gathering up his papers, bows to LADY MATILDA, and is going off, door, L. 1 E.*)

LADY M. Don't run away, Mr. Secker; I've some commissions for you. My love, I've a letter from my sister, announcing that poor Reginald Fitz-Urse is laid up with the measles. Only think, Mr. Secker, of his catching the measles two years after marriage! And in her P.S. my sister most kindly offers to take charge of dear Lilian for the season.

(*SECKER goes up with LADY MATILDA's shawl—then comes down, L.*)

VAVAS. That's lucky!

LADY M. Lucky?

VAVAS. I mean, my dear, it'll save our taking a house for ourselves.

LADY M. (*compassionately*) It is well he has you and me to look after him, Mr. Secker.

VAVAS. Why, it seems to me a very sisterly offer.

LADY M. Sisterly—eh?

VAVAS. Well, motherly—if you like it better.

LADY M. Yes, I like motherly better. Jane has four daughters of her own on hand; you don't suppose dear Lilian would be allowed a chance of anything eligible till they are provided for? (*to SECKER*) So, my dear Mr. Secker, I want you to write at once, and engage a good house for the season. I think I should prefer Mayfair to Belgravia; and, on the whole, I think we'd better not take our own horses, so you'll be good enough to arrange with Anderson; and—let me see—what else? (*crossing to R., and looking at her tablets*)

VAVAS. (*aside to SECKER*) Tell her it can't be done, Secker. (*crossing to him*)

SECK. (*aside to VAVASOUR*) Tell her yourself, Mr. Vavasour.

LADY M. *Whispering?* Why, my dear Marmaduke, what a remarkably long face! And yours is ~~almost~~ almost as long, Mr. Seeker.

VAVAS. The fact is, my dear, Seeker has some rather unpleasant news to break to you.

SECK. I beg your pardon; Mr. Vavasour wishes your ladyship to understand—

VAVAS. And so—I leave Seeker to explain—

SECK. That if arrangements are to be made for a season in Town, your ladyship must find the means, as well as give the orders.

LADY M. Pardon me; that's your affair. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, you settle the Budget—I only vote the Appropriation Bill.

VAVAS. But how if the ways and means are not forthcoming, my dear?

LADY M. (*gaily*) Oh! then we must take a vote on account till the Budget's brought in. It won't be the first time, you know—we did it last year.

VAVAS. In fact, we've done it so often, that we can't do it again.

LADY M. I don't understand you.

VAVAS. Tell her, Seeker—I haven't the heart. (*crosses behind to R.*)

SECK. In plain English, my lady, we've come to the end of the tether—you in the way of spending, and I in the way of raising money. Cleve Abbey's mortgaged up to the hilt—and, short of a miracle, I don't see how we can stave off a sale of the property before the year's out.

LADY M. (*after a pause, and in an altered voice*) Marmaduke, is this true?

VAVAS. Well, ~~really~~, I understand it is; that is—I don't understand exactly, but I'm afraid it is, my dear.

LADY M. And I have been kept in the dark while the avalanche was gathering, to be told of it just as it is ready to crush us. Have I deserved this?

VAVAS. Has either of us deserved it? I'm sure I did my best to pull up. I've done everything that courage could do.

LADY M. Except the one thing it was your duty to do above all others—trust *me*. When the captain abandons the ship, it is time for his mate to take the helm! (*to*

SECKER) This sale must be prevented, at all costs and at all hazards.

VAVAS. *Must* be prevented, my lady? With all my heart; but I don't see how.

LADY M. (*to SECKER*) Those mortgages! There are heavy arrears of interest, you say? The man cannot have been very pressing?

VAVAS. (*lugubriously*) Hasn't he, though? If you knew how I've begged and prayed to him for time—only to look round; why, I've as good as gone on my knees to the fellow—by letter, of course!

LADY M. I must try what I can do, without going on my knees. We must have no secrets from you now, Mr. Secker. It is not our fortunes that are at stake here, but our children's prospects. This is to be Lilian's first season in London. What would be her chances of marrying as a daughter of a ruined man? I tell you this sale must be prevented—at least, for this season. Is the mortgagee an acquaintance of yours?

SECK. An old acquaintance. But for that, he would hardly have been so forbearing.

LADY M. Is he a man of fortune?

SECK. Leading partner in one of the oldest and wealthiest firms in Liverpool.

LADY M. In trade? Persons of that class are always open to social influences. We must invite him down here at once.

SECK. He's been in the neighbourhood this week past. I sent him over with my card to see the ruins this morning. He should be somewhere about now.

VAVAS. (*bitterly*) "Taking stock," I suppose he would call it, of Cleve Abbey. Confounded shopkeeper!

LADY M. And you never offered to do the honours of the old place. Go at once (*to VAVASOUR*) and say Lady Matilda Vavasour particularly desires the pleasure of his acquaintance (*goes up to table, R.*)

VAVAS. Eh? Say—that—(*slowly*)—ah—egad! I begin to smell a rat! A capital idea of my lady's, eh—Secker? (*aside to SECKER—going*) I'm glad I had the pluck to tell her the worst. Let us take this fellow my lady's invitation.

*Exeunt VAVASOUR and SECKER by window, R. C.—off, R.*

[ACT 1.

ACT 1.] NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.

9

LADY M. Anything to gain time. A year's respite—six months, even—may be our salvation! Lillian's happiness shall not be wrecked if a mother's wit and will can save it.

*Enter LILIAN, door, L.—speaking off.*

LILIAN. At your peril, Bertie, if you stir till I tell you. (*shuts door, and comes down, R. C.*) Good morning, mamma! (*kisses her, then joining her hands in mock contrition*) Please, beg pardon for playing truant at breakfast, but I was so floored with the ball!

LADY M. "Floored," my love? I suppose you mean fatigued. Do drop that detestable slang.

LILIAN. Oh, but Stannie and Bertie say I'm such fun!

LADY M. (*R.*) Take my opinion before theirs, dear. Men may think "*slang girls*" "such fun," but they seldom see any fun in "*fast wives*." But this is all that wretched Bertie's doing. He shan't stay in the house another week.

LILIAN. Oh! but just think, mamma, where he'll go to in the Civil Service Examination, if you tear him away from his coach!

LADY M. His coach?

LILIAN. Me, mamma! I'm grinding him up in his history and things. Stewing down hard facts into portable historical soup, suited to Bertie's limited digestion; Liebig's extract of beef is a rifice to my essence of history. Why, I've actually packed the two first lines of French kings into a neat four-in-hand of my own, to the tune of "Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows!"

LADY M. You are as great a tom-boy as he is a tom-fool! And now tell me seriously, darling—what sort of a ball had you?

LILIAN. Oh, awfully nice, I mean very jolly (*at piano*)—that is, no end of a crowd. I didn't sit out one dance.

LADY M. You danced only in your own set, I hope?

LILIAN. Oh, of course, mamma—except twice.

LADY M. And that was—

LILIAN. With a friend of the Bunters? (*sits on stool, R.*)

*of LADY MATILDA*  
LADY M. (*in horror*) Danced twice with a friend of

the Bunters, Lilian! Those odious *parvenus*—who seem to think society's a show, to be entered by paying at the door. If I hate anyone—I hope I don't—but if I do, it's the Bunters, and the upstart class they belong to. And you actually had the recklessness to dance with one of their set!

LILIAN. Oh, but I assure you, mamma, he was not in their style. Not the least loud in his dress, and I should think he's thirty at least, quite what Bertie calls "an old fogy."

LADY M. (*remonstrating*) Lilian!

LILIAN. And then I wasn't at all nice to him of course. Oh, I snubbed and chaffed him frightfully—

LADY M. Really, Lilian!

LILIAN. And when Lady Weston's carriage couldn't get up. I suppose her John had some of the "Fleece beer!" They don't get too much at Weston Hanger, you know.

LADY M. (*remonstrating*) My dear, don't gossip.

LILIAN. Mamma, you never will let me talk—and the Bunters offered to set me down—

LADY M. You declined the honour?

LILIAN. (*apologetically*) No, I didn't, mamma. Well, you see I thought I should rather like—Mrs. Bunter is such fun with her old point, and her new diamonds, and not an 'H' to her back, mamma! And then Fanny Bunter—in spite of her Ruskinism-run-mad—isn't half a bad sort; and then, of course, dear ma', (*running on*) I didn't dance more than was necessary, and I—

LADY M. Lilian, I must talk very seriously to you, and I hardly know where to begin. Every other word you utter is of the vilest slang. You've danced with some low person of the Bunters' set—you've accepted a seat in the Bunters' carriage—

LILIAN. Oh, but I did that partly for the fun of making Mr. Brown ride outside.

LADY M. Mr. Brown? And pray who is Mr. Brown? I'm not aware that we have the honour of knowing a Mr. Brown.

LILIAN. He was the partner I told you of.

LADY M. Lilian, this heedlessness of yours at once alarms and distresses me. You never had so much need

as now of a proper sense of what you owe to society, to your family, to yourself. Who knows, my dear child, but that this first season may land you in a brilliant success, or a horrible fiasco! I have never, like too many mothers, given you a sentimental view of life. I have tried to prepare you for the world as you will find it. Let me see you reward my maternal care! (*kisses her*)

LILIAN. Yes, I know you've told me all this before, mamma.

LADY M. I have never deceived you, my darling. Your papa is not rich.

LILIAN. Oh, if I could fill his dear old pockets?

LADY M. It is indispensable, that in marrying, you should look to a good establishment. Fortunately, you have always had a mother to guide you. Ah, if I had had that invaluable blessing at your age! (*rises, crosses, &c.*)

LILIAN. I suppose you would not have married, papa? (*rises*)

LADY M. I did not say anything to warrant that, Lilian. But I have lived to see more and more clearly that in our station, fortune is the main, nay, the indispensable requisite for happiness; without that, nothing can make life pleasant. With that, most things that make life unpleasant, can be got over. Never forget that, darling. (*patting her under the chin*)

LILIAN. I won't, mamma, depend upon it. (*kisses her*)

LADY M. And do oblige me by dropping slang—keeping people, like the Bunters and this Mr. Brown, at a proper distance, and not being quite so free and easy with young men. Your Cousin, Bertie, for instance.

LILIAN. Oh, mamma, I'm sure there's no danger there.

LADY M. To you, perhaps. How do you know what there may be to him?

LILIAN. Oh, nobody ever fell in love with his coach.

LADY M. (*looking annoyed*) His "coach?"

LILIAN. That isn't slang—really it isn't, mamma; it's the regular thing. I mean it's the correct card. But seriously, if Bertie ever does talk any nonsense of that kind, I'll be down on him like a hammer.

LADY M. My dear!



LILIAN. Mamma, you don't seem to understand me.

LADY M. I own, I do not, my child.

LILIAN. Well, I mean, I'll shut him up. Put the extinguisher on him.

LADY M. Worse and worse!

FITZ-U. (*outside door, l.*) I say, Lilly! (*runs in down, l.*) Beg pardon, aunty. I say, Lilly, how do you divide one million one hundred and eighty one thousand six hundred pounds five shillings and two pence, by six shillings and eight pence? Sixes into five you can't, you know, and eights into two, I'll be hanged if you can.

LILIAN. Oh, you stupid! Reduce them both to a common denomination.

FITZ-U. A common what?

LILIAN. Here, I'll show you. Only a minute, mamma. You see, compound division, is rather hard for him. They didn't do arithmetic at Eton. Now, you old muff, &c. (*they go up, l., talking till quite off through door, l.*)

LADY M. Dear girl! If she were a little less heedless, Ah! (*turns as SECKER appears with BROWN at window, r. c.*)

SECK. Mr. Vavasour has been detained by his woodman. Will you allow me to present Mr. Brown to Lady Matilda Vavasour? (*introduces, and goes to l. of c. table*)

LADY M. (*startled, but immediately suppressing it*) Mr. Brown! Singular coincidence. I and my daughter were just talking of you.

BROWN. Indeed! My morning has been full of surprises.

LADY M. Lilian was telling me how she enjoyed last night's ball. Thanks, not a little, to her agreeable new partner.

BROWN. I should never have guessed from her manner last night, that I was the sort of partner she thought it worth while to be pleasant to.

LADY M. Lilian is a little brusque sometimes.

BROWN. So it struck me last night.

LADY M. You know what girls are now-a-days, Mr. Brown?

BROWN. Well, not much; but Miss Vavasour seemed very much amused, and I am very glad if I amused her.

LADY M. (*laughing*) That shows how little you men know of a woman's real impression of you. Come, I suppose Mr. Vavasour has shown you the homestead and the stables. You must let me do the honours of my own poor little flower garden. Women have so few resources in the country—our flowers become our companions—almost our friends. (*they walk up, R.—SECKER crosses, L.—BROWN helps LADY MATILDA with her mantle*)

BROWN. They have one invaluable quality for friendship, they have no tongues to say more than they mean.

LADY M. (*going out with BROWN*) And they never belie their looks—as men and women do—only too often.

*Exeunt LADY MATILDA and BROWN, window, R. C.*

SECK. (*looking after them*) Look out for your pockets, Sam Brown. Why can't the law let a woman like that stand in her husband's shoes, as well as wear his small clothes?  
*Exit, door L. 1 E.*

*Enter LILIAN with books, and FITZ-URSE with papers, door, L. U. E.*

LILIAN. (*sits R. of table, C.—FITZ-URSE L. of table, C.*) Now let me see that you've got the question down right. (*reads from book, FITZ-URSE writes it down*) "If twelve men can dig a trench fifteen yards long and four broad in three days, of twelve hours each, in how many days of nine hours, can eight men dig a trench twenty yards long and eight broad?"

FITZ-U. (*who has followed the question, looks up from paper*) How is a fellow to find that out unless he knows how strong the other fellows are?

LILIAN. Bertie, you are a duffer! In these questions the strength is always presumed to be equal.

FITZ-U. I like that. As if one fellow ever was just as strong as another fellow. You might just as well ask: if it takes you ten minutes to get up the names, weights, and colours of the Derby Card, how long will it take me to floor the births, deaths, and marriages of the kings of England?

LILIAN. Well, suppose we tried. Here's your manual. Will you say your "Principal Treaties" or your "Decisive Battles?"

FITZ-U. I know one decisive battle between Bertie Fitz-Urse and his coach? By jove! I wonder you've got the patience sometimes.

LILIAN. I want you to get through, sir, and I mean to pull you through.

FITZ-U. Ah, but suppose they put the examination off as they've done once already—I shall have to be crammed over again.

LILIAN. Ah, one must be careful how one puts in the new charge before firing off the old one—it might burst the gun.

FITZ-U. Sometimes I feel I'd better cut the Civil Service altogether, and try Australia. Fellows say the kangaroos give one a capital run sometimes—or there's Natal—one might go in for an elephant you know.

LILIAN. Oh, yes; and come back a lion, with a mane of tawney beard and a tale—in two volumes—to the bosom of your family—and the embraces of the Geographical Society.

FITZ-U. Oh, I say—you do chaff a fellow so. You see, one don't mind chaff from a girl one don't care for. But I do care for you, Lilly—I do, honour bright.

*(rises and comes down, L. C.)*

LILIAN. I don't believe you. *(silly)*

FITZ-U. You're an awfully jolly girl, and I only wish you would let me ask you—

LILIAN. Anything you like about the history of England. *(rises)*

FITZ-U. Hang that! I mean whether you think you could ever care a bit about me—I don't mean as a coach, you know but in the way of a—lov—a—*(pause)*

LILIAN. *(laughs aside)* Now, Bertie, be a good boy, and don't talk nonsense.

FITZ-U. Nonsense! One don't like going on one's knees, you know, but if that's the correct thing—*(takes out handkerchief and about to kneel)*

LILIAN. Anything but the correct thing. Forbidden by the table of prohibited degrees. A man mustn't go on his knees to his coach. *(laughing)*

*(LADY MATILDA appears at window, R.)*

FITZ-U. Hang it all!—if you don't care for a fellow—don't poke fun at him.

LILIAN. (*gravely*) Listen to me, Bertie. You and I can't afford to fall in love with each other. (*walking arm-in-arm, first to R., then to C.*) Two noughts are nothing; you know arithmetic enough for that. You must look out for a wife who wants connection, and has plenty of money to buy it with. And I—well—I know what I must look out for.

FITZ-U. But I don't care a rap about money.

LILIAN. (*in Lady Matilda's manner*) Hush, Bertie! Naughty boy! Remember that in our class, fortune is the main—nay, the indispensable condition of happiness; without that, nothing can make life pleasant; with that, most things that make life unpleasant can be got over. Never forget that, darling. (*chucking him under the chin*)

LADY M. (*at window, R. C.—aside*) Excellent girl! My lesson, to the letter!

FITZ-U. Lilian, I didn't think you were one of that sort. I always thought you were the style of girl to value a fellow's love—a good fellow's, I mean—though he hadn't a brown.

LILIAN. Can't afford it, I tell you! ain't to be done at the price! I'll tell you what—if you're a very good boy—I'll coach you into matrimony, as well as multiplication. I should recommend you strongly to make up to Fanny Bunter. She's a very pretty girl—a girl of the period—and she'll have no end of money.

FITZ-U. Take care—you might drive a fellow to do something desperate! I don't believe you'd half like it if I did make up to Fanny Bunter.

LILIAN. Just you try. Now go and have another good grind at the Plantagenet kings. Be off, sir! Am I your coach, or am I not? (*points to door, L.*)

FITZ-U. I tell you what it is; the next time I see Fanny Bunter, if I don't make desperate running with her, just to spite you, and see how you like that!

*Exit, door, L.*

LILIAN. You can do just as you like. I don't care a bit. (*turns, and sees LADY MATILDA, who is behind chair, at back of table, C.*)

LADY M. Nothing could have been better, my dear.

LILIAN. (*surprised*) Were you there, mamma?

LADY M. Yes, nearly all the time, and delighted to hear you talk so sensibly to that silly boy. (*LILIAN laughs aside*) And delighted to hear you've laid my lesson to heart. You may laugh, but you'll be thankful one day, too. And now come into the garden. We've a visitor—a visitor who has been inquiring after you. Look! (*points outside window, R. C.—LILIAN goes up, looks, and comes down, R. C.*)

LILIAN. (*astonished*) Mr. Brown! I assure you, mamma, I didn't ask him.

LADY M. I am perfectly aware of that. (*both coming down*) I now wish you to make yourself particularly agreeable to him.

LILIAN (*R.*) Agreeable to that Mr. Brown, mamma—a friend of the Bunters!

LADY M. Oh, quite a mistake—that! He's in business, it's true, but he's evidently a superior person.

LILIAN. Mamma!

LADY M. There are reasons why we should pay him every attention. You know, when I say there are reasons—

*Enter VAVASOUR, window, R. C., with a telegram.*

VAVAS. A telegram just arrived, my dear! Reginald Fitz-Urse has died of the measles.

LADY M. Is it possible? What a very sad thing for his wife. (*crosses to VAVASOUR*)

VAVAS. Although we weren't on terms, still—one can't help feeling.

LADY M. It is most distressing! This will make a great difference in Bertie's prospects.

VAVAS. I should think it would! Why, he stands next in the title, failing issue of poor Reginald.

LADY M. Lillian, I think you had better break it to your cousin Bertie. See that he writes a proper letter, poor fellow; and be kind to him; I'm afraid you treated him a little too harshly just now.

LILIAN. I thought you wished it, mamma!

LADY M. Yes, but there is a way of doing these things. Go, my love.

[ACT I.

LILIAN. All right, ma! I'll make him write a stunning letter.

*Exit, door, l. u.*

LADY M. (*turns to VAVASOUR*) This is terrible news! (*both sit*)

VAVAS. Well, my dear, these things will happen; but, considering we haven't spoken to them for five years, we can hardly be expected to break our hearts over poor Reginald!

LADY M. (*sharply*) Reginald! This will prevent Lilian's coming out, and destroy all her chances for the season! We might have staved off ruin, or kept it quiet for this year, but by the next, the worst must be known. Lilian's prospects will be hopelessly blighted.

VAVAS. Just like Reginald—always doing things at the wrong time. Why couldn't he have his measles after the season.

LADY M. Yes, it is the only resource! Mr. Vavasour, (*turning suddenly to him*) Are you willing to clear yourself from embarrassments, to preserve our position in the county, to keep Cleve Abbey in the family?

VAVAS. Willing! Only tell me how it is to be done.

LADY M. By marrying Lilian to this Mr. Brown.

VAVAS. Matilda!

LADY M. The man holds the mortgage on the property. It rests with him to force a sale or prevent one. By this means—and this only, I see a way to redeem the family fortunes.

VAVAS. What! marry Lilian to one of these money-grubbers? It's enough to make all the Vavasours rise from the family vault, to forbid the banns.

LADY M. It is our duty to sink our own feelings in the interests of our children. Stanhope must marry a fortune, to keep up the old name—Lilian must sacrifice the old name, to marry a fortune. What does it matter, after all, whether Cleve Abbey descends in the male or female line?

VAVAS. It will be a bitter pill; but I suppose it is a law of nature that these money-grubs should eat up the good o'd family trees. But how are you to bring this unnatural match about? Lilian's her father's girl all over, she hates a snob.

LADY M. Mr. Brown is not a snob, Marmaduke. He is one (*rises*) of England's merchant princes—one of the class which has made of this tiny island an empire on which the sun never sets! (*crosses, R.*)

*Enter* LILIAN, *door, L. U.—crosses to* LADY MATILDA.

VAVAS. Good gracious, Matilda! Have you been to the Manchester school, too?

LILIAN. Bertie's writing his letter, mamma. But I've been thinking of such a difficulty: one can't be presented in mourning!

LADY M. No, Lilian; we must give up the season in Town altogether.

LILIAN. (*ruefully*) Give up the season, and all the delights I've been dreaming of so long—operas and balls, picnic parties, Rotten Row, and the Zoo on Sundays? Oh, I could cry with disappointment.

LADY M. I sympathise with you, my poor child—but proper feeling must be shown on these occasions.

LILIAN. (*to* LADY MATILDA) But you know we didn't care a bit about cousin Reginald in his life-time, (*LADY MATILDA holds up her finger—LILIAN turns to* VAVASOUR) and I call it downright hypocrisy to shut up ourselves in black now he's gone! (*crosses, L.*)

VAVAS. Very true, Lilly—very true, but one mustn't say so.

LADY M. You must remember, Lilian, family mourning is one of the usages of good society. My dear Marmaduke, we are neglecting our visitor.

VAVAS. (*aside*) What a woman that is! Got a reason for everything. *Exit, window, R.*

LADY M. (*R.*) Lilian, this unfortunate affair not only destroys the pleasure of your season—it is likely to seal the ruin of your family. I feel I may trust you. Your father is deeply, nay, desperately involved. I had counted on arranging a brilliant marriage for you before this was discovered. It can't be kept back another year.

LILIAN. I know what you wished, mamma, and I wished it too, so much, that I might keep up the old place, and help Stannie with his steps—and get papa out of these weary money troubles. Girls are so useless

generally, and I felt so proud of going out to set everything right.

LADY M. My brave affectionate girl, your chance may be damaged, but it is not desperate—only be guided by me.

*Enter VAVASOUR with BROWN, window, R. C.*

VAVAS. I must hand you over to the ladies, Mr. Brown, while I write my letter of condolence. (BROWN bows)  
Poor Lilly! *Sighs and exits, R.*

LADY M. Here's a young lady been making humble confession—and begging me to ask absolution for her sauciness last night.

BROWN. Plenary absolution, (*crosses to C.*) if Miss Vavasour will accept it at my hand. (*offers his hand*)

LILIAN. I'm afraid I was very rude.

BROWN. It seemed to amuse you, and it didn't hurt me.

(LILIAN goes to piano, and sits)

LADY M. Well, I must leave Lilly to prove her penitence, as it is close on post-time. You have heard of our sad family bereavement—our first cousin—Lord Bearholm's only son—

BROWN. I understand from Mr. Vavasour that you had not been on terms for some years.

LADY M. Yes. How any shadow of past unkindness deepens the melancholy of such a moment!

(wipes her eyes, and exits, door, R.)

LILIAN. (*playing piano*) I wish I could feel as mamma does, but I never saw cousin Reginald—and one can't pretend to care much about a man one never saw, can one?

BROWN. I hope not. (*goes to her*)

LILIAN. I confess, I do feel dreadfully sorry for the loss of the London season—

BROWN. Regret London—with such a beautiful place as this? Why, I think Cleve Abbey would reconcile me even to the loss of Liverpool!

LILIAN. Oh, please don't compare London to Liverpool! Why, London means pleasure, gaiety, society, triumphs!

BROWN. And Liverpool means business. I dare say you think it odd a man should miss ledgers and dock



warrants, noisy wharves and dingy offices, but these have been my life, you know.

LILIAN. How awfully dull you must have found it.

BROWN. Not half so dull as what you call amusement. I'm afraid I'm spoilt for an idle man. Why, even if I lived in the country, I fancy I should settle down into something like a gentleman farmer.

LILIAN. Oh, but a gentleman farmer's life is perfection. Sit down. (*they sit*—BROWN, L. and LILIAN, R. C.) pottering about the fields on a hundred guinea cob, baiting one's bailiffs, sowing the crops, and grumbling at the weather; and then think of the darling little lambs, and the lovely calves, that poke their dear little wet noses into one's hands.

BROWN. (L. C.) Ahem! I'm afraid that's young lady farming. I think I should go in for pigs—short-haired, black Berkshires.

LILIAN. (R. C.) Oh! I'm very fond of pigs, too. I do think a fat round small-eared quite lovely! Then there's hunting, and shooting, and riding into the justice meetings, and looking after the schools and the old women——

BROWN. I don't know so much about the old women!

LILIAN. And feeling one's-self welcome in every hall, farm-house, and labourer's cottage for ten miles round. Oh! if I were only a gentleman farmer——

BROWN. I'm afraid that's out of the question; but you might help to transform me into one.

LILIAN. You?

BROWN. Yes, I've been thinking of buying an estate.

LILIAN. In this county?

BROWN. Yes; in this immediate neighbourhood.

LILIAN. But there's no place in the market, hereabouts.

BROWN. There may be one, shortly.

LILIAN. I'm so glad.

BROWN. Thank you!

LILIAN. Oh, no—it's thank you! In the country one's always thankful for a new neighbour.

BROWN. My acquaintances, the Bunters, don't seem to have felt themselves particularly welcome.

LILIAN. Oh! they seemed so satisfied that their money was to open all the doors in the county—no wonder people took a pleasure in shutting them in their faces. You must own that poor Mr. Bunter is an unmistakeable "cad." (BROWN *raises his eyebrows*) And his wife—well, she's a caution for snakes! (BROWN *opens his eyes still wider, after a slight pause*) That's what Bertie calls them—Bertie, my cousin. He's here, reading for the Civil Service examination. I'm coaching him in his English history.

BROWN. And he's giving you lessons in the English language.

LILIAN. (*reading his look*) Have I said anything very dreadful?

BROWN. Well, "cad" and "a caution for snakes" are rather strong expressions for a lady.

LILIAN. I like words there's no mistake about.

BROWN. I should have thought there might be some mistake about words of that sort in a lady's mouth.

LILIAN. (*rather hurriedly and hotly*) Naturally, we old families don't choose to be walked atop of by these pushing *parvenus*. They seem to forget there are things money can't buy.

BROWN. Will you tell me what they are?

LILIAN. (*proudly*) The dignity of an old name; the associations of long descent; the recollections of a stately past! What should people who can't identify their great-grandfathers know of these?

BROWN. I admit, the past is yours, Miss Vavasour; but how about the future?

LILIAN. The future can't belong to people like the Bunters, or it wouldn't be a future.

BROWN. I rather think it belongs more to those whose brains and hands shape the world about them, than to those who stand on the dignity of old names.

LILIAN. You cannot be expected to feel as I do on such points. (*rises, and goes to piano*)

BROWN. No. I can't identify my great-grandfather; he is lost in the large family of Browns. (*rises*) It's a comfort, though, to think one must have had a great-grandfather.

*Re-enter* LADY MATILDA, *door, R.*

LADY M. Now, Mr. Brown, I'm quite at your service for the fernery. I hope Lilian has made her peace with you.

BROWN. (*crosses to* LADY MATILDA) I wasn't aware there had ever been a war.

LADY M. Even if there had been, I don't think Lilly would have been a very implacable enemy. (*aside to him*) The sweetest temper, Mr. Brown! Ah, you can make allowances for a mother's weakness.

*Exeunt* LADY MATILDA and BROWN, *window, R. C.*

LILIAN (*at piano, playing*) I don't like him a bit! What right had he to find fault with my language, and to sneer at ancestors? Why is mamma so civil to him, I wonder? I'm sure I hope we shan't have him for a neighbour.

*Enter* GANTRY, *door, L. 1 E., with cards on salver.*

GANT. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bunter, Miss, and Mr. Blasenbalg.

LILIAN. I'm sure mamma's not at home to them. Say everybody's out, Gantry.

*Enter, on* GANTRY'S heels, MR., MRS., and MISS BUNTER, and BLASENBALG, *door, L. 1 E.—GANTRY, exits, L.*

MRS. BUNT. It's only us, Miss Vavasour. We've brought back the fan you left last night in the carriage.

BUNT. Country neighbours, and no ceremony, you know. (*rubbing his hands*) Mrs. B. was all for pasteboard, but my rule is—where I call, I come in.

LILIAN. How d'ye do, Miss Bunter? I'm glad to see you're not looking a bit the worse for the ball.

BUNT. Let's see! you don't know Mr. Berthold Blasenbalg. (*BLASENBALG bows profoundly*) My Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Commissioner of Works, and Head of the Science and Art Department, rolled into one.

BLASEN. Go along with you! Perhaps you didn't know Bunter was such a wag, Miss Vavasour. Humour is his strong point.

BUNT. Don't blush, B. Though you mightn't think it

to look at him, I don't know a man who knows more than my friend B. B. I ain't given to exaggeration; when Benjamin Bunter says a thing, he means it.

BLASES. (*aside to BUNTER*) Now's my time. I'll take a squint round, and reconnoitre the ground a bit.

BUNT. (*aside to him*) Go and squint! (BLASES *goes up and out, window, R. C.*)

LILIAN. Mamma will be sorry not to see you, but a death in the family prevents her receiving you to-day.

MRS. BUNT. A death in the family? Might I ask which branch—the Shortlands or the Bearholms?

LILIAN. My cousin, Reginald Fitz-Urse, has died suddenly.

MRS. BUNT. The Honorable Reginald Fitz-Urse dead; and only two years married—and no children yet, if I remember! Pray tell her ladyship how much we feel for her.

BUNT. Ah, we are cut down as a flower!

LILIAN. Mamma will be so sorry not to see you!

BUNT. Assure her, Miss Vavasour, the regret is mutual. (*glibly*) It's true, we're not members of the same order. You belong to the old landed gentry; I'm a self-made man. Not that I blush for it! Maria, there, will tell you Benjamin Bunter don't care who knows he came into the City of London a ragged boy, without a shoe to his foot, and the sum of THREE PENCE (*emphasizing each word*) IN COPPER in his pocket. But I had had good parents, and I hope I honour 'em. They taught me to read, write, and to cypher. I 'ad henergy—though I say it—and hindustry; and I rose, ma'am, by little and little, to the proud position of the 'umble individual who now stands before you.

MRS. BUNT. Really, Mr. B., I don't see what call you've got to go back like that.

BUNT. Because I've come forrard like this, Maria, and we are told it is good not to be puffed up.

MRS. BUNT. (*going up stage—LILIAN follows*) What a beautiful place you have here, Miss Vavasour—only, if I were you, I would get rid of them nasty shabby ruins.

FANNY. Oh, mamma! How can you suggest such a thing? I adore ruins; they speak to me with the voices

of the past! (to LILIAN) I am sure you hear them—even now! Hark! (*sentimentally looking off, r. c.*)

LILIAN. It's only the wind in the chimneys. Yes, I like ruins.

MRS. BUNT. (*down, l.*) So I see, by the furnitur'. I like things that look like the money you've put into them.

BUNT. (*sententiously*) Everything has its place, Mrs. B. Old families and old furnitur', like their's—modern hopulence with modern elegance, like ours.

LILIAN. (*aside*) Oh, I shall die of these people! Why don't they go?

MRS. BUNT. But one thing I should like to see, while we are here—that's the gardens and the glass. B. is all for glass—

BUNT. And iron, Maria. Glass and iron are, I often say, the right and left 'ands of 'orticulture. Thanks to them and 'ot-water pipes, we can conquer climate and annilliate the *helements!* I've three acres under glass at Beaumanor Park; three-quarters of a mile of fernery; and our forcing 'ouses are considered equal to Chatsworth—at least, so my gardeners tell me. I don't pretend to know—still less, boast! What is man, that he should set up his 'orn? A poor worm!—you're here to-day, and gone you are to-morrow!

LILIAN. I'll send one of the men to show you the gardens. (*aside*) For what I have escaped may my stars make me truly thankful! *Exit, door, r.*

FANNY. (*looking at cabinet, c.*) Oh! mamma—papa, do come and look at this lovely buhl!

BUNT. A bull, my dear? Not in the flower garden, surely?

FANNY. (*deprecatingly*) Oh, papa! (*comes down, r.*)

BUNT. I'll be bound it's only one of them little Breton cows, tethered on the lawn.

FANNY. (*contemptuously*) Who mentioned cows? I said buhl, papa—B, U, H, L—buhl!

BUNT. No, Fanny, fashion may change some things, but B, U, double L still spells "bull," all the world over.

FANNY. Oh, it's no use talking to papa! Do look, mamma, at this lovely bit of marqueteric. (*looking at cabinet, c.*)

BUNT. Ah! a bit of marketry! That's something like! 'Tain't often you take an interest in anything like house-keeping.

FANNY. Oh, this is too barbarous! (*she and Mrs. BUNTER look at furniture together*)

*Re-enter BLASENBALG, window, R. C.—down, L.—he takes BUNTER aside.*

BLASEN. De eisen is all right, sure enough, in de mountain limestone. Such beautiful kidneys! pot-holes full of dem! All von mit de Saxon and Furness Hæmatites. De iron is dere—a mine of wealth under our feet!  
(*Mrs. BUNTER takes out her "Pocket Peerage," and thumps it to place*)

BUNT. Under our feet—eh? We must manage to get the kidneys into our pockets. I say, Brown's been poking his nose about the place. Suppose he was up to snuff, as well as you and I!

BLASEN. Snuff? Snuff of a candle. Brown knows nothing. I've sounded him. (*goes up, L.*)

MRS. BUNT. (*coming down, R. C., with her "Pocket Peerage"*) Yes, I'm sure it's him. (*appealing to BUNTER*) My dear, you know that Mr. Bertie Fitz-Urse, that was so attentive to Fanny last night—

FANNY. (R. C.) And waltzed so beautifully, mamma?

MRS. BUNT. (C.) That very elegant young man, you know!

BUNT. (L. C.) Elegant—eh? Keeps an account at the Bank of Elegance, I should say, and nowhere else. What about this elegant party?

FANNY. Party!

MRS. BUNT. Now Lord Bearholm's only son is dead, he's next for the title, after the Honourable Mrs. Reginald's baby—supposing she has one.

FANNY. There was something very distinguished about him.

BUNT. And if he *is* next to the title, Maria, what's that to us? We ain't members of a bloated aristocracy. I hope me and mine reckon such distinctions at their proper value.

"The rank is but the guinea stamp.  
The man's the man, for a' that."

BLASEN. A noble sentiment—that!

BUNT. The sort of thing that comes home to a man's business and his bosom—that does.

“The man's the man, for a' that.”

(BUNTER and BLASENBALG go up, L.)

MRS. BUNT. All the same—it's a pleasure to know who's who.

FANNY. And where do we find so much elegance and refinement as among the aristocracy?

BERTIE. (*from within—opening door, L. v., and coming down with letter in his hand*) I say, Lilly, how d'ye spell “sympathy”—“i” or “y”? I beg your pardon! (*seeing the BUNTERS—crossing to FANNY*) None the worse for the ball, Miss Bunter? (*shakes hands—bows to BUNTER*) I'd no notion there was anybody here.

MRS. BUNT. Miss Vavasour will be back directly. She's kindly offered to show us the gardens.

BERTIE. Oh, I say, Mrs. Bunter, let me show you.

MRS. BUNT. Oh, we couldn't think of presuming—

BERTIE. Delighted—honour bright! I've nothing to do.

*Re-enter LILIAN, door, R.*

LILIAN. Nothing to do, sir? How dare you say that?

BERTIE. Nothing I like doing, I mean.

BUNT. While you ladies are among the flowers—your native element, as I may call it—me and my friend here will take a turn round the Home Park. What is there like the works of natur'—especially under steam cultivation, “abroad in the meadows”—eh, B.?

BLASEN. To view de young lodes—eh, B.?

*Exeunt BUNTER and BLASENBALG, door, L. 1 E.*

BERTIE. (*to FANNY*) Like flowers, Miss Bunter?

(*MRS. BUNTER and LILIAN go round—LILIAN showing Mrs. BUNTER the furniture*)

FANNY. I adore them! As Ruskins says, “They are a revelation!” Don't you feel they are a revelation? What sweet society—even in the hedgerow weed!

BERTIE. Yes, one never feels lonely with a weed.

FANNY. And to think there are people who cannot appreciate their fragrance!

BERTIE. Can't stand 'em, even in the open air.

FANNY. As Wordsworth says—

“A primrose on the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more!”

BERTIE. (*repeating, mechanically*) “Nothing more!”  
(*aside*) I wonder what the deuce it should have been.

(*they stroll into the garden, through window, R.—  
during this conversation, MRS. BUNTER has been in  
animated conversation over the “Pocket Peerage”*)

MRS. BUNT. (*R. of table, C.*) I declare, Mr. Fitz-Urse and Fanny have walked off tatur-tatur!

LILIAN. (*L. of table, C.—pointing off, R. C.*) There's a gardener at your orders.

MRS. BUNT. (*goes up, and looks into garden through window, R.*) And if yonder ain't your ma' and Mr. Brown, of all people! I must say, I think Brown would have shown better taste to have kept away. But some people has no delicacy. (*coming down, C.*)

LILIAN. (*sits R. of table, C.*) I don't understand why Mr. Brown should feel any delicacy. Do you mean after me snubbing I gave him last night?

MRS. BUNT. I mean, considering the money he has lent your papa on mortgage, and that your papa hasn't found it convenient to pay him. In course, money will be tight; as Bunter says—“it is it's nature to!”

LILIAN. Papa owe Mr. Brown money?

MRS. BUNT. You see, Bunter makes it his business to know these things. No saying he mightn't bid for the property himself, when it's for sale.

LILIAN. For sale?

MRS. BUNT. But perhaps Brown mayn't be so pressing as some people. I shouldn't wonder if your ma' talked him over. It's wonderful how women can talk men over, when they give their minds to it. The cheques I've swindled Bunter out of—often and often—and you'd think, to look at him—

LILIAN. I think your daughter is beckoning to you.

MRS. BUNT. (*going towards window*) I do hope, for your sake, my dear, that your pa' won't have to sell the property. Perhaps I'd better not go to your ma', as she's



got Brown on hand. Two's company, you know—three's none!

*Exit Mrs. BUNTER, window, R.*

LILIAN. Can this be the truth? Now I understand mamma's reason for treating him so civilly. Sell Cleve Abbey! Leave the dear old place! It will kill poor papa!

*Re-enter BROWN, window, R. C.*

BROWN. (*down, R.*) Lady Vavasour insists on our changing good-byes. She will have it there's a cloud between us, though I told her you were ready to give me a lesson in gentleman-farming. (*sees the grave look on her face*) Eh! Miss Vavasour, if you look so grave I shall begin to think your mamma was right.

LILIAN. (*seated L. of table, L.*) I know now what you meant when you spoke of buying an estate here. It was Cleve Abbey! Oh! tell me—do you think papa will be forced to sell it?

BROWN. I beg your pardon; I don't think that's a subject for you and me to enter on.

LILIAN. I see; you think me a silly girl, like all the rest of them.

BROWN. No—indeed!

LILIAN. Then prove it, by answering my question. Do tell me—do!

BROWN. I'm afraid your father is too much encumbered to clear himself without— (*pausing*)

LILIAN. I understand. He will have to sell the Abbey—and you mean to buy it?

BROWN. Of course you will hate me for that?

LILIAN. Somebody must buy it.

BROWN. I wish there was anything I could do to expiate my offence. If you would only tell me—anything you wished seen to—

LILIAN. (*after an effort, and collecting herself*) I hope you'll keep up the old garden, and the maze, and the old sun-dial with the broken nose, and the fish-pond—it's full of duckweed and there are no fish in it, but please don't have it filled up.

BROWN. Certainly not. I'll have the duckweed kept in and the fish kept out—religiously. I'll change nothing you wish left as it is.

[ACT 1.

LILIAN. Thank you so much! And there's the schools—you'll look particularly after them?

BROWN. Oh, that'll be a job after my own heart! I'll have a thoroughly efficient master and mistress——

LILIAN. Oh, but you must keep the old ones!

BROWN. Are they up to the mark?

LILIAN. I don't know; but they've been there ever since I can remember. And there's the old women in the Vavasour Almshouses. How they'll miss me on Wednesdays!

BROWN. I'm afraid I can't make up for that disappointment.

LILIAN. Well, I think tobacco would go a long way or tea.

BROWN. I'll try both. Anything else?

LILIAN. The old thoroughbred brood mare, and Nep, my black retriever—they are past moving. And then there's the old lame peacock, with one eye. I shouldn't mind leaving them, if you'd promise to take great care of them all.

BROWN. I'll be as good as a father to them. I promise you that.

LILIAN. I think—what you promise you mean.

BROWN. You may rely on that. Anything more? (*takes her hand*)

LILIAN. Nothing—thank you! (*pause*) Good morning!

BROWN. (*after pause*) Good morning, Miss Vavasour! (*goes slowly up to window*)

LILIAN. (*breaks down in a fit of sobbing*) Oh, I can't bear it! (*falls on chair, r. of table, c.*)

BROWN. (*turning back, hastily*) Miss Vavasour, why have you exposed yourself and me to this? Compose yourself! I feel for you—all—very deeply! (*takes her hand, soothingly*)

(LADY MATILDA appears at window, r. c., from r.)

LADY M. What's the meaning of this? (*seeing the state of the case, she turns rapidly to the BUNTERS, who are approaching from l. side of window*) To the right, if you please, Mrs. Bunter. That is the magnolia I particularly wish you to admire!

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Croquet Lawn in the ruins of Cleve Abbey. The Lawn, with its clumps of bright flowers and close-shaven turf, fills the interior of the ruin—at either side are the transept arches, giving glimpses here and there of the park, and serving for entrance and exit—the trees grow over among them—at the back, the great west window arch, with a few broken mullions, hung with ivy, and on the R. and L. lancet windows—through all these the country is seen—the great window is practicable, being broken away below.*

LILIAN, FITZ-URSE, and FANNY discovered with their mallets—LILIAN is about to croquet FITZ-URSE's ball.

LILIAN. (*croquetting*) One for his heels! (*sends her own ball through last hoop*) There, I'm a rover. (*sings*) I'm at post, I'm at post, and the rover is free!

FANNY. Oh, we've no chance! I give up the game! Mr. Fitz-Urse won't help me a bit.

FITZ-U. Come, I say, haven't I stuck to you like a brick, going up and coming down? But Lilian's too many for us! Let her coach you till Brown comes back, and I'll sit out. (*sits, garden seat, R., and takes out cigar case*) You don't mind a cigarette? (*lighting one*) By Jove! after that awful Civil Service examination, one wants a sedative. (*lying back on seat*) Now, play away, ladies!

LILIAN. Poor dear thing! Do you know, Fanny, I'm sometimes afraid he's suffering from cram upon the brain. It's a very serious complaint, if it strikes in.

FITZ-U. Very. I hope I may get over it—with the help of fresh air, nourishing diet, and cheerful society.

LILIAN. And time. A man can't be expected to get over a rush of facts to the head all at once. Now, Fanny.

FANNY. Oh, I shall be so thankful for a lesson, Miss Vavasour.

LILIAN. If you call me Miss Vavasour again, I'll croquet you beyond redemption. My name's Lilian—just as much as yours is Fanny.

*Enter BROWN, R. 2 E.*

Here comes Mr. Brown, I can give you a lesson both at once. (FANNY gets to R. C.—FITZ-URSE, after saluting BROWN, goes to her)

BROWN. (R.) I haven't mastered the grammar yet.

LILIAN. You are an awful muff! (BROWN looks warningly at her) I beg your pardon—you are very awkward! But Bertie, there, will tell you what a patient master I am—I didn't say "coach," did I?—(FITZ-URSE and FANNY, during this conversation, have got together up, C.) if he was not so very busy telling Fanny something far more interesting to both of them.

FANNY. Those dear wood-anemonies! Oh, do let me show you where they grow! (FITZ-URSE and FANNY stroll out of ruins, R. U. E.)

LILIAN. Come, you shall have the lesson all to yourself.

BROWN. I'm afraid you won't have time to finish it. I am obliged to run away from Cleve Abbey to-day.

LILIAN. Leave us so soon?

BROWN. You forget I've been here three weeks. The days have gone like a dream, somehow.

LILIAN. You see, it's pleasant to be idle sometimes.

BROWN. Yes—sometimes. All depends on the circumstances.

LILIAN. Thank you. (*aside*) I wonder if I'm one of the circumstances.

BROWN. I never thought I could have so enjoyed three weeks doing nothing.

LILIAN. And you really must go?

BROWN. Yes, my partners are peremptory. Thanks to the game of speculation that's now being played on all sides, there's a prospect of what we call at Liverpool very dirty weather on "Change."

LILIAN. I'm sorry for that.

BROWN. Oh, there's a pleasure in storm, too—with a good ship under one, and plenty of sea-room! I rather like battling with a bad time.

LILIAN. If I were a man, I think I should like it too. Oh, look, Mr. Brown! there's that horrid Mr. Blasenbalg.

BROWN. With his rod and creel, as usual.

LILIAN. I wish papa hadn't given him leave to fish our river. He's always fishing, and I don't think he ever catches anything.

BROWN. I think I know where he would be pretty sure to catch something. (*looking at her*)

LILIAN. Oh, yes! I've no mercy on him. Now, shouldn't you say he wanted to give us the slip? He shan't though. Here! Hy! Mr. Biasenbalg!

BROWN. (*half to himself*) Well, he does look uncommonly like a cat that knows he's been after the chickens.

*Enter BLASENBALG, with his rod in his hand and his creel on his shoulders, L. 3 E.—at the same time, enter SERVANT, L. 2 E.—he moves table and two chairs to L. 1 Es' and then takes up croquet mallets and hoops, and goes off with them, R. 3 E.*

BLASEN. Good morning, Miss Vavasour! Morning, BROWN. (*salutes him*)

LILIAN. I hope you've had good sport, for once.

BLASEN. H'm! so—a leetle (*easing his creel, as though he felt the weight*)

LILIAN. A little? Why, I declare you can scarcely carry your basket! You never caught that weight yourself?

BLASEN. Ja! I always fish by mine zelf.

BROWN. (*looking at his rod*) I should think you had been spearing them, with that uncommon stiff spud at your butt.

BLASEN. (*slightly confused*) De spike is a plan of my own, zo I can stiek him in de grass and wait.

BROWN. Yes, I've watched you.

BLASEN. (*suspiciously*) Eh! watched?

BROWN. At the water, I mean. I never saw you throw a line straight yet.

BLASEN. Aha! I have mein own ways to make de fish bite.

LILIAN. Oh, I know—it's ground bait.

BLASEN. Ja, ja! It is ground bait! ha, ha!

LILIAN. But that isn't fair fishing. (*to Brown*) Is it? Let us look at your catch. (*tries to take creel off his shoulders*)

BLASEN. (*trying to prevent her--gets c.*) No, no! Excuse me, Miss Vavasour. Mein fish are too leetle.

LILIAN. Oh, we never allow anything to be killed under half a pound. Come, turn them out.

BLASEN. (*still struggling to prevent the opening of his creel*) Leetle—dat is—for salmon, but big for drout. So ganz big for drout, Himmel! I must go—I must go in de drain.

LILIAN. In de drain?

BROWN. Wants to run to earth, like a fox.

BLASEN. Nein, nein! in de drain—de railway, you know—back to Herr Bunter's haus.

BROWN. Oh! you've plenty of time. Come, lady's will is law here, you know! (*takes creel, opens it, and throws out lumps of ironstone*)

LILIAN. Weeds and stones! But where are the fish? (*looks into creel*) Not so much as a tittlebat.

BROWN. (*picking up lump of ironstone*) I didn't know you were a geologist—eh?

BLASEN. Ach! zo! a leetle! I look for de vlints and de slakes as was de tools and de arms of de vor historisch mensch. De men who was before de world.

BROWN. (*handling lump of ironstone*) Hum! I should say the men must have been decidedly behind the world who used tools like these. Let me help you to put them back. (*in aiding BLASENBALG to refill creel, BROWN retains some of the ironstone, unobserved*)

BLASEN. You know, Miss Vavasour, de German is vot you call "in de cloud"—always for study—study, not so for sport or moneymaking as de Englanders. Goot day! (*crosses, R.*) Now must I into de drain (*aside*) All is safe! I have blind dem! *Exit, R. 1 E.*

LILIAN. Now, who but a benighted foreigner would ever waste his time in picking up stones in that way?

BROWN. (*weighing ironstone in his haul*) Some people have no idea of the relative value of time and stones. (*to himself thoughtfully*) As heavy as lead! (*looking off, L.*) See, here comes your mamma.

LILIAN. How bright she looks! Isn't she a dear—kind mamma?

BROWN. A model for mothers.

*Enter* LADY MATILDA, L. 1 E.

LADY M. Ah, Mr. Brown! Such news, Lilian. Fitz-Urse passed with flying colours!

LILIAN. Then give me joy, everybody, for I coached him.

LADY M. (*kissing LILIAN*) How happy this must make you! (*to BROWN*) Fitz-Urse owes everything to her.

LILIAN. And all the payment I ask, is—that I may be allowed to take him the good news.

LADY M. Go, my love.

BROWN. Allow me first. (*plucks a sprig of laurel, and places it in LILIAN'S hat*) In the old times, when there were coaches, I've heard my father say, they used always to stick laurels about the coach that carried news of a victory.

LILIAN. Oh, mamma! (*laughing and singing*) "See where the Conquering Hero comes." (*running off, L. U. E.*) Here, Bertie, I want you! *Exit, laughing, L.*

LADY M. (*looking proudly after her*) You can understand how a mother must cling to such a daughter.

BROWN. I should think you would quite hate the man who would rob you of such a treasure.

LADY M. Luckily, Lilian is still heart-whole—let me hope she may long remain so.

BROWN. Then you don't think she has any—(*pausing*) I mean—she hasn't told you—that is—I mean. I beg your pardon, I'm afraid I can't say what I *do* mean.

LADY M. For the first time, I should think. Come, what is it?

BROWN. I'm obliged to leave you to-day.

LADY M. Leave us?

BROWN. You've made me only too much at home among you.

LADY M. Could we do less in return for your forbearance. You have laid us under obligations we can never discharge.

BROWN. Yes, you can—you can pay any debt you owe me ten times over.

LADY M. Indeed! Only tell me how?

BROWN. Let me ask your daughter to be my wife. (*he looks down as if surprised at his own audacity*)

LADY M. (*aside*) At last! (*aloud*) Lillian, your wife?

BROWN. You may well be startled.

LADY M. I must own, the proposal does take me by surprise.

BROWN. Yes, I feel how monstrous it must sound, but don't decide against me too hastily. I think I have some reasons in my favour—

LADY M. (*L.*) One word, before you urge them. (*BROWN gets chairs*) Have you said anything to Lilly?

BROWN. Well, no; but I fancy in these cases, men can express a good deal more without saying—

LADY M. Lillian, is so innocent; so much what I was at her age. (*both sit*) She has had so little of the hard schooling of the world. But, the reasons you spoke of?

BROWN. I'm afraid they are of a kind to be best appreciated by a man of business.

LADY M. Suppose, for once, that I am a man of business?

BROWN. Then I should say it's true I am a plain Liverpool merchant, whose father made his own way in the world, and your daughter is a young lady of old family, and high connexions; that I am an ordinary man, of thirty-three, with my life settled in its grooves, and she's a charming girl of eighteen with all the world before her to choose from. But, on the other hand—(*pauses*) Really, I don't like to blow my own trumpet.

LADY M. Oh, be as candid with me as I should be with you under the same circumstances.

BROWN. If I know myself—I can give my wife a whole and loving heart, and it will be the happiness of my life to make her happy.

LADY M. From all I have seen of you, I quite believe it, I do indeed.

BROWN. Thank you for that. Then looking at the thing from a business point of view—

LADY M. Oh, no, no—really a mother can't look at marriage in that way.

BROWN. Even marriage has it's business side.

LADY M. Well—go on—though I protest—

BROWN. There's a good deal to be said in favour of my offer—profits average fifteen thousand a year, and the house is as safe as the bank. I'm your mortgagee. So long



as I don't absolutely want the money, I should never insist on principal or interest, or even say I bought Cleve Abbey. I should settle it on my wife, and you could go on living here as if nothing had happened.

(LADY MATILDA, *during this speech requires an effort to conceal her satisfaction, as each of her objects is realized*)

Well, don't you think there is something in what I've said—from a business point of view, you know?

LADY M. And you call that a business point of view?

BROWN. What do you call it?

LADY M. One of the most unselfish and generous offers ever made for a woman.

BROWN. Well, it never struck me there was anything out of the way in my proposition.

LADY M. In point of fortune you are all we could desire in a son-in-law, and your generosity has swept away every objection I should, naturally, have raised on the score of position or family.

BROWN. Then I have your consent to speak to Lilian?

LADY M. Yes, and my best wishes. I fear Mr. Vavasour will have a strong prejudice against the marriage, chiefly on social grounds; but I hope to satisfy him that these present no really insuperable difficulty.

BROWN. I'm glad you think that.

LADY M. Yes; I have little doubt—with the aid of my experience and our family connection—of course you would live in Town during the season——

BROWN. Eh? (*looking keenly at her, as if about to interrupt her, but on second thoughts refrains and lets her go on*)

LADY M. With a good house in the right situation, and the entrée into society, we could secure for you—and a circle of acquaintances judiciously chosen. Oh, by the way, have you ever thought of getting into Parliament?

BROWN. Is there any man with a head on his shoulders, and a good balance at his bankers, who has not sometimes thought of getting into Parliament?

LADY M. (*regretfully*) Ah, the House is within the range of most ambitions now. Bearholm is a family seat, or we might fall back on the Shortlands interest, at

Muckinfield. I've no doubt we could bring you in for—let's say two thousand. There's a purity party in the place, so I'm afraid it couldn't be managed for less.

BROWN. I should call that dirt cheap.

LADY M. Once in the House, you are too sensible a man to be always chattering about what you do not understand.

BROWN. Well, that's not my theory of a member's duty. I believe it's the practice with a great many, though.

LADY M. You would speak seldom, and only on questions of trade or commerce—subjects you may be supposed to comprehend.

BROWN. I'm glad there's something I've a right to an opinion on. What a pity you can't be a member.

LADY M. Our turn may come. Then, in a few sessions, with the Bearholm and Shortlands influence, it's quite on the cards that we might manage for you one of the commercial offices—say, the Board of Trade, or the Civil Lordship of the Admiralty. They're always calling out for men of business there.

BROWN. Ah! that coming man—who never seems to be forthcoming.

LADY M. Lilian will do the honours of her house charmingly.

BROWN. That she will.

LADY M. That gives immense prestige to a rising man. (LILIAN sings without, L.) Look, here comes Lilian. (they rise) Good-bye and good-speed! (gives him her hand) You have my full sanction, and I think I may even venture to answer for her father's.

BROWN. You're sure you're not answering for too much?

LADY M. Oh, you may rely upon it, I never take more upon myself than I can carry out! Exit, L. 1 E.

BROWN. Don't you, my lady? Well, considering all you've just promised and vowed in my name, I should say godfathers and godmothers were superfluities.

Re-enter LILIAN, L. C.

LILIAN. (R.) There, I've left Bertie so happy, and Fanny seemed as pleased as he was. Do you know, I think that's a case. I'm so glad—for Bertie's sake. It'll take the selfishness out of him.

BROWN. Or multiply it by two. I sometimes think, when two people are very fond of each other, they don't care a bit about anybody else.

LILIAN. Oh, that's not my idea of love! I should think it ought to be the most unselfish of feelings. Its greatest joy, the giving up of one's own life to be absorbed and guided by another! The right man, of course—  
(*pauses*)

BROWN. Lilian! (LILIAN starts) I beg your pardon, Miss Vavasour.

LILIAN. I like Lilian better.

BROWN. I told you I was going to-day?

LILIAN. Yes, and I told you I was very sorry.

BROWN. I believe that. Will you believe me as I believe you?

LILIAN. I have always believed you. You never chaff, as most men do now.

BROWN. I like serious things said seriously. I've a very serious thing to say to you—the most serious a man can say to a woman. Lilian, I love you! (LILIAN starts) You may well turn away. Tell me it's out of the question, and put me out of my misery.

LILIAN. (*slyly*) Is it such misery?

BROWN. To feel that I've made you uncomfortable, and myself ridiculous?

LILIAN. To know that you have made me very proud and very happy. (*gives h. her hand*)

BROWN. Now, don't play with me. (*sits quickly by her side, L.*) Is it true? (LILIAN is about to answer) Don't speak hastily. You are kind and generous. You have seen how my heart was growing to you—only as a man's can grow whose capital of love has never been dribbled away in the small change of flirtation. Because I love you very much, you are ready to love me a little! I am old, compared to you; not bred in your world. You may repent.

LILIAN. Oh, no, I should never do that! (*gives him her hand*)

BROWN. (*taking her fondly in his arms, and kissing her*) My darling!

LILIAN. (*after a long pause*) Now, tell me—when did you begin to love me?

BROWN. The day I came here.

LILIAN. Oh, you old darling!

BROWN. I wanted to see the property before I bid for it—

LILIAN. (*looks at him*) Eh?

BROWN. Oh, I don't mean you, dearest! I felt a kind of remorse; and when you so sweetly confided to me the old place, and the old people, and the old peacock, and then at last fairly broke down, those tears showed your heart and won mine.

LILIAN. Oh, I did struggle so hard to keep them under! But I'm glad I cried, now. Have you spoken to mamma?

BROWN. Yes—I've her full consent. In fact, she's been kind enough to plan our married life for us. My trade mark is to be got rid of, as burglars punch the cypher out of plate. I'm to be put into the refining-pot and recast into a fine gentleman, with a seat in Parliament, and a post under Government.

LILIAN. But I don't want you recast. I like you better in the rough.

BROWN. I'm glad of that. I'm proud, Lilian, of being a British merchant, and so was my father before me. I'd rather see my name at the head of the Liverpool Exchange List, than at the tail of the fashionable intelligence in the *Morning Post*.

LILIAN. I like to hear you say that.

BROWN. It isn't that I value money for money's sake, Lilian. But think of it's nobler uses. To relieve suffering and to comfort sorrow—to feed the lamp of learning, and to strengthen the hand of art—to foster into fruit the seeds of promise, that neglect might kill—and to crown with comfort the head grown gray in worthy service.

LILIAN. I never so wanted to be rich before.

BROWN. I warn you—you'll have a rival.

LILIAN. A rival!

BROWN. The office! However much I love you, I feel I must stick to business still.

LILIAN. But we should be in London part of the year, shouldn't we?

BROWN. Our home would be in Liverpool.

LILIAN. But you would like to be in Parliament, wouldn't you?

BROWN. Yes, as soon as my own business can spare me for that of the nation ; but if I did go into the House, it would be to forward the public work, not my private interest. Lilly, you know now what you will have to expect with me—an honest man's love, a fortune that will enable me to help your parents, and a home as happy as affection can make it. I'm proud of the name of a British merchant, and married or single, I mean to hold to it.

LILIAN. I'm not afraid to share the life you offer me. I can bring you nothing but myself. I know you will bear with me till I become what your wife should be. *(she gives him her hand—both rise—he clasps her in his arms)*

BROWN. My own sweet Lilian, at last! Oh, I am so happy ; I feel as if I had jumped from the rock of Gibraltar, and come down on a sea of feather beds. I'm the proudest, happiest—hang it, here's somebody coming!

LILIAN. Bertie and Fanny.

BROWN. We don't want anybody just now.

LILIAN. No! How stupid of them to go spooning about in that way. *Exeunt, quickly, L. 1 E.*

FITZ-URSE and FANNY stroll in from R. C.

FITZ-U. Yes. I hope old Bearholm's interest will get me into the F. O.

FANNY. What is the F. O? *(sits on bit of ruin, up R.)*

FITZ-U. *(sitting on her L.)* The Foreign Office—the thing in offices. None but swells at the F. O.—come at one and go at seven. Asked everywhere—up to everything. There's only one thing, F. O. is so deucedly expensive. Salary won't keep a fellow in cigars and cau-de-cologne. I say, Miss Bunter, I've just been thinking—

FANNY. Oh, do tell me.

FITZ-U. I sometimes wish I was one of those other fellows.

FANNY. What other fellows?

FITZ-U. The fellows that make the things in the commercial intelligence. The cotton twist, you know, and the grey shirtings.

FANNY. Mr. Fitz-Urse, I detest the commercial intelligence, and I don't even know what grey hirtings are.

FITZ-U. No more do I, haven't an idea—only I see they seem generally "lively" in the papers you know. I mean I wish I was a money-making fellow myself.

FANNY. Oh, no, no. What inspiration can there be in "Sugar is going down," and "Lead is getting up," and "Money is tight?"

FITZ-U. Oh, yes, it's a curious fact, money always is tight. One can't screw any of it out of anybody without an awful amount of pressure.

FANNY. Oh, if you knew how I loathe money.

FITZ-U. Do you though?

FANNY. I've seen so much of it.

FITZ-U. Ah, I haven't, you know.

FANNY. I have been so made to feel it's miserable insufficiency.

FITZ-U. I've been made to feel that too.

FANNY. Give me art and intellect, sweetness and light, you know—a cottage and a crust—a lovely landscape and the "Stones of Venice." Oh, I could live upon Ruskin!

(*rises and crosses to L.*)

FITZ-U. (*rises*) By Gad! That would come cheaper than the co-operative stores. (*down, R.*) I say, Fanny, you don't mind my saying Fanny—do you, Fanny?

FANNY. (*softly*) No!

FITZ-U. Then, I say, Fanny, look here, if a fellow without a rap, just going in upon ninety pounds a year, you know, with nothing but his brains to look to in the world, was to say, "Will you marry me, Fanny? What would you say?"

FANNY. Oh, Mr. Fitz-Urse.

FITZ-U. If I said so, Fanny, what would you say?

FANNY. Oh, I really don't know how to answer "ifs."

FITZ-U. Well, then, I do say so without an "if," and now, what do you say?

FANNY. Oh, Mr. Fitz-Urse. (*blushing and turning away*)

FITZ-U. I say, say Bertie!

FANNY. Bertie!

FITZ-U. That's "Yes?"

FANNY. (*softly*) Yes!

FITZ-U. There's nobody in sight—if you wouldn't mind it. (*kisses her*) Oh, that's awfully jolly, give us another. (*kisses her*) You'll never leave me for another fellow?

FANNY. Never!

FITZ-U. Oh, but I say, what will your governor say?

FANNY. I think I could coax papa.

FITZ-U. Tell him I've passed. Say it's awfully difficult—takes no end of brains, and such lots of cran. And, I say, it can't do any harm if you tell him I've a chance of a handie to my name—a title, you know.

FANNY. Oh, how very interesting!

FITZ-U. Yes, I may be Lord Bearholm one of these days.

FANNY. Papa's a great Radical; a title will go a long way with him. I expect him here to-day, to take me home.

FITZ-U. Oh, hang it! don't go to-day.

FANNY. You will be sorry?

FITZ-U. Oh, awful!

FANNY. (*very tenderly*) Will you gather me a flower—one little flower?

FITZ-U. Are you particular what it is?

FANNY. No.

FITZ-U. Will you have it wild, or—tame?

FANNY. Wild!

FITZ-U. (*gathers flower from bed, R.*) There—there's a dandelion. Now, what is it for?

FANNY. That I may place it next my heart, as a sweet *souvenir* of the place—the time——

FITZ-U. And the “party”—eh, Fanny? (*insinuatingly*)

FANNY. Oh, my beloved!

FITZ-U. Oh, give me another kiss! (*kisses her, and exeunt lovingly, R. 1 E.*)

*Enter* LADY MATILDA *and* VAVASOUR, L. 2 E.

LADY M. You may rely upon me, Marmaduke. (*sees FITZ-URSE and FANNY off, R.*) Isn't that Bertie with Fanny?

VAVAS. Yes, they seem very confidential. (*suddenly*)  
By Jove!

LADY M. (*calmly*) Eh?

VAVAS. Why, he's got his arm round her waist!

LADY M. (*looking through her eye-glass*) So I see.

VAVAS. By George! he's kissed her.

LADY M. Twice! I think, my dear, it's hardly fair to watch them.

VAVAS. Well, I don't know, considering that the girl's here on a visit.

LADY M. And what else do you suppose I allowed Lillian to ask her for?

VAVAS. What! Invite a girl to your house, that she may take shady walks, with a young fellow's arm round her waist? Well!

LADY M. I brought her here that she might act as a buffer between Bertie and Lillian. The prospect of the title's uncertain, and even if Bertie came into it, he's too silly, and the property too small to trust Lillian's happiness to.

VAVAS. I see. What one may call "natural selection." Money and rank—Brown and Lillian; rank and money—Bertie and Fanny Bunter. Well, I suppose you know best.

LADY M. A few things, perhaps, I do. Marriage is one of them. What other combination could fulfil all the requirements so perfectly? Your extrication from difficulties—Lillian's settlement—our credit in the county—all secured at one *coup*, and an excellent husband for Lillian. Come, come, Marmaduke, smile.

VAVAS. No—hang it, Matilda! I'm willing to swallow the black draught—brown, I should say—if you insist on it, but don't ask me to look as if I liked it.

LADY M. I like it, Marmaduke. Now, go, give them your consent and your blessing, and don't look so wretched about it.

*Enter SECKER, L. 1 E.*

Ah, Mr. Seeker!

SECK. Good morning! I thought I should find Brown here. Here are some letters for him. (*crosses to c.*)

VAVAS. (*crosses to L., and taking letters*) From Liverpool, and marked "Important" and "Immediate." (*crosses to R., at back*) I see. Why, the postmark's three days old!



SECK. (c.) Yes, those idiots at "The Fleece" never thought of forwarding them. Luckily, I saw them in the bar.

LADY M. (r.) Mr. Vavasour was just going to look for Mr. Brown. But first, Mr. Secker, I must ask you to congratulate us.

SECK. I do congratulate you, heartily. What for?

LADY M. All our difficulties are at an end. Mr. Brown has proposed for Lillian. (VAVASOUR groans)

SECK. (aside) Hooked him, by George! (aloud) And you've consented in spite of the business blemish, eh?

VAVAS. (seated on garden seat, r.) Yes. Lillian is very fond of him, and this is no common man, let me tell you. To say nothing of his money, he has—  
(glancing at LADY MATILDA)

LADY M. Fine temper—

VAVAS. And a generous disposition, you must allow that.

SECK. I don't know a man of more worth, or worth more. He comes out both ways. I said if anybody could set things straight, you would—and you've done it beautifully. He's a lucky fellow. He'll have a charming wife.

VAVAS. And an incomparable mother-in-law.

*Exeunt SECKER and VAVASOUR, L. 2 E.*

*Enter GANTRY, L. 1 E.*

GANT. Mr. and Mrs. Bunter, my lady, come to fetch Miss Bunter home, and the German gentleman.

LADY M. Show them here. There's some pleasure in receiving these people now—one can enjoy their vulgarity in the pleasant assurance that Cleve Abbey is safe from their clutches.

*Enter MR. and MRS. BUNTER and BLASENBALG, L. 1 E.*

(affably) So glad to see you.

MRS. BUNT. How do you do, Lady Matilda, this beautiful day?

LADY M. So sorry you are going to rob us of dear Fanny.

BUNT. Yes, Lady Matilda, punctuality is my principle. Fanny is due at Beaumanor Park by 4.30 sharp, that's

the time I fixed, and that's the time to be kep'. So, Maria, if you see that she's packed---

LADY M. She has just gone for a stroll in the Park with my nephew. Suppose we went in search of them?

MRS. BUNT. Proud my lady. B., why don't you *hoffer* my Lady Matilda you? *harm?*

BUNT. Maria—I was a going to. (*offers his arm*) Will you allow me, Lady Matilda?

BLASEN. (*aside to him*) Stay—telegrams—look!

BUNT. (*looking off*, L. 1 E.) Ah, that's the worst of a position, my lady, it's always a following you in *deppytations*, or testimonials, or telegrams, or something.

*Enter MESSENGER, L. 1 E., with telegrams.*

For me, my good man? (MESSENGER *hands several telegrams to BUNTER*) Bother them wires, they're down on you like a flash of lightning. You can wait, my man. (*gives telegrams to BLASENBALG*)

MESSENGER. I've some dispatches here for Mr. Brown, my lady.

LADY M. Then follow me. Come, Mrs. Bunter. (MESSENGER *goes up*, L.)

MRS. BUNT. (*who has been looking at garden*) I can 'ardly drag myself away from this sweet spot. I've often said to B., "Why don't you have our place laid out in ruins like the Habbey," havent I, B?

BUNT. You 'ave Maria, and my regular answer to the remark has been, "Maria, don't be ridiculous."

LADY M. Ah, there are things money cannot buy, old trees, old ruins, old family pictures, and old family pride. You must leave us poor county folks something, to set against your overwhelming advantages. This way, Mrs. Bunter.

*Exeunt MRS. BUNTER and LADY MATILDA, followed by MESSENGER, R. 3 E.*

BUNT. I don't like that woman. Sometimes I feel as if she was insulting of me, and sometimes as if she was an 'umbugging of me, and 'umbug is my aversion. (*to BLASENBALG*) Now, B., what's the news?

BLASEN. (*who has opened telegram*) "From the Manager.

Diddlesex Joint Stock. Received Forty thousand. Price of Shares in Underhand and Goldney. Asks direction for investment." (*looks at another telegram*) Himmel! Sturmwetter!

BUNT. (*severely*) Mr. B., I've reason to believe that's profane swearing, though in the German language. I must beg you won't indulge in it afore me; swearing, even in unknown tongues, urts my feelings as a Christian.

BLASEN. I was only swearing for thankfulness. You shall swear, for thank your luck, when you hear this. (*reads*) "Stock Exchange, 3-10. Great excitement. Underhand and Goldney reported sh.ky. Bears at work."

BUNT. The devil!

BLASEN. That's English! (*reads*) "Reported liabilities—Four millions. Awful panic. Nothing like it since '28."

BUNT. How providential I'd sold out the day before. I'm tiled—nothing can hit me very hard.

BLASEN. How lucky we closed our speculative account for last settling day. (*reads another telegram*) "Panic spread to Manchester and Liverpool. Ten brokers stopped. Brown, Jones Brothers, hard hit, and reported 'groggy.'"

BUNT. Brown, Jones, Brothers! Why, that's Sam Brown, their mortgagee—the party as they've been bottling here for that girl of theirs—the party that stands between me and this magnificent iron-field.

BLASEN. Say between "us," Herr Bunter, I vound him.

BUNT. Yes, you found it, and I'll finance it, and we'll share the profits. (BLASENBALG *appears absorbed in calculations—holding his fingers up*) What do you mean by that? (*imitating him*)

BLASEN. I was thinking out the prospectus of the "Cleve Abbey Hematite Mining and Smelting Company, Limited, Inexhaustible supply of de raw material."

BUNT. "Enormous demand for the manufactured article."

BLASEN. "De Great Midland Coal-field in de immediate naechbarhood."

BUNT. "Railway and Canal carriage within easy distance."

BLASEN. Oh, beautiful! Hush, here's Brown!

BUNT. Oh, Brown! (*they retire behind L. pillar, 1st grooves*)

*Re-enter BROWN, R. 1 E., excited—letter and telegrams in his hand.*

BROWN. Am I awake or asleep? Which can be true, what I was saying, seeing, and hearing half-an-hour since, or the terrible news of the last few minutes? Ruin hanging over our house by a thread! Had these letters reached me in due time, I should have been there in the midst of it all, and what could I have done, I couldn't have stemmed the panic, but I might have done my best to hold the old house against it—I fear it's too late now. (*looks at telegram*) They must have twenty or thirty thousand within twenty-four hours to save the concern, and that was twelve hours ago. My poor Lilly, good bye to you and all my hopes. (*sits on chair, R. C., and hides his face in his hands*)

BLASEN. (*up L. C. to BUNTER*) That forty thousand in de bank make him a bid for the mortgage deed. Vavasours can't pay off. Cleve Abbey is yours!

BUNT. (*squeezing BLASENBALG'S hand*) Bless you, my German. (*coming down, and sits by BROWN'S side, L.*) This is awful news, Brown, awful! It should teach us how unstable are the foundations of earthly prosperity. An 'ouse of sand, my friend—an 'ouse of sand. They tell me you're hard hit.

BROWN. Very hard.

BUNT. You have my sympathy, sir—my Christian sympathy.

BROWN. Thank you for your sympathy. But what we want is ready moncy; precisely what nobody will advance at such a moment.

BUNT. Don't undervalue your species! There's them that always 'as an 'and for the distressed, and an 'eart for the 'elpless. What do you want?

BROWN. Do you mean to say that you'll help us?

BUNT. What do you want? 'Ow much? Give it a name.

BROWN. They tell me forty thousand pounds might tide us over the worst. But it must be had at once.

BUNT. And money is worth anything just now. I'll let you have the forty thousand pounds if you'll transfer the Cleve Abbey mortgage to me.

BROWN. As an advance, you mean ?

BUNT. No ; a price. I never lend--I buys.

BROWN. It's a dead loss of five thousand pounds. But I've no choice. Minutes are worth millions just now. I accept your terms. (*both rise*)

BUNT. Benjamin Bunter ain't the man to let a friend go down without flinging him a rope.

BLASEN. (*aside*) And charging him five thousand pounds for the accommodation.

BUNT. I want no thanks. Tools, B. (*to BLASENBALG—he gives him portable inkstand and pen—BUNTER fills up cheque from his cheque book*) The consciousness that I've done my duty by a fellow creature is its own reward.

BLASEN. (*aside*) And the man half believes it himself. It's vonderful, vonderful !

BUNT. (*still filling cheque at L. table*) Ah, it ain't many at such a moment, that can look into their 'carts and their banker's books, and ask the one if the other can stand forty thousand to help a fellow creature. (*gives cheque to BROWN*)

BROWN. If Mr. Blasenbalg will come with me to Secker I'll give him the deeds. You have made a hard bargain, but what's five thousand pounds for salvage of our good name—if only we can save it. *Exit, R. C.*

BUNT. (*exultant*) I've done the trick, my boy, and a good action into the bargain. (*crossing, L.*)

BLASEN. Yes, you have made a first-rate operation. (*going up, C.*) And drawn against providence for an act of charity. Talk of the Jews ! It's only you Christians manage to get interest like dat. *Exit, R. C.*

*Re-enter LADY MATILDA, R. 1 E.*

LADY M. I'm going to see about some of our rare plants for Fanny.

BUNT. (*L.*) Thank you. I 'ope Fanny's been all she should be during her wisit at the Abbey ?

LADY M. (*R.*) Oh, yes ! I like her extremely, and Lilian and she are great friends.

BUNT. Ah ! I dare say they understand each other. Now, I don't profess to understand Fanny. It seems ard a man shouldn't understand his own child—don't it ? I've

spared nothing on that girl's education. Governesses, finishing schools, the most expensive masters—and the upshot of it all is, she's quite beyond me. She's taken to what they call 'igh art, and 'igh church, and 'igh other things, till she gets that 'igh, you would sometimes think she was never coming down again.

LADY M. Ah! I'm afraid Fanny does run a little into rhodomontade now and then.

BUNT. That's the word, my lady. To tell you the truth, I was afraid of the Abbey for her. It's astonishing 'ow an old 'ouse, or an old pictur', or an old ruin, will get into that girl's head. But if ever we were to live here, I'd 'ave them ruins down pretty sharp.

LADY M. Thank you. As the ruin is a very old friend of mine, I'm happy to think you're not going to live here.

BUNT. Well, things quite as unlikely have happened. Estates will change hands you know, and I think it's on the cards that Cleve Abbey might be in the market one of these days.

LADY M. Mr. Bunter!

BUNT. Come, between you and me and the post, I know. (*puts his finger to his nose*)

LADY M. Mr. Bunter, I don't understand you.

BUNT. Yes, you do. You're a deal too wide awake not to—bless you, it's no secret. All the country knows it.

LADY M. Perhaps all the country does not know, that, whatever may have been Mr. Vavasour's temporary embarrassments, Mr. Brown, who has proposed for Miss Vavasour, is to clear them all off.

BUNT. Brown is, is he? Ah, such is life. Poor Brown.

LADY M. What do you mean by poor Brown?

BUNT. I mean just what I say, that Brown hasn't a brown left to bless himself with. Brown, Jones Brothers, have gone to smash in the panic; or, if they pull through, Brown may thank the money I've paid him for the Cleve Abbey mortgage deed.

LADY M. Mr. Bunter, are you mad, or intoxicated?

BUNT. Me intoxicated? Lady Matilda, I'm not in the 'abit of drinking afore dinner.

*Exit, L. 1 E.*

LADY M. The mortgage in this man's hands! Brown ruined! If this is true, the marriage must be broken off

at once. Lilian's chance must be kept open. Poor fellow! I must manage it with as little pain to him as possible.

*Re-enter BROWN, L. 1 E.*

I hope you got your letters and telegrams?

BROWN. I did.

LADY M. I trust you have not been inconvenienced by their delay?

BROWN. Inconvenienced! That's not the word; give it its right name—say ruined.

LADY M. Ruined! Then Bunter's terrible news is true.

BROWN. Yes; it's the old story in three chapters, Speculation—panic—ruin! At such a time, the innocent suffer for the guilty. It's hard lines—hard lines.

LADY M. It is indeed; I feel for you.

BROWN. When I proposed to your daughter, I was a rich man. Now, I shall have to begin the world again; and the best I can hope will be to reconquer the ground, inch by inch. Worst of all, I can't do what I had hoped here for you. That pains me almost as much as losing Lilian.

LADY M. Losing Lilian! You ought to say Lilian losing you. (*sighs*) Her loss is the greater—I feel it—honestly I do. But you are quite right—this marriage is out of the question now.

BROWN. You think so then?

LADY M. Yes; I am very, very sorry. I began by looking on this marriage as a painful sacrifice. You had brought me to look on it as a blessing for my girl—an honour for her family!

BROWN. Thank you for that. (*shakes her hand warmly*)

LADY M. But you are quite right. Will you tell Lilian, or shall I?

BROWN. Is she to have any choice?

LADY M. (*pausing, then giving BROWN her hand*) You shall ask her. She shall be free to answer. I see her coming. I will leave you. (*crosses R., aside*) I hope—I think I have acted for the best. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

*Re-enter LILIAN, L. 3 E.*

LILIAN. Oh, you truant! I've caught you at last

Papa was so long hugging me, I do believe you were jealous of him. And I'm jealous, sin—very jealous—of all those letters and telegrams.

BROWN. Lillian! (*she looks startled at his manner*) You may well be jealous of them. They have built a wall between you and me—for they tell me I am a ruined man.

LILIAN. Ruined? You?

BROWN. By the chances of the time—no fault of mine.

LILIAN. No fault of yours? I should think not.

BROWN. You accepted a rich man's offer—a poor man has no right to insist upon that acceptance.

LILIAN. (*impetuously*) Rich or poor! (*suddenly pausing*) Oh, mamma, mamma!

BROWN. I understand your looks—your words—your hesitation, as if I were sitting inside your heart.

LILIAN. You are—you know you are!

BROWN. Shall I tell you what I hear there? (*taking her hand tenderly*) "I do not care for money—and I do care for this man."

LILIAN. I do, I do!

BROWN. "But I am not free to follow my own inclination. My mother looks to my marriage to restore the family fortunes. I must sacrifice myself."

LILIAN. Oh, no, no!

BROWN. Yes, I hear that. It's only whispered, but it makes itself very clearly heard.

LILIAN. Oh, must I listen to it?

BROWN. Yes, for it is in your heart, with the other voices, you must decide which you will listen to; but your whole heart must speak if it is to be "Yes."

LILIAN. Oh, I cannot, I cannot! (*sinks into chair, c.*)

BROWN. Then, good bye, Lilly! It's better you should say no more, nor I. Heaven bless you!

*Kisses her on the forehead—then signals to LADY MATILDA, who enters, R. 1 E., and goes to LILIAN.*

LILIAN. Oh, mamma, mamma! (*tableau*)



## ACT III.

**SCENE.**—*At the Seat of the Bunters, Beaumanor Park. A cheerful, large, expensively, but flashily furnished room—range of French windows, r., opening at the back on a conservatory, by large glazed doors—the conservatory is filled with tree ferns, palms, exotics, and statues—modern pictures, in costly frames, on the walls, some landscapes, some historical pictures—rich gold cornices and mouldings—bright chintzes and brilliant draperies, portières, &c. Everything in as marked a contrast as possible with Cleve Abbey, in the 1st Act.*

**SECKER** and **BUNTER** discovered at table, L., with bottle of Maraschino on silver plateau—**BUNTER** pouring out to **SECKER**.

**BUNT.** (r. of table) You must try my Maraschino. It's a splendid article. Stands me in fifteen pounds the dozen. Give me a good thing, I say, (**SECKER** tastes, and smacks his lips) and hang the expense!

**SECK.** (L. of table) Hang the expense! (*finishes glass*)

**BUNT.** (*lying back in chair, r. of table*) Now, let's review the situation. Notice expires at twelve to-day. Brown has transferred his mortgage to me. If Cleve Abbey goes into the market, it's worth but seventy thousand—outside price. But I've a fancy for it, and I can afford to pay for my fancy! So I say to you, "Here's eighty thousand down;" you say to your client, "Take Benjamin Bunter's liberal offer"—and (*confidentially*) I shouldn't at all wonder if you found a five hundred pound note under your plate the next time you tucked your legs under B. B's mahogany.

**SECK.** Well, I must say, you great capitalists have ways with you.

**BUNT.** And means, Mr. Seeker. Give a man ways and means and Christian principles, and there ain't many things that'll stop him.

**SECK.** I should like to know what would stop you. Well, Mr. Vavasour will be here by twelve—

**BUNT.** And Brown has promised to be down with the title deeds, by the express, at 11.30.

SECK. Meanwhile, I'll see my client, and take his final instructions.

BUNT. Exactly. After giving him yours. (*winks at him*)

SECK. (*returning the wink*) Ha, ha! And I've no doubt we shall finish to-day's business pleasantly for everyone concerned.

BUNT. Not a word of this to Lady Matilda. I don't like that woman; she's too sharp and too civil by half. Would you believe it? She's driven herself and Miss Vavasour over in the pony-carriage, and invited herself to lunch—to-day, of all days.

SECK. Ah! there's no accounting for ladies' tastes.

BUNT. Mind, I don't want any fuss about title! Short and sharp is my motto. Money down—conveyance executed—parchments handed over.

SECK. In fact, everything hurried through in the most unlayyer-like manner.

BUNT. Exactly. So I think you and me may say "Done." (*giving him his hand*)

SECK. (*taking his hand, heartily*) Done!

BUNT. And "done" and "done" is enough between two gentlemen.

*Exit SECKER, door, L. 1 E.*

I've bottled the agent! Bravo! Cleve Abbey's as good as mine! (*rubbing his hands*) Iron-field and all—at one-fourth the value! I like bringing these county folks on their marrow-bones. They turn up their noses at honest industry. They look down on B. B.—do they? B. B.'s growing too big to be looked down upon.

*Enter BLASENBALG, with travelling bag and wrapper, door, L. 1 E.*

Ah, Blasey, my boy! Safe back from the great Babylon?

BLASEN. (*getting rid of bag and wraps*) Safe as de bank. With your leave. (*helps himself to Maraschino*) Ah! (*smacks his lips*)

BUNT. You've got the analysis of our ironstone? (BLASENBALG *nods*) Satisfactory?

BLASEN. (L.) Beautiful! Seventy-five per cent. of iron! Near ten over what I reckon.

BUNT. (R.) Bravo!

BLASEN. And I've had my rough map of de lodes made

out by a regular mining draughtsman, and it looks beautiful. Hundreds and hundreds of acres of de stuff.

BUNT. While you've been looking after them in London, I've been squaring the agent here. Now. 'and 'em over.

BLASEN. (*innocently*) Vot?

BUNT. The analysis and the map, to be sure.

BLASEN. Stop! Hadn't we better settle de terms first?

BUNT. Terms? (*BLASENBALG nods*) Between you and me, Blasey, my boy? After the years we've known each other? After the many good things we've been in together? After all our experiences of the blessings of mutual confidence—

BLASEN. And united capital! That sort of thing was all very well while we were blowing bubbles: I start my speculation, and I take my chance! But dis is no bubble; dis is good solid pudding, and I vant my slice of it.

BUNT. And this is gratitude? Do you remember what you were when I took you up?

BLASEN. Vot I vos? Do you remember vot you vos yourself? A poor, crawling, common-place contractor, mit no idea beyond a lucky job and a paying profit—no higher standpoint than the brute forces of hard work and hard money. Who taught you financing? (*BUNTER groans*) Who revealed to you de modern philosopher's stone—a bill-stamp? De alchemy dat transmutes fools' hopes into wise men's profits, and condenses de puffs of a prospectus into golden showers. Dat is vot I taught you. And now he vont pay for de lesson!

BUNT. What of my peace of mind? Have I not paid for it? Quiet sleep, and a calm conscience—that's what I've paid you, Blasenbalg, and it's a heavy price for all I've got by you—if it was ten times as much.

BLASEN. Ah! vords, vords—but I vant hard cash.

BUNT. I thought you didn't believe in it.

BLASEN. I believe in other people's. In plain English—I'm tired of being de cat, and you de monkey. I leave you to burn your fingers mit your own chesnuts, or I will be paid for getting dem out of de fire.

BUNT. How dare you call me a monkey? What's your figure?

BLASEN. Two thousand pounds down on de nail, for the find! If we work de iron, half de profits; if we sell, half de purchase money. I have here de agreement.

BUNT. But the price of the estate is to come out of my pocket.

BLASEN. Well, I'll owe you half de money.

BUNT. Thank you for nothing!

BLASEN. As you please. It is like it, or lump it! I find de iron. I vollow de lodes. I've got de analysis and de map in my pocket. I can go into de market myself. Dere's lots of capitalists who outbid you by fifty tousens.

BUNT. (*sits R. of table, L. C.*) 'This is 'ard! It ain't that I grudge you your share in a good thing, Blasey, my boy, but it's this deplorable want of confidence between man and man. (*about to write cheque—pauses, and rises*) Stop! I've never seen the analysis!

BLASEN. (*laughing sardonically*) "Want of confidence between man and man!" But I will show you. (*takes analysis from his pocket, and shows it to BUNTER*)

BUNT. Yes, it's all right! (*chuckling—is about to take it*)

BLASEN. (*drawing it back—shaking his head*) Ah! a bird in hand, you know—

BUNT. No—how can you? Well, if I must I must. (*sits R. of table—filling up cheque*) But it's taking a mean advantage of one whose conduct to you has always been that of a brother.

BLASEN. And ain't my conduct to you that of a brother? D'ye tink I'd give my brother money's worth, without de money? Nein!

BUNT. (*giving cheque*) There's your cheque, sir.

BLASEN. (*reads cheque to himself*) "Pay to Berthold Blasenbalg, or bearer," &c. (*aloud*) All right! Now for a vash, after my journey. I always likes to keep my hands clean. *Exit, with bag, &c, door, L. 1 E.*

BUNT. Then you'd better give me back that cheque! If there was ever an ungrateful rascal! I wish to goodness I'd never seen his face. But I'm so far in the maze, that I can't find my way out by myself.

*Enter SERVANT, door, L. 1 E.*

SERVANT. The Clerk of the Works, sir.

*Enter* CLERK OF WORKS, *door, l. 1 E.*—SERVANT *takes plateau and bottle off table, and exit with it, l. 1 E.*

BUNT. Ah, Turbit! How are you? How is Mrs. Turbit? Though I didn't see her at chapel last Sabbath.

CLERK. She has her little ones, you know, sir, keeps her at home.

BUNT. Ah, Turbit, neglect of Christian privileges ain't the way to bring a blessing on a family.

CLERK. I've come to ask what's to be done with that clamp of bricks that turned out so bad in the north field, you know, sir.

BUNT. Turned out bad? What, they're no good for the market, eh?

CLERK. (*shaking his head*) Very little I'm afraid, sir. The contractor for Sir Charles Tangent's model cottages has sent them back on our hands.

BUNT. That's very 'ard on me, Turbit, very 'ard! Let's see. I'll tell you what you can do with those bricks. They're building a chapel at Squash End, send those bricks to the committee of that chapel, as a contribution from me, with my blessing on the good work.

CLERK. (*aside—going, l.*) And the bad bricks! He's a nice 'un, he is. *Exit, door, l. 1 E.*

BUNT. Yes, wealth always prospers with those that knows how to use it.

*Enter* MRS. BUNTER, *r. c., with a parcel, down r. of BUNTER.*

MRS. BUNT. (*radiant*) Here it is at last! (*playfully*) now, open your mouth and shut your eyes.

BUNT. (*impatiently*) Perhaps, Maria, you call that playfulness. I call it ridikalousness. What is it?

MRS. BUNT. (*opening case, and taking out pedigree, emblazoned on vellum*) It's our pedigree—straight from the 'Erald's College.

BUNT. Nonsense, Maria—all vanity. 'Ow often must I remind you we ought not to be puff-ed up?

MRS. BUNT. But do look at it, B. (*spreading it out*) Ain't it a duck of a pedigree?

BUNT. If it is a duck, I'll be bound it's brought its bill with it.

MRS. BUNTER. Oh, a bagatelle, quite a bagatelle—only a hundred and thirty.

BUNTER. Only a hundred and thirty! Here, I've just been robbed of two thousand, given away a lot of beautiful bricks—and you must pick my pocket of a hundred and thirty besides!

(MRS. BUNTER crosses, L., and spreads out pedigree on table so that BUNTER can read it)

You're always doing it, Maria. (*impatiently*) It's the last load of straws that breaks the camel's back.

MRS. BUNTER. Nonsense, B., it's cheap at the money. Why the 'Eralds College has been and found our arms.

BUNTER. And I've been and found their hands in my pockets. A hundred and thirty pounds for a bit of parchment and a lot of stuff and 'umbug!

MRS. BUNTER. Stuff and 'umbug? Why, they prove the Bunters was Anglo-Saxons before the Conquest!

BUNTER. Well, I'm glad they've found that out. It's pleasant to know other people had ancestors as well as them aristocrats at the Abbey. (*taking it*) As I shall have to pay for it, I may as well take the benefit. Holla! What's the meaning of them painted Dutch ovens?

MRS. BUNTER. Perhaps it'll tell you if you read it.

BUNTER. (*reads*) "The Bunters, an ancient Anglo-Sax Family, settled originally about Wethering Sett, County of Suffolk." I wonder 'ow they knew that, I didn't. "Their lands were probably confiscated by the Conqueror." Very likely, you see the aristocracy was down on us, Maria, even that early, "owing, no doubt, to the stubborn resistance of the Saxon landowner." I'm glad we resisted. It was 'ighly creditable to us, under the circumstances. I dare say most people of property knocked under. "The family were not prominent under the Plantagenets." No, I never heard we were. A poor lot them Plantagenet Bunters. "Nor are we accurately informed which side they espoused during the wars of the roses." That's a pity. Let's 'ope it was the side that came uppermost. "At the Revolution we find a Bunter, parish constable of Wimmering." You see, Maria, we'd come down by that time, "and the name occurs frequently in Suffolk registers, under the first three Georges, but

without public function." No, we didn't seem to care for public functions—a retiring family, the Bunters.

Mrs. BUNT. But ain't there anything about you, B?

BUNT. Ain't there? What do you think of this, Maria? "The present representative of the family is Benjamin Bunter, Esquire, honourably known in connection with extensive public works, and financial operations in all parts of the world" That's very neatly put. "He is the only son of the late eminent Nonconformist Divine, the Rev. Boanerges Bunter, of Ball's Pond, Islington." Ah, how proud the old man would have been, if he could have read all that, in the coal and 'tatur shed where he worked all the week, afore taking the pulpit at the Sniggs Rents, Ebenezer.

Mrs. BUNT. You don't grudge the money now, B?

BUNT. Well, considering all the trouble they must have taken to find out all them facts about the Bunters, from the Anglo-Saxon before the Conquest, down to Ball's Pond, I don't mind; but you really must go back to my Lady Matilda.

Mrs. BUNT. I say, B., she's been at me again about her nephew and Funny.

BUNT. It won't do, I tell you. The young fellow hasn't a rap.

Mrs. BUNT. But suppose he was to come into the title, B?

BUNT. Suppose his aunt's baby should be a boy?

Mrs. BUNT. We shall soon know. Whatever it may be, it's expected every day, I'm told.

BUNT. Between you and me, Maria, I've tipped the doctor's confidential man to telegraph the result.

Mrs. BUNT. If it's a girl——

BUNT. Time enough to talk about that, when the little event comes off. (*sees LADY MATILDA in conservatory, &c.*) Look, there's my lady, looking as pleasant as if nothing more than luncheon was hanging over her head.

Mrs. BUNT. I must show her them new Bigonias.

*Exit into conservatory, &c., where enter LADY MATILDA, LILIAN and FANNY.*

BUNT. Ah, my lady's uncommonly civil since she knew I held the mortgage deed. She'll find I'm not so easy 'umbugged as Brown.

ACT

SE

BU

" que

Well,

" Fas

" Mrs

" Gir

is of

least,

sound

having

Enter

FA

LAD

Such a

Mrs

span.

year, f

LAD

eye-gla

Mus

Matild

LAD

them)

BUN

'istory

LAD

BUN

aristoc

style.

'umbug

school.

LAD

BUN

you m

Ha, ha

LAD

*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E., with telegram on salver.*

SERVANT. Telegram, sir, and no answer.

*Gives telegram, and exit, L. 1 E.*

BUNT. (*reading envelope of telegram*) "You are requested not to give the messenger any gratuity."

Well, I wasn't going to. (*opens telegram and reads*) "Fashionable Intelligence.—Births.—The Honorable "Mrs. Reginald Fitz-Urse, twins!" (*starts*) Eh? (*reads*) "Girls." Girls? Then I don't mind how many there is of them. They can't sit in the House of Lords, at least, not yet. My son-in-law, Lord Bearholm! It does sound imposing. Next to being a lord one's self is having a lord in the family. The ladies.

*Enter LADY MATILDA and MRS. BUNTER, R., LILIAN and FANNY go into conservatory, and remain conversing.*

LADY M. (*looking round her*) Very gorgeous indeed. Such a brilliant gloss of newness upon everything.

MRS. BUNT. Yes, Bunter likes to see things spick and span. Bless you! He'd order a new coat of paint every year, for every article in the place, if I'd let him.

LADY M. (*superciliously looking at the pictures through eye-glass*) Including the pictures?

MRS. BUNT. (*anxiously*) I hope you admire them, Lady Matilda? They're all B.'s taste.

LADY M. So I should have guessed. (*still looking at them*) Very fine, very fine indeed.

BUNT. Does your ladyship mean the landscapes, or the history subjects?

LADY M. No, I meant the frames.

BUNT. (*angrily, aside*) Admiring the frames! These aristocrats have no taste for art! (*aloud*) Yes, that's my style. None of your smoky old Italian and Flemish 'umbugs for me. Give me the she-doozers of our own school.

LADY M. Ah, you prefer young pupils to old masters.

BUNT. Of course I do. There's R.A.'s! This is what you may call a magnificent ar-ray of first-class talent. Ha, ha! (*laughs triumphantly*)

LADY M. (*blankly*) I beg your pardon.



BUNT. Ar-ray—Royal Academy! (*aside*) What a damn'd fool this woman is!

LADY M. Ah, very neat indeed—when it's explained.

BUNT. (*aside*) Confound her impudence!

LADY M. And your statues, Mr. Bunter—pray do you have them done by contract?

BUNT. Contract? Carrara, every one of them, Carrara!

LADY M. Ah! I fancied there was a sort of family likeness about them. At all events, I am pretty certain I recognize some old friends.

BUNT. No; I bought them all fresh made.

MRS. BUNT. Hot and hot, as you may say, from the studio.

LADY M. Ah, I thought I remembered some of them in the neighbourhood of the New Road. The arts are a great deal to you men of business.

BUNT. Yes; we're a treading in the steps of the Venetians and the Florentines. It was the merchant princes employed the artists there, you know, my lady.

LADY M. And here, thanks to financing and falsification, trade is rising into an art. (*sniffs at her flacon*) Really, I'm so used to the dullness of Cleve Abbey, your bran new splendour quite gives me a headache.

BUNT. Ah, we're used to it. We never have no 'eadaches. It's nothing when you're used to it.

MRS. BUNT. But, my lady, you haven't seen half round the place yet.

LADY M. You call it "Beaumanor Park," I think? Now, I should christen it "Bunter House," if I were you.

MRS. BUNT. Well, Beaumanor Park, does sound old fashioned—

LADY M. (*aside*) And does not sufficiently identify the place with the people. (*aloud*) I'm quite at your service.

MRS. B. This way, my lady. Come, B.

*Exeunt* LADY MATILDA and MRS. BUNTER, R.

BUNT. That woman sets my blood a b'iling. Egad, you would think, to look at her, that she meant to buy us up, instead of vicé versâ! But we're all dust of the earth, 'igh and 'umble—'igh and 'umble.

*Exit after* LADIES, R.

LILIAN and FANNY have entered from R. during this dialogue, and have been standing up C., they now come down.

LILIAN. (L.) The worst thing about your house, Fanny, is that it is all too bright—too gay. I haven't seen a single corner where I could fancy you reading Tennyson, and enjoying a good cry.

FANNY. (*sitting on sofa, R.*) Ah, you should see my oratory—all black draperies, ebony furniture, and the sweetest death's head in ivory. Do come over some morning, and let's revel in, "In memoriam" together. One long sigh, interspersed with sobs.

LILIAN. (*sitting R. of table, L. C.*) I'm afraid I shouldn't appreciate that style of amusement, I'm so dreadfully light-hearted.

FANNY. You should mortify yourself, dear. Keep the fasts and vigils—try bread and water twice a week, and you've no idea how low-spirited you'll soon feel.

LILIAN. I'm afraid I should relapse into coffee and rolls, fish and a cutlet, on the slightest provocation. I've an awfully healthy appetite, as well as a dreadfully light heart; and yet I've reason enough to be sad. (*sighs*)

FANNY. You said "No" to Mr. Brown, didn't you?

LILIAN. Yes, I said "No," but it wasn't from my heart.

FANNY. I said "Yes" to Bertie, and it was from my heart. It was papa said "No" and meant it, and that's a deal worse than saying "No" one's self, and not meaning it.

LILIAN. Shall I give your love to Bertie when I see him?

FANNY. Thank you, dear, but I see him every day myself. He's looking out for my signal now, at the old oak in the park, the "talking oak," as I call it.

LILIAN. Ah, you're a happy girl—you can see the man you love.

Mrs. BUNT. (*outside, R.*) Fanny!

FANNY. Yes, mamma. (*to LILIAN*) Come, dear. (*going, R.*)

Enter BROWN, C., depositing his bag on chair behind table, C.

BROWN. Miss Vavasour!

LILIAN. You here?

FANNY. Mr. Brown! I'll see you are not interrupted.

*Exit through conservatory, R.*

BROWN. I am here, on a business appointment with Mr. Bunter. I came in through the conservatory. You are the last person I expected to see.

LILIAN. Mamma is here. Don't be surprised if she treats you coldly—you have not treated her, or any of us kindly—you have given us no news of yourself.

BROWN. No news is good news. We've pulled through. Do you remember my saying I liked to battle with a bad time? It was a rash thing to say. This has been an awful three weeks. I've sometimes looked in the glass of a morning, to see if my hair hadn't turned white overnight. (*with affected gaiety*) It hasn't, has it?

LILIAN. Oh, don't laugh, it pains me. We have all thought of you very much; but you will come to see us at the Abbey? (*looks round her*) In this house somehow—

BROWN. Everything seems in keeping with the purse-proud snobs—its owners—nothing with you. Yes, I will venture over to the Abbey once more.

LILIAN. Once more?

BROWN. To bid you all good bye, before I leave England.

LILIAN. Before you leave England?

MRS. BUNTER. (*outside, r.*) Miss Vavasour!

LILIAN. (*speaks off, r.*) I'm coming! (*crosses, r.*) I must see you again. I have so much to say to you. Watch till you can speak with me alone.

MRS. BUNTER. (*outside, r.*) Miss Vavasour!

LILIAN. I'm coming, Mrs. Bunter. *Exit LILIAN, r.*

BROWN. Heaven bless her bright face! I don't know whether the sight of it has done more to quicken, or kill my courage. To leave England is little, but to leave Lilian—here comes that snob. I cannot face him so soon after her! *Exit door, l. 1 E., taking his bag.*

*Re-enter BUNTER and FANNY, from r.*

BUNT. Look here, Fanny, while your mamma is showing her ladyship our chany, I want to know what's the matter with you—you are as dull as a mute at a funeral. Do look a little lively, can't you, at least afore visitors?

FANNY. (R.) Do not ask me for smiles, papa, unless it be the smiles that mask a broken heart.

BUNT. (L.) Broken fiddlestick! All because I've said "No" to your silly fancy for this young Fitz-Urse.

FANNY. (*tragically*) Beware, papa, how you drive two young hearts to extremity!

BUNT. Now do be calm, Fanny.

FANNY. (*suddenly turning on him*) Calm! (*crosses her hands on her bosom, à la Mater Dolorosa*)

"And in my breast, if calm at all,  
If any calm—a calm despair."

BUNT. Pooh, pooh! None of them pre-raffe-le-tite attitudes here. Suppose I was to tell you I'd thought better of it?

FANNY. Papa!

BUNT. You seem very fond of him—I'm very fond of you. My happiness is in making other people happy. I'm told he's clever.

FANNY. Oh, so clever! Look how he passed that Civil Service examination.

BUNT. Ah, I never passed one myself, so I don't know what sort of a passage it is. But it shows he's fit for the service of his country. And therefore I say, take him, Fanny, and make the best of him.

FANNY. And you mean that, papa? (*with a gush of emotion*) Bless you! very much bless you! (*kisses him twice*)

BUNT. Ditto—very much ditto. (*kisses her twice*)

FANNY. (*disgusted*) What do you mean by "very much ditto," papa?

BUNT. Bless you! I mean—and take notice I gave you my blessing before the post came in. (FANNY *rushes to the opening, c.*) Nobody'll suspect the telegram. (FANNY *jumping up and waving her handkerchief, c.*) What do you mean by that? (*imitates her signal*)

FANNY. (*blushing*) That's for Bertie, papa.

BUNT. Why, do you mean to tell me he's there, on the look out?

FANNY. Yes, papa.

BUNT. And that you've been in the habit of doing that sort of thing? (*imitating her*)

FANNY. Yes, papa.

BUNT. And that you would have gone on doing that sort of thing, if I hadn't given my consent?

FANNY. Yes, papa. (*down, L.*)

BUNT. (*severely*) Well, Fanny, if this is what you call "honouring your father and mother"—

FANNY. How could I honour my father and my mother more than by giving them such a son-in-law?

BUNT. But how about his principles—his principles and his piety? How about them, Fanny?

FANNY. He will have me, papa, to guide him to the sweet symbolism of Nature, and the chastening discipline of the Early Church.

BUNT. Well, I hope he'll like it!

FANNY. I must tell mamma. If Bertie comes, papa, say I'll be back directly. *Exit, R.*

*Enter FITZ-URSE, C., from L.—runs down, L., not seeing BUNTER till down, L.—he starts back a little at seeing BUNTER.*

FITZ-U. (*L.*) The governor! Oh! I say, I didn't expect to see you, you know.

BUNT. No, sir; you expected to see Miss Bunter. (*with affected sternness*) The sight of an indignant parent may well startle you. I know all—your signals and your rendez-vous-ing. You weren't far off, it seems.

FITZ-U. Only in the Park, sir, under the big oak, like—what's his name—Charles the 12th, you know. Always am there at twelve, looking out for this sort of thing. (*waves his handkerchief*) One for "come," two for "don't."

*Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.*

SERVANT. (*announcing*) Mr. Brown, sir, by appointment. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

BUNT. (*with dignity, to FITZ-URSE*) Go, young man, and join the ladies. (*Fitz-Urse crosses to R.*) No more of those clandestine proceedings. You have my permission to address Miss Bunter as an accepted suitor.

FITZ-U. No—have I though? I wish you'd told me before. It's been very damp under that tree, and doosed slow, waiting for this sort of thing. (*waving handkerchief*) One for "come," and two for "don't." By-by, Bunter!

*Exit, R.*

*Re-enter BROWN, L. 1 E., with bag—shown in by SERVANT*  
—BROWN places bag on table, L.

BUNT. Ah! my dear friend. Glad to see you! You've had an early journey. I suppose you'd like a little breakfast. We mustn't quite neglect the carnal man. (to SERVANT) Montmorency! (SERVANT bows) Breakfast for Mr. Brown, in my study. (SERVANT bows, and exit, L. 1 E.) You'll be snuggest there. Well, I was glad to see you'd escaped the "Gazette."

BROWN. Yes, that 40,000 saved us. It was worth the 5,000 I paid you for it.

BUNT. Ah! I might have made cent. per cent. of the money then, but I never grudged it.

BROWN. It was a scrape for life—but we've saved our credit, at the cost of our capital.

BUNT. Quite right. What is wealth? Dross, Mr. Brown, except as used for something better than mere worldliness.

BROWN. Other worldliness, for example.

BUNT. Exactly. You've brought the title deeds?

BROWN. Here they are. (takes deeds from bag on table, and hands them to him)

BUNT. (R.) I shall have to get the mortgage money out of the estate. There is nothing for it but a sale.

BROWN. (L.) Have you thought of the family?

BUNT. Thought of them? My 'cart's been bleeding for them this month past. But I can't lie out of my money. I am ready to give them a fancy price—

BROWN. Ah! you mean to bid, then?

BUNT. A sale by private contract won't hurt their feelings so much. My wife and daughter like the place, though it's too old-fashioned for me. When we've settled there—

*Re-enter BLASENBALG, door, L. 1 E.—he sits at back of table, L. C.—BROWN and he exchange bows.*

Ah, Blasenbalg! I was just going to tell Brown how happy we should be to see him at Cleve Abbey—whether it's for shooting or fishing—

BROWN. Fishing! Mr. Blasenbalg ought to know something about that.

BLASEN. Yah, dere is good fishing at de Abbey.

BROWN. Especially among the pot holes of the mountain limestone. I remember you preferred your fish in a fossil state.

BLASEN. Ah, I remember, you used to laugh at my vlints.

BROWN. I did once—but I know better now.

BLASEN. What do you mean?

BROWN. You remember when I and Miss Vavasour emptied your creel? (BLASENBALG nods) I kept back some bits of your vlints, as you call them.

BLASEN. You kept dem back—for what?

BROWN. Mere idle curiosity. (BLASENBALG gives a sigh of relief) It struck me they felt heavy.

BLASEN. Yah, de vlints is heavy.

BROWN. But these turned out to be no more flints than they were nuggets. In fact it seems they were nuggets—if not of gold, of iron.

BUNT. (startled) Iron? Pooh, pooh! (ALL rise)

BLASEN. Nonsense! (down, R.) What do you know about iron?

SERVANT enters, L. 1 E, with breakfast on tray, and carries it into the room, L. 3 E.

BROWN. Nothing, but I have a friend who knows a good deal. He saw the stones knocking about my office, and recommended me to have them analyzed.

BLASEN. But you vos not vool enough to waste your money?

BROWN. Yes, I was. And you'll both be interested to know that the gone turns out to be Hematite, containing seventy-five per cent. of iron. Here's the analysis, if you've any curiosity about it.

BUNT. Oh, I don't care about it. (takes it)

BROWN. It's of some importance though. If the stone exists in quantity, the estate is of enormous value.

BLASEN. Ah, dese analysts are always finding out mares' nests for fools to lay their eggs in.

BUNT. I wouldn't give a fig for scientific opinions—you may buy as many as you like at a guinea a-piecc. Give me practical men, sir—practical men.

BROWN. At all events the matter deserves consideration. It should be mentioned to Vavasour.

BUNT. (*horrified*) Mentioned to Vavasour! Are you mad?

BROWN. Then you believe the iron's there?

BUNT. (*confused*) It's better not to unsettle people's minds, when they've made up to sell. What can be the good of your spoiling the market?

BROWN. I was thinking it might improve the market for the vendor. (*BUNTER is about to tear paper*) I'll trouble you for that analysis.

BLASEN. (*aside to BUNTER as BROWN puts up paper*) He wants a slice—offer him one.

BUNT. (*to BROWN*) Keep this dark, and we don't mind giving you a share of our luck—say a fourth.

BLASEN. Say—in drittlet—dat's share and share alike.

BUNT. I don't know what he means, but he says you're to have some "drittlet"—oh, yes, share and share alike.

BROWN. It's a tempting offer, but—

BUNT. (*eagerly*) No "buts"—take it, my boy, take it, and my blessing go along with it.

BROWN. I've some doubts whether it isn't stealing a march on Vavasour.

BUNT. Nonsense, there's no reservation of minerals in the conveyance. He can't claim a penny more, on account of the iron, if he knew nothing about it.

BLASEN. Dat's de law.

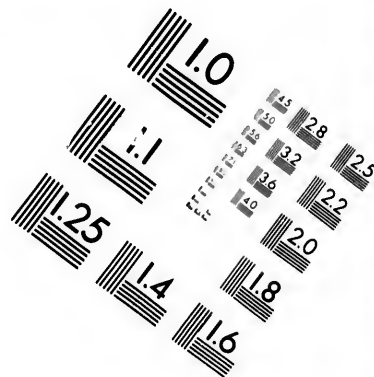
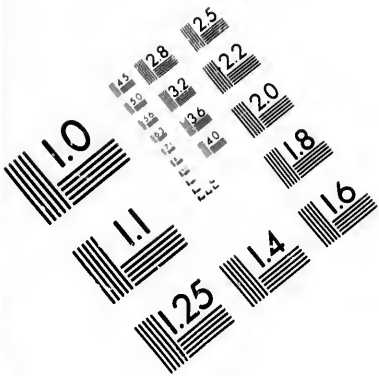
BROWN. But is it justice? Is it honesty? Is it fair dealing with gentlemen?

BUNT. What's that got to do with us? Keep on the right side of the law, and don't fly in the face of Providence. It's sinful! If people went on your tack, how do you think business would go on? How would fortunes be made?

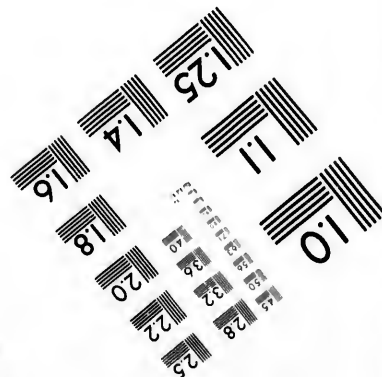
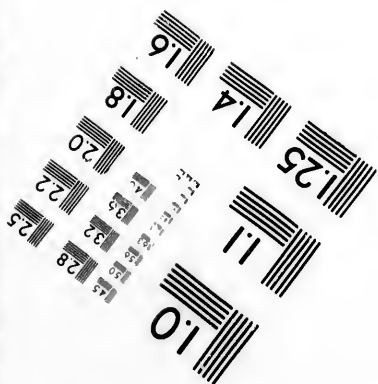
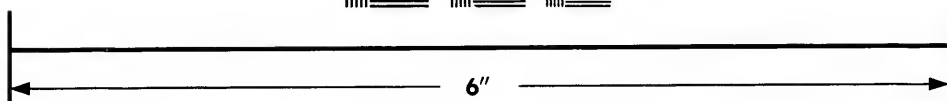
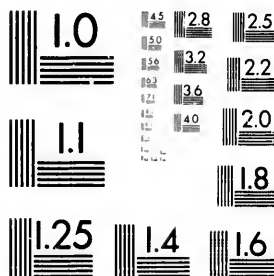
BROWN. As fortunes should be made, by fair dealing, and hard work. If the world went on my tack, thousands of families wouldn't be ruined to enrich a few score of successful speculators, and British enterprise would not stand in the pillory, as it does now, with "Lie" branded on it's forehead! (*BLASENDALG goes up, R.*)

BUNT. I didn't expect to hear such very coarse language from you; but, if you like to fly in the face of Providence.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

0  
24  
28  
32  
36  
40  
44  
48  
52  
56  
60  
64  
68  
72  
76  
80  
84  
88  
92  
96  
100

10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20

go and fly—fly away—but don't say as I didn't offer handsome.

SERVANT. (*re-entering from L. 3 E.*) Mr. Brown's breakfast is served!

BUNT. Montmorency, go away, get out!

*Exit* SERVANT, L. 1 E.

(*very earnestly*) I say, Brown, honour bright, you ain't in the market yourself?

BROWN. (*in the same tone*) Honour bright, Mr. Bunter, I am not. You are mortgagee now. I've handed over the deeds. I wash my hands of the whole business, and I leave you to reconcile your week-day practice with your Sunday profession!

*Exit into study, L. 3 E.*

BLASEN. The fool! (*locks door on him*) Better keep him safe! (*looks at BUNTER, who is now sitting L. of table, L. C.*) Vy, if you ain't blushing!

BUNT. I thought as Brown does—once.

BLASEN. Luckily, you know better now. (*crosses to L.*)

*Re-enter* LADY MATILDA *from conservatory, R.*

LADY M. Now, Mr. Bunter, my husband and Mr. Secker are waiting. I think there's nothing to interfere with the settlement of this morning's business. The sooner the better.

BUNT. Perhaps you are right. Unpleasant things can't be got over too soon.

LADY M. I quite agree with you. Here come the gentlemen. Shall we take our seats?

(VAVASOUR and SECKER *appear in conservatory, R.*)

BUNT. (*to BLASENBALG*) She's a game 'un! Does your ladyship intend to be present?

LADY M. If you have no objection. I rather pique myself upon being a woman of business, you know.

*Enter* VAVASOUR and SECKER, *from conservatory—they interchange bows.*

VAVAS. (*rubbing his hands*) Good morning, Bunter—good morning! Fine, cheery weather!

BUNT. Be seated, gentlemen. (*aside to BLASENBALG*) The Squire looks very lively, considering. (*formally*) We needn't go into the circumstances which have driven things to this painful point.

VAVAS. Not the least necessary, I should say.

BUNT. Mr. Secker has told you of my offer for Cleve Abbey.

VAVAS. Yes. An extremely handsome offer I think it is.

BUNT. We none of us want to give the lawyers a job—no offence to you, Mr. Secker. We'll have no long-winded investigation of title.

LADY M. Where every parchment harbours a question, and every question a note of interrogation and five pounds. Perfectly unnecessary, I think.

BUNT. It's quite a privilege to have to deal with a head like your ladyship's. Here's my cheque for eighty thousand. Here's the mortgage deed to be cancelled—the conveyance of Cleve Abbey to be executed. (*gives cheque and parchments to SECKER, as he speaks*)

VAVAS. (*pushing parchment over to BUNTER*) I beg your pardon! If you will execute this release—

BUNT. (*startled*) Release!

VAVAS. (*prompted by SECKER*) And sign this receipt for mortgage—principal and interest. (*points to paper attached to release*)

BUNT. What do you mean?

LADY M. Simply—that we have great satisfaction in clearing off our encumbrances, and no intention, at present, of selling Cleve Abbey!

VAVAS. (*brings his hand down on table, emphatically*) Not an acre of it!

BUNT. } The devil you haven't!

BLASEN. } Potz tousand!

VAVAS. I am sure, as a neighbour, you will be glad to hear that—thanks to the accidental discovery of a magnificent field of hæmatite iron on the property. (*BUNTER and BLASENBALG astonished*) Mr. Secker has been enabled, not only to pay off the mortgage, but to secure five times the former income of the estate, in the shape of mineral rents and royalties—mineral rents and royalties!

LADY M. I begged Mr. Secker to leave us the pleasure of giving you this information. (*leans back in her chair*)

BUNT. So that accounts for your being in such a hurry.

VAVAS. Exactly—we wanted to give you an agreeable surprise.

BUNT. That's why you're all looking so lively?

LADY M. Yes—we felt, by anticipation, how much your kind and Christian heart, which has sympathized so much in our difficulties, would rejoice in the removal of them.

BUNT. (*aside*) That woman is a disgustin' hippercrit! (*aloud*) I know who told you of this. (*jumps up*)

LADY M. (*eagerly*) Who?

BUNT. It was that fellow Brown! (*aside to BLASENBALG*) I thought he was up to some villainy of his own, or he'd have stood in with us.

LADY M. No, we have heard nothing from Mr. Brown. But, if you can wörn the name of his informant out of Mr. Secker—

SECKER. (*shaking his head*) That's my secret. I couldn't tell you—not if you were to put a five hundred pound note under my dinner plate! (*with a meaning look at BUNTER*)

BUNT. Whoever told you, only wanted to 'umbug you.

LADY M. Whoever does that, will find us a match for them.

VAVAS. (*emphatically*) I should think they would!

BUNT. Oh, if there is anything that looks like ironstone, it ain't worth a rap—

LADY M. Pardon me, here's the analysis, made by the same high, scientific authority who analysed some of precisely the same ore for Mr. Blasenbalg.

BLASEN. Blown!

BUNT. Done Brown! Lady Matilda, you won't be surprised if I feel rather hurt at this. I don't think I've been 'andsomely treated—I ain't clear I've been legally treated. I'm pretty sure there was an agreement to sell, and that would be held as good as a sale, in equity.

(SECKER returns cheque to BUNTER)

LADY M. I think the less we invoke equity in this transaction, the better. Now, Mr. Bunter, I haven't seen half your fine things yet. May I ask you to show Mr. Vavasour over your greenhouses?

VAVAS. Yes, I should like to borrow a hint or two, for some improvements we're contemplating at the Abbey. That's one use of these new places—*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, you know. No, I daresay you don't know—It's Latin.

BUNT. They shan't see me down in the mouth. That way. (*pointing off, R.*) *Exeunt VAVASOUR and SECKER, R.* You will find my gardeners, but you must excuse me, I must talk to my lawyer. We'll see if the law allows people to be choused in this 'artless way. Yes, my lady, I repeat the word—choused! *Exit in a rage, L. 1 E.*

BLASEN. Dis cheque what Herr Bunter gave me for two thousand pounds, I think I'd better lose no time to get him cashed at de County Bank! *Exit, L. 1 E.*

LADY M. (*walking up and down in triumph*) This is triumph! To trick these tricksters—to watch their insolent hopes, growing and growing, and to crush them at their ripest. Our fortune is increased five fold. No need now of Lillian falling to a position, equally below her merits and her family. Poor Brown, I pity him! He was a noble fellow, but what a mercy it is that affair was broken off in time! Lillian can do so much better now.

*Re-enter LILIAN, R.*

LILIAN. Mamma, Mrs. Bunter, is asking for you.

LADY M. Let her ask. I'm too happy for her, just now.

LILIAN. What's the matter, mamma? You look quite radiant.

LADY M. (*with a sigh*) Ah, joy is a great beautifier! (*takes LILIAN in her arms*) Let me kiss my own darling, and tell her this good news: that we are rich again, richer than ever we were—our position in the county prouder than before. That in shaping my Lillian's future, we need no longer consult anything but her heart and her deserts.

LILIAN. Oh, this is news! But what good fairy has wrought this transformation?

LADY M. It's all through a discovery of ironstone on the estate.

LILIAN. Oh, if that discovery had been made a month ago!

LADY M. Better as it is, or Mr. Brown's sudden change of fortune would not have made it so clearly your duty to break with him.

LILIAN. But, mama, are you quite sure it was my duty?

LADY M. I know it sounds very worldly—but I say now, as I said then, "Yes."

LILIAN. Ah, mamma, he did not say "No" to his heart because we were poor!

LADY M. This is unwise. You have been saved from a sacrifice, and you seem to regret it, even to reproach me with it. But come, (*crosses, r.*) poor Mrs. Bunter has been condoling with us all the morning, we ought to give her the opportunity of congratulating us. Let us hope she'll do it less clumsily. *Exit, r.*

LILIAN. Ah, why will mamma insist on my being happy in her way, instead of my own? But she is right. All is over between us now. But he is here. He promised to see me once more, to say good-bye. Oh! must it be for ever?

BROWN. (*within room, l. 3 e.*) Lilian!

LILIAN. That's his voice! (*goes to door, l. 3 e.*)

BROWN. I'm locked in; the key's on your side. Let me out.

LILIAN. (*unlocking door—BROWN comes out*) How very strange! What was that for?

BROWN. (*laughing*) For fear I might spoil sport. Your mamma has done that most effectually. I couldn't resist the temptation to assist at the scene, through the keyhole.

LILIAN. Then you know this wonderful change in our fortunes.

BROWN. Yes. I congratulate you. My fortunes have changed too—unhappily for the worst. I shall have to begin the world again.

LILIAN. And alone, too?

BROWN. Yes. Pioneers and Forlorn Hopes must carry nothing but their implements and arms. I am glad to have this opportunity of saying good-bye. I have very little time to spare. I sail at the end of the month.

LILIAN. Going to leave England?

BROWN. Yes. England's a capital place to spend a fortune, but one wants elbow-room and a new country to make one. I'm going to establish a new connection in Australia.

LILIAN. So far away! It will be a hard struggle for you there. Oh, if good wishes could help you!—

BROWN. I shall have yours, I'm sure. It will be pleasant

to know I leave all so changed for the better at the Abbey, that your mamma is free to carry out her plans for you.

LILIAN. I preferred yours.

BROWN. But everything is altered since then. I've torn that chapter out of my book, you had better tear it out too.

LILIAN. Did you find it so easy to tear out?

BROWN. Sailors on a lee shore have enough to do with the ship. I've thought as little as I could of Cleve Abbey.

LILIAN. But this breaking up of old habits, associations, friendships!

BROWN. Trees can be transplanted with the roots—but the less they are uncovered, the better. Remember—even when I thought myself a rich man—there was a great river between us, now 'tis an ocean.

LILIAN. We were both poor then. It might have been my duty not to increase the family difficulties, by an imprudent marriage—even to relieve them, if I could, by a worldly one. But this is all changed now. We are rich—

BROWN. And I am poor.

LILIAN. Not as poor as I was when you asked me to be your wife. (*holds out her arms*) I now ask to share your struggle with poverty and privation. You shall see if I falter. Oh, will you not have mercy on a woman's heart?

BROWN. My own brave girl! Mine for ever, now. Let who will say "No!"

*Re-enter* LADY MATILDA *and* VAVASOUR, R.

LADY M. Lilian! Mr. Brown. You in this house!

VAVAS. Very unexpected indeed. Everything is unexpected to-day.

LADY M. I thought it was understood, when you left us a month ago, that all intercourse between Miss Vavasour and yourself was at an end. I felt full confidence in that understanding.

LILIAN. (*crosses to* LADY MATILDA) He never broke it, mamma. It was I—I who, when he put me from him with cold words and proud looks, would not be thrust away. He never asked me to be his wife. It was I asked him to be my husband.



LADY M. (*severely*) And so forgot that guiding principle of your sex—a woman's dignity.

BROWN. But obeyed her sex's safer guide—a woman's heart.

LADY M. I appeal to your generosity, sir—will you take advantage of her weakness?

LILIAN. Papa—will you plead for me?

VAVAS. Well, really, my dear, I'm afraid your mamma knows so much the best what's good for everybody.

*Re-enter SECKER, L. 1 E.*

SECK. Ah, Brown, I've found you at last. I positively decline to carry my bagged fox any longer. Now, Lady Matilda, (*crosses to her*) I can tell you to whom you owe your iron El Dorado.

LADY M. I'm so glad. The burden of gratitude was too heavy to be pleasant. Who is it?

SECK. There he stands. (*points to BROWN*) Bunter has betrayed you—don't deny it.

BROWN. I never deny the truth. I am sorry you had not the good taste to hold your tongue. I never meant them to know this. (*SECKER crosses behind, to R.*)

LILIAN. They know you did not. Oh, mamma! what wealth could be like poverty, with this man? What rank, like his nobleness?

VAVAS. Really I think, my dear—mind, I only say I think—considering what we owe him—

LADY M. He may claim his own payment.

(*BROWN takes LILIAN's hand*)

VAVAS. Eh, my lady, don't say "No." (*rubbing his hands*) Egad! this is as good as another iron mine.

LADY M. You have won her fairly, sir. I had dreamt of a very different lot for her. But she has made her choice. I hope she has chosen wisely.

VAVAS. Hope, my lady! I'll lay my head—and that's no trifling bet—she has chosen well. Heaven bless you darling. (*crosses to LILIAN, and kisses her*) And you too, Mr. Brown, as my lady has no objection. (*shakes BROWN's hand heartily*)

guiding

a woman's

-will you

ur manima  
body.

positively  
ow, Lady  
n you owe

irude was

Bunter has

sorry you  
I never  
s behind,

na! what  
? What

nly say I

n's hand)

bbing his  
ne.

l dreamt  
made her

nd that's

ess you

you too,

BROWN'S

*Re-enter BUNTER and BLASENBALG, L. I B.*

BUNT. (*aside to BLASENBALG*) The law won't help us— it never will when it ought to. (*sees BROWN*) Hallo, Brown; out! (*confused*) I hope you had a comfortable breakfast.

BROWN. As comfortable as could be expected in a lock-up.

BUNT. Ah! that was Blasenbalg's doings. It was of no use, after all.

BROWN. Not the slightest. I had taken your own wise precaution.

BUNT. What do you mean?

BROWN. I made it all right beforehand with the agent— eh, Seeker? (*SECKER chuckles and rubs his hands*)

BLASEN. I like dat man, though he has done me out of the best ting I was ever in for.

*Re-enter MRS. BUNTER, FANNY and FITZ-URSE, R.*

LADY M. Ah! here come your turtle-doves, Mr. Bunter. Let me present mine. (*presenting LILIAN and BROWN*) She has proposed—he has accepted her.

VAVAS. No, no, my dear, you mean—

LADY M. I mean what I say, Marmaduke—I generally do.

FANNY. Oh, this is delightful! Do let us all be married together!

FITZ-U. Yes, as they say at Newman's, "One pair wedding greys out—another to follow." I'll enter the two matches together for the same day, over the St. George's Course.

BUNT. Well, I don't know. One must observe distinctions of rank. Considering what my son-in-law is—

FITZ-U. Eh?

BUNT. Yes, you'll be glad to know, my lady, that the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fitz-Urse has been brought to bed of two girls.

LADY M. Ah, I condole with you, most sincerely, on your disappointment.

BUNT. What! That my son-in-law is a nobleman?

LADY M. That he isn't.

BUNT. What d'ye mean?

LADY M. Oh, you can't be expected to know these things. Will you explain, my dear.

VAVAS. Ah, I'm always called on in any difficulty. Don't you see, Mr. Bunter, that as Bearholm is a Barony by Writ, the title falls into abeyance between the co-heiresses, instead of going to the next male.

BUNT. Then he isn't a nobleman?

VAVAS. Certainly not—unless he's one of nature's.

LADY M. Luckily, you don't care about family. You have his principles to fall back upon, you know, and his talents.

BUNT. (*aside*) That woman is a disgustin' hippercrit! (*fiercely, to BLASENBALG*) What are you sniggering at? I'll give you something to snigger for on the wrong side of your ugly mouth! I've sent to stop that cheque.

BLAS. I guessed you would—so I vent and got him cashed first.

BUNT. Done brown again! I should like to know if there's any part of me left that can be done browner?

MRS. BUNT. Let me comfort you, dear.

(*embraces him—he sits L. of table, L. C.*)

LADY M. Marmaduke, will you order the carriage for the Abbey? (*to BROWN*) You may claim your place in it now, as in everything belonging to us.

BROWN. Including your hearts, I hope?

VAVAS. And the old acres, of course.

LADY M. Yes; the dear old acres—saved! Thanks to you. (*giving BROWN her hand*)

LILIAN. Don't thank him, mamma, he couldn't help it. *Noblesse oblige.* (*fondly turning to BROWN*)

LADY M. Mr. Brown, you have taught us all a lesson.

BROWN. (*simply*) Have I?

LILIAN. Yes. That it doesn't need "Old Acres" to make "New Men"—gentlemen! (*slightly bowing to BROWN*)

**Curtain.**

[ACT 3.

w these

ifficulty.  
Barony  
the co-

re's.  
y. You  
and his

percrit!  
ing at?  
ong side  
ue.  
got him

know if  
er?

ole, L. c.  
age for  
ice in it

Thanks

help it.

lesson.

res" to  
(BROWN)



# SAV RICHTEARTS

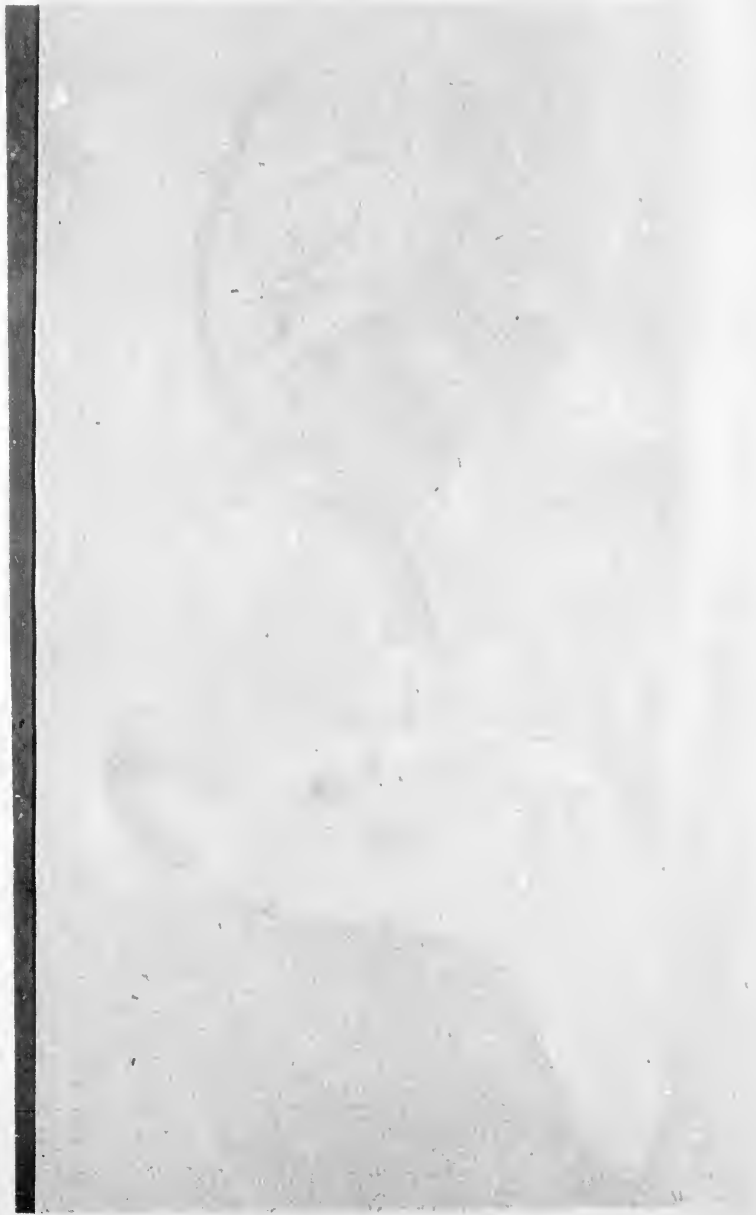
THE

OF

THE

London  
SAMUEL JOHNSON  
LONDON  
85, STRAND.

New York  
LITTLE, BROWN & CO.  
NEW YORK  
22, NASSAU STREET.



# SWEETHEARTS.

*In Original Dramatic Contrast,*

IN TWO ACTS.

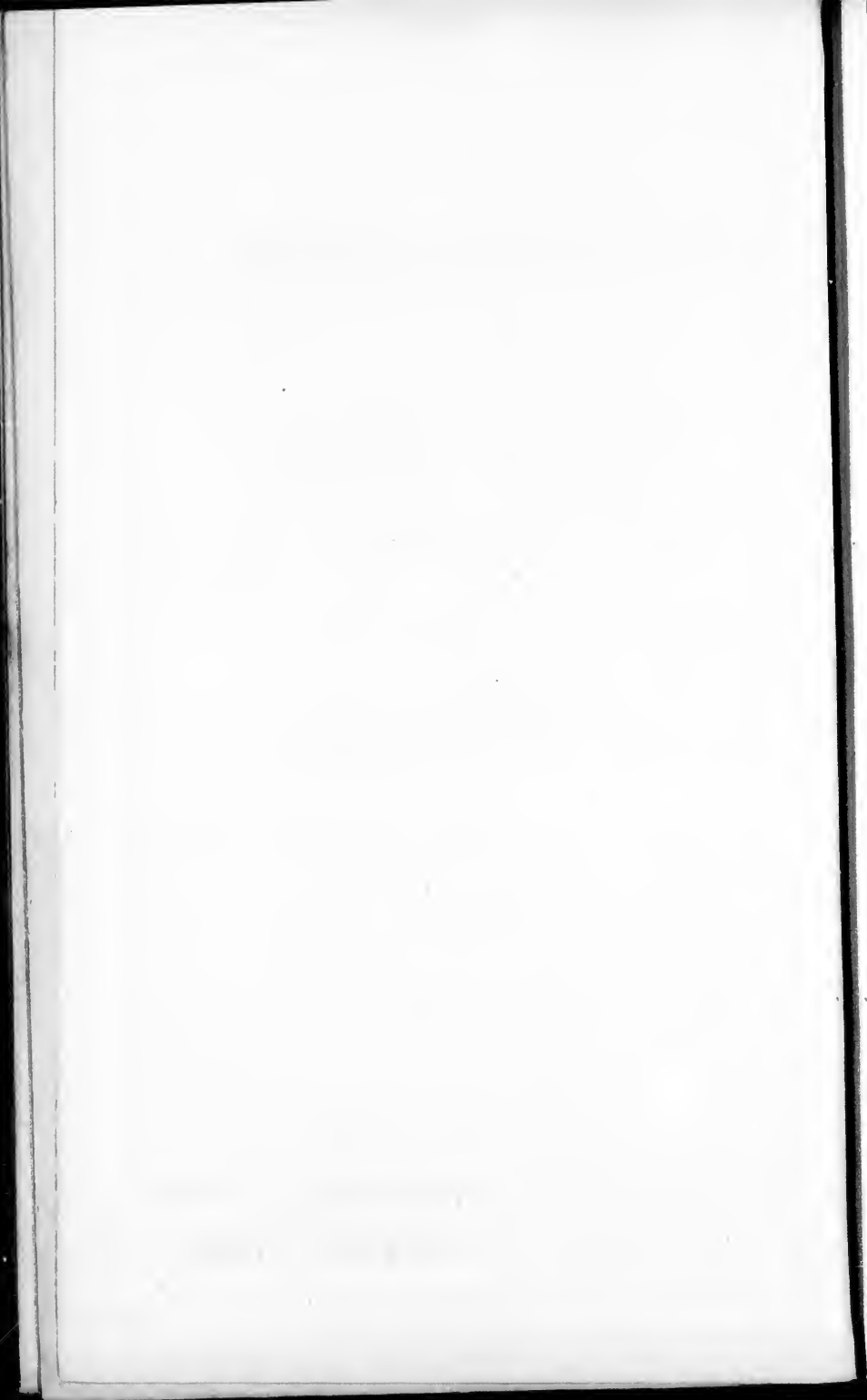
BY

W. S. GILBERT.

LONDON:  
SAMUEL FRENCH,  
PUBLISHER,  
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:  
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,  
PUBLISHERS,  
122, NASSAU STREET.





**SWEETHEARTS.**

*First produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre (under  
the management of Miss Marie Wilton), Saturday,  
November 7th, 1874.*

---

**Characters.**

---

MR. HARRY SPREADBROW	...	Mr. COGHLAN.
WILCOX ( <i>a Gardener</i> )	... ..	Mr. F. GLOVER.
MISS JENNY NORTHCOTT	...	MISS MARIE WILTON (Mrs. Bancroft).
RUTH ( <i>her Maid Servant</i> )	... ..	Miss PLOWDEN.

---

**ACT I.—1844, SPRING.**

**ACT II.—1874, AUTUMN.**



# SWEETHEARTS.

---

## ACT I.

DATE--1844.

SCENE.—*The Garden of a pretty Country Villa. The house is new, and the garden shows signs of having been recently laid out; the shrubs are small, and the few trees about are moderate in size; small creepers are trained against the house; an open country in the distance; a little bridge, L. U. E., over a stream, forms the entrance to the garden; Music in orchestra at rise of Curtain—"Love's Young Dream."*

WILCOX is discovered seated on edge of garden wheelbarrow up stage, L., preparing his "bass" for tying up plants, he rises and comes down with sycamore sapling in his hand; it is carefully done up in matting, and has a direction label attached to it.

WILCOX. (*reading the label*) "For Miss Northcott, with Mr. Spreadbrow's kindest regards." "*Acer Pseudo Plantanus.*" Aye, aye! sycamore, I suppose, though it ain't genteel to say so Humph! sycamores are common enough in these parts, there ain't no call, as I can see, to send a hundred and twenty mile for one. Ah, Mr. Spreadbrow, no go—no go; it ain't to be done with "*Acer Pseudo Plantanuses.*" Miss Jenny's sent better men nor you about their business afore this, and as you're agoin about your'n of your own free will to-night, and a good long way too, why I says, no go, no go! If I know Miss Jenny, she's a good long job, and you've set down looking at your work too long, and now that it's come to going, you'll need to hurry it, and Miss Jenny ain't a job to be hurried over, bless her. Take another three months, and I don't say there mightn't be a chance for you, but it'll take all that—ah, thank goodness, it'll take all that!

*Enter JENNY from behind the house, R. U. E., prepared for gardening.*

JENNY. Well, Wilcox, what have you got there? (*he touches his forehead and gives her the sycamore*) Not my sycamore?

WILCOX. Yes, miss; Mr. Spreadbrow left it last night as the mail passed.

JENNY. Then he's returned already? Why, he was not expected for a week, at least.

WILCOX. He returned quite sudden last night, and left this here plant with a message that he would call at twelve o'clock to-day, miss.

JENNY. I shall be very glad to see him. So this is really a shoot of the dear old tree!

WILCOX. Come all the way from Lunnon, too. There's lots of 'em hereabouts, miss; I could ha' got you a armful for the asking.

JENNY. Yes, I daresay; but this comes from the dear old house at Hampstead.

WILCOX. Do it, now?

JENNY. You remember the old sycamore on the lawn where Mr. Spreadbrow and I used to sit and learn our lessons years ago?—well, this is a piece of it. And as Mr. Spreadbrow was going to London, I asked him to be so kind as to call, and tell the new people, with his compliments, that he wanted to cut a shoot from it for a young lady who had a very pleasant recollection of many very happy hours spent under it. It was an awkward thing for a nervous young gentleman to do, and it's very kind of him to have done it. (*gives back the plant which he places against upper porch of house, L.*) So he's coming this morning?

WILCOX. Yes, miss, to say good-bye.

JENNY. (*crosses to L. and busies herself at stand of flowers*) Good-bye? "How d'ye do," you mean.

WILCOX. No, miss, good-bye. I hear Mr. Spreadbrow's off to Ingy.

JENNY. Yes; I believe he is going soon.

WILCOX. Soon? Ah, soon enough! He joins his ship at Southampton to-night—so he left word yesterday.

JENNY. To-night? No; not for some weeks yet? (*alarmed*)

WILCOX. To night, miss. I had it from his own lips, and he's coming to-day to say good-bye.

JENNY. (*aside*) To-night!

WILCOX. And a good job too, say I, though he's a nice young gentleman too.

JENNY. I don't see that it's a good job.

WILCOX. I don't want no young gentlemen hanging about here, miss. I know what they comes arter;—they comes arter the flowers.

JENNY. The flowers? What nonsense!

WILCOX. No, it ain't nonsense. The world's a hap-hazard garden where common vegetables like me, and hardy annuals like my boys, and sour crabs like my old 'ooman, and pretty delicate flowers like you and your sisters grow side by side. It's the flowers they come arter.

JENNY. Really, Wilcox, if papa don't object I don't see what you have to do with it.

WILCOX. No, your pa' don't object; but I can't make your pa' out, miss. Walk off with one of his tuppenny toolips and he's your enemy for life. Walk off with one of his darters and he settles three hundred a year on you. Tell'ee what, miss: if I'd a family of grown gals like you, I'd stick a conservatory label on each of them—"Please not to touch the specimens!"—and I'd take jolly good care they didn't.

JENNY. At all events, if Mr. Spreadbrow is going away to-night you need not be alarmed on my account. I am a flower that is not picked in a minute.

WILCOX. Well said, miss! And as he *is* going, and as you won't see him no more, I don't mind saying that a better-spoken young gentleman I don't know. (*approaching JENNY who is now seated in chair L. of table*) A good honest straight-for'ard young chap he is—looks you full in the face with eyes that seem to say, "I'm a open book—turn me over—look me through and through—read every page of me, and if you find a line to be ashamed on, tell me of it, and I'll score it through."

JENNY. (*demurely*) I daresay Mr. Spreadbrow is much as other young men are.

WILCOX. As other young men? No, no—Lord forbid, miss! Come—say a good word for him, miss, poor young gentleman. He's said many a good word of you, I'll go bail.

JENNY. Of me?

WILCOX. (*takes ladder which is leaning against the house and places it against upper porch of house, and going a little way up it, speaks this speech from it—JENNY remains seated L. of table, taking off her garden gloves and looking annoyed, she takes off her hat and places it on back of R. chair by table*) Aye. Why only Toosday, when I was at work again the high road, he rides up on his little bay 'oss, and he stands talking to me over the hedge and straining his neck to catch a sight of you at a window, that was Toosday. "Well, Wilcox," says he, "it's a fine day!"—it rained hard Toosday, but it's always a fine day with him. "How's Miss Northcott?" says he. "Pretty well, sir," says I. "Pretty she always is; and well she ought to be if the best of hearts and the sweetest of natures will do it!" Well, I knew *that*, so off I goes to another subject, and tries to interest him in drainage and subsoils and junction pipes, but no, nothin' would do for him but he must bring the talk back to *you*. So at last I gets sick of it, and I up and says: "Look'ye here Mr. Spreadbrow," says I, "I'm only the gardener. This is Toosday and Miss Northcott's pa's in the study, and I

dessay *he'll* be happy to hear what you've got to say about *her*. Lord it'd ha' done your heart good to see how he flushed up as he stuck his spurs into the bay, and rode off fifteen mile to the hour! (*laughing*) That was Toosday.

JENNY. (*very angrily*) He had no right to talk about me to a servant.

WILCOX. (*coming down from ladder*) But bless you, don't be hard on him, he couldn't help it, miss. But don't you be alarmed, he's going away to-night, for many and many a long year, and you won't never be troubled with him again. He's going with a heavy heart, take my word for it, and I see his eyes all wet, when he spoke about sayin' good-bye to you; he'd the sorrow in his throat, but he's a brave lad, and he gulped it down, though it was as big as an apple. (*ring*) There he is. (*going*) Soothe him kindly, miss—don't you be afraid, you're safe enough now—he's a good lad, and he can't do no harm now.

*Exit WILCOX, L. U. E., over bridge.*

JENNY. What does he want to go to-day for? he wasn't going for three months. He could remain if he liked; India has gone on very well without him for five thousand years, it could have waited three months longer; but men are always in such a hurry. He might have told me before—he *would* have done so, if he really, really liked me! I wouldn't have left *him*—yes I would,—but then that's different. Well, if some people can go, some people can remain behind, and some other people will be only too glad to find *some people* out of their way!

*Enter SPREADBROW, followed by WILCOX, L. U. E.*

(JENNY suddenly changes her manner, rises and crosses to R.) Oh, Mr. Spreadbrow, how-d'ye-do? Quite well? I'm so glad! Sisters quite well? That's right—how kind of you to think of my tree! So you are really and truly going to India to-night? That *is* sudden!

SPREAD. Yes, very sudden—terribly sudden. I only heard of my appointment two days ago, in London, and I'm to join my ship to-night. It's very sudden indeed—and—and I've come to say good-bye.

JENNY. Good-bye. (*offering ner hand*)

SPREAD. Oh, but not like that, Jenny! Are you in a hurry?

JENNY. Oh dear no, I thought you were; won't you sit down? (*they sit—JENNY, R., SPREADBROW, L., of table*) And so your sisters are quite well?

SPREAD. Not very; they are rather depressed at my going so soon. It may seem strange to you, but they will miss me.

JENNY. I'm sure they will. I should be terribly distressed

at your going—if I were your sister. And you're going for so long!

SPREAD. I'm not likely to return for a great many years.

JENNY. (*with a little suppressed emotion*) I'm so sorry we shall not see you again. Papa will be very sorry.

SPREAD. More sorry than you will be?

JENNY. Well, no, I shall be very sorry, too—very, *very* sorry—there!

SPREAD. How very kind of you to say so.

JENNY. We have known each other so long—so many years, and we've always been good friends, and it's always sad to say good-bye for the last time (*he is delighted*) to anybody! (*he relapses*) It's so very sad when one knows for certain that it *must* be the last time.

SPREAD. I can't tell you how happy I am to hear you say it's so sad. But (*hopefully*) my prospects are not altogether hopeless, there's one chance for me yet. I'm happy to say I'm extremely delicate, and there's no knowing, the climate may not agree with me, and I may be invalided home? (*very cheerfully*)

JENNY. Oh! but that would be very dreadful.

SPREAD. Oh yes, of course it would be dreadful, in one sense; but it—it would have its advantages. (*looking uneasily at WILCOX, who is hard at work*) Wilcox is hard at work, I see.

JENNY. Oh, yes, Wilcox is hard at work. He is very industrious.

SPREAD. Confoundedly industrious! He is working in the sun without his hat. (*significantly*)

JENNY. Poor fellow.

SPREAD. Isn't it injudicious, at his age?

JENNY. Oh, I don't think it will hurt him.

SPREAD. I really think it will. (*he motions to her to send him away*)

JENNY. Do you? Wilcox, Mr. Spreadbrow is terribly distressed because you are working in the sun.

WILCOX. That's mortal good of him. (*aside, winking*) They want me to go. All right; he can't do much harm now. (*aloud*) Well, sir, the sun is hot, and I'll go and look after the cucumbers away yonder, right at the other end of the garden. (*WILCOX going—SPREADBROW is delighted*)

JENNY. No, no, no!—don't go away! Stop here, only put on your hat. That's what Mr. Spreadbrow meant. (*WILCOX puts on his hat*) There, *now* are you happy? (*to SPREADBROW, who looks miserable*)

SPREAD. I suppose it will soon be his dinner time?

JENNY. Oh, he *has* dined. You *have* dined, haven't you, Wilcox?



WILCOX. Oh, yes, miss, *I've dined, thank'ye kindly.*

JENNY. Yes; he has dined! Oh! I quite forgot!

SPREAD. What?

JENNY. I must interrupt you for a moment, Wilcox; I quite forgot that I promised to send some flowers to Captain Dampier this afternoon. Will you cut them for me?

WILCOX. Yes, miss. (*knowingly*) Out of the conservatory, I suppose, miss? (*WILCOX going, SPREADBROW again delighted*)

JENNY. No, these will do. (*pointing to open-air flower beds—SPREADBROW again disappointed*) Stop, on second thoughts perhaps you had better take them out of the conservatory, and cut them carefully—there's no hurry.

WILCOX. (*aside*) I understand! Well, poor young chap, let him be, let him be; he's going to be turned off to-night, and his last meal may as well be a hearty one. *Exit, R. 1 F.*

SPREAD. (*rises in great delight*) How good of you—how very kind of you!

JENNY. To send Captain Dampier some flowers?

SPREAD. (*much disappointed*) Do you really want to send that fellow some flowers?

JENNY. To be sure I do. (*crosses, L.*) Why should I have asked Wilcox to cut them?

SPREAD. I thought—I was a great fool to think so—but I thought it might have been because we could talk more pleasantly alone.

JENNY. I really wanted some flowers; but as you say, we certainly can talk more pleasantly alone. (*crosses, R., she busies herself with preparing the sycamore*)

SPREAD. I've often thought that nothing is such a check on—pleasant conversation—as the presence of—a gardener—who is not interested in the subject of conversation.

JENNY. (*gets the tree and cuts off the matting with which it is bound, with garden scissors which she has brought with her from the table*) Oh, but Wilcox is very interested in everything that concerns you. Do let me call him back. (*about to do so*)

SPREAD. No, no; not on my account!

JENNY. He and I were having quite a discussion about you when you arrived. (*digging a hole for tree*)

SPREAD. About me?

JENNY. Yes; indeed we almost quarrelled about you.

SPREAD. What, was he abusing me then?

JENNY. Oh, no; he was speaking of you in the highest terms.

SPREAD. (*much taken aback*) Then—you were abusing me!

JENNY. N—no, not exactly *that*; I—I didn't agree with all he said—(*he is much depressed, she notices this*) at least, not openly.

ly.  
; I quite  
Dampier  
ervatory,  
elighted)  
er beds—  
thoughts  
ervatory,  
ng chap,  
ight, and  
t, R. 1 E.  
ou—how  
to send  
I have  
p—but I  
re plea-  
say, we  
R., she  
check on  
rdener—  
hich it is  
her from  
ing that  
so)  
out you  
u.  
highest  
g me!  
with all  
ast, not

SPREAD. (*hopefully*) Then you did secretly?

JENNY. I shan't tell you.

SPREAD. Why?

JENNY. Because it will make you dreadfully vain. There!

SPREAD. (*delighted*) Very—very dreadfully vain? (*he takes her hand*)

JENNY. Very dreadfully vain indeed. Don't! (*withdraws her hand—during this she is digging the hole kneeling on the edge of the flower bed, he advances to her and kneels on edge of bed near her*)

SPREAD. Do you know it's most delightful to hear you say that? It's without exception the most astonishingly pleasant thing I've ever heard in the whole course of my life! (*sees the sycamore*) Is that the tree I brought you? (*rises from his knees*)

JENNY. Yes. I'm going to plant it just in front of the drawing-room window, so that I can see it whenever I look out. Will you help me? (*he prepares to do so—she puts it into the hole*) Is that quite straight? Hold it up, please, while I fill in the earth. (*he holds it while she fills in the earth—gradually his hand slips down till it touches hers*) It's no use, Mr. Spreadbrow, our both holding it in the same place! (*he runs his hand up the stem quickly*)

SPREAD. I beg your pardon—very foolish of me.

JENNY. Very.

SPREAD. I'm very glad there will be something here to make you think of me when I'm many many thousand miles away, Jenny. For I shall be always thinking of you.

JENNY. Really, now that's very nice! It will be so delightful, and so odd to know that there's somebody thinking about me right on the other side of the world!

SPREAD. (*sighing*) Yes. It will be on the other side of the world!

JENNY. But that's the delightful part of it—right on the other side of the world! It will be such fun!

SPREAD. Fun!

JENNY. Of course, the farther you are away the funnier it will seem. (*he is approaching her again*) Now keep on the other side of the world. It's just the distance that gives the point to it. There are dozens and dozens of people thinking of me close at hand. (*she rises*)

SPREAD. (*taking her hand*) But not as I think of you, Jenny—dear, dear Jenny, not as I've thought of you for years and years, though I never dared tell you so till now. I can't bear to think that anybody else is thinking of you kindly, earnestly, seriously, as I think of you.

JENNY. (*earnestly*) You may be quite sure, Harry, quite, quite sure that you will be the only one who is thinking of me kindly,

seriously, and earnestly (*he is delig'ed*) in India. (*he relapses—she withdraws her hand*)

SPREAD. And when this tree, that we have planted together, is a big tree, you must promise me that you will sit under it every day, and give a thought now and then to the old play-fellow who gave it to you.

JENNY. A big tree! Oh, but this little plant will never live to be a big tree, surely?

SPREAD. Yes, if you leave it alone, it grows very rapidly.

JENNY. Oh, but I'm not going to have a big tree right in front of the drawing-room window! It will spoil the view, it will be an eyesore. We had better plant it somewhere else.

SPREAD. (*bitterly*) No, let it be, you can cut it down when it becomes an eyesore. It grows very rapidly, but it will, no doubt, have lost all interest in your eyes long before it becomes an eyesore.

JENNY. But Captain Dampier says that a big tree in front of a window checks the current of fresh air.

SPREAD. Oh, if Captain Dampier says so, remove it.

JENNY. Now don't be ridiculous about Captain Dampier; I've a very great respect for his opinion on such matters.

SPREAD. I'm sure you have. You see a great deal of Captain Dampier, don't you?

JENNY. Yes, and we shall see a great deal more of him; he's going to take the Grange next door.

SPREAD. (*bitterly*) That will be very convenient.

JENNY. (*demurely*) Very.

SPREAD. (*jealously*) You seem to admire Captain Dampier very much.

JENNY. I think he is very good-looking. Don't you?

SPREAD. He's well enough—for a small man.

JENNY. Perhaps he'll grow.

SPREAD. Is Captain Dampier going to live here always?

JENNY. Yes, until he marries.

SPREAD. (*eagerly*) Is—is he likely to marry?

JENNY. I don't know. (*demurely*) Perhaps he may.

SPREAD. But whom—whom?

JENNY. (*bashfully*) Haven't you heard? I thought you knew!

SPREAD. (*excitedly*) No, no, I don't know; I've heard nothing. Jenny—dear Jenny—tell me the truth, don't keep anything from me, don't leave me to find it out; it will be terrible to hear of it out there; and, if you have ever liked me, and I'm sure you have, tell me the whole truth at once!

JENNY. (*bashfully*) Perhaps, as an old friend, I ought to have told you before; but indeed, indeed I thought you knew. Captain Dampier is engaged to be married to—to—my cousin Emmie.

## [ACT 1.

SPREAD. (*intensely relieved*) To your cousin Emmie. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you! Oh, my dear, dear Jenny, do—do let me take your hand. (*takes her hand and shakes it enthusiastically*)

JENNY. Are you going?

SPREAD. No. (*releasing it—much cast down*) I was going to ask you to do me a great favour, and I thought I could ask it better if I had hold of your hand. I was going to ask you if you would give me a flower—any flower, I don't care what it is.

JENNY. (*affecting surprise*) A flower? Why, of course I will. But why?

SPREAD. (*earnestly*) That I may take a token of you and of our parting wherever I go, that I may possess an emblem of you that I shall never—never part with, that I can carry about with me night and day wherever I go, throughout my whole life.

JENNY. (*apparently much affected, crosses slowly to r., stoops and takes up large geranium in pot*) Will this be too big?

SPREAD. (*disconcerted*) But I mean a flower—only a flower.

JENNY. Oh, but do have a bunch! Wilcox shall pick you a beauty.

SPREAD. No, no; I want you to pick it for me. I don't care what it is—a daisy will do—if you pick it for me!

JENNY. What an odd notion! (*crossing to flower stand, L., and picking a piece of mignonette—he puts down flower pot by bed, R.*) There! (*picking a flower and giving it to him*) will that do?

SPREAD. I can't tell you how inestimably I shall prize this flower. I will keep it while I live, and whatever good fortune may be in store for me, nothing can ever be so precious in my eyes.

JENNY. I had no idea you were so fond of flowers. Oh, do have some more!

SPREAD. No, no—but—you must let me give you this in return; I brought it for you, Jenny dear—dear Jenny! Will you take it from me? (*takes a rose from his button hole, and offers it*)

JENNY. (*amused and surprised*) Oh yes! (*takes it and puts it down on the table carelessly—he notices this with much emotion*)

SPREAD. Well, I've got to say good-bye; there's no reason why it shouldn't be said at once. (*holding out his hand*) Good-bye, Jenny!

JENNY. (*cheerfully*) Good-bye! (*he stands for a moment with her hand in his—she crosses to porch, R.*)

SPREAD. Haven't—haven't you anything to say to me?

JENNY. (*after thinking it over*) No, I don't think there's anything else. No—nothing. (*she leans against the porch—he stands over her*)

SPREAD. Jenny, I'm going away to-day, for years and years, or I wouldn't say what I'm going to say—at least not yet. I'm little more than a boy, Jenny; but if I were eighty, I couldn't be more in earnest—indeed I couldn't! Parting for so many years is like death to me; and if I don't say what I'm going to say before I go, I shall never have the pluck to say it after. We were boy and girl together, and—and I loved you then—and every year I've loved you more and more; and now that I'm a man, and you are nearly a woman, I—I, Jenny dear—I've nothing more to say!

JENNY. How you astonish me!

SPREAD. Astonish you? Why, you know that I loved you.

JENNY. Yes, yes; as a boy loves a girl—but now that I am a woman it's impossible that you can care for me.

SPREAD. Impossible—because you are a woman!

JENNY. You see it's so unexpected.

SPREAD. Unexpected?

JENNY. Yes. As children it didn't matter, but it seems so shocking for grown people to talk about such things. And then, not gradually, but all at once—in a few minutes. It's awful!

SPREAD. Oh, Jenny, think. I've no time to delay—my having to go has made me desperate. One kind word from you will make me go away happy: without that word, I shall go in unspeakable sorrow. Jenny, Jenny, say one kind word!

JENNY. (*earnestly*) Tell me what to say?

SPREAD. It must come from you, my darling; say whatever is on your lips—whether for good or ill—I can bear it now.

JENNY. Well, then: I wish you a very very pleasant voyage—and I hope you will be happy and prosperous—and you must take great care of yourself—and you can't think how glad I shall be to know that you think of me, now and then, in India. There!

SPREAD. Is that all?

JENNY. Yes, I think that's all. (*reflectively*) Yes—that's all.

SPREAD. Then—(*with great emotion which he struggles to suppress*) there's nothing left but to say good-bye—(*Music in orchestra till end of Act, "Good-bye, Sweetheart"*) and I hope you will always be happy, and that, when you marry, you will marry a good fellow who will—who will—who will—good-bye!

*Exit, rapidly.*

(*JENNY watches him out—sits down, leaving the gate open—hums an air gaily—looks round to see if he is coming back—goes on humming—takes up the flower he has given her—plays with it—gradually falters, and at last bursts into tears, laying her head on the table over the flower he has given her, and sobbing violently as the Curtain falls*)

[ACT 1.

years and years,  
at least not yet.  
were eighty, I  
! Parting for  
t say what I'm  
pluck to say it  
and I loved you  
more; and now  
t, I—I, Jenny

at I loved you.  
now that I am  
ne.  
man!

out it seems so  
ngs. And then,  
s. It's awful!  
to delay—my  
nd word from  
t word, I shall  
ne kind word!

; say whatever  
bear it now.  
very pleasant  
prosperous—and  
an't think how  
now and then,

Yes—that's all.  
*He struggles to*  
oye—(Music in  
") and I hope  
ou marry, you  
ll—who will—

*Exit, rapidly.*  
*the gate open—*  
*f he is coming*  
*er he has given*  
*l at last bursts*  
*r the flower he*  
(Curtain falls)



1892

The first of the year was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy snow storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the cold.

The second of the year was a very warm one, and the snow melted. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy rain storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the heat.

The third of the year was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy snow storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the cold.

The fourth of the year was a very warm one, and the snow melted. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy rain storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the heat.

The fifth of the year was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy snow storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the cold.

The sixth of the year was a very warm one, and the snow melted. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy rain storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the heat.

The seventh of the year was a very cold one, and the snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy snow storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the cold.

The eighth of the year was a very warm one, and the snow melted. The weather was generally clear, but there were some heavy rain storms. The crops were not very good, and the harvest was small. The people were generally well, but there were some deaths from the heat.







A

S

J

c  
s

h

F

t

F

s

t

8

:

:

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Same as in Act I., with such additions and changes as may be supposed to have taken place in thirty years. The house, which was bare in Act I., is now entirely covered with Virginia and other creepers; the garden is much more fully planted than in Act I., and trees that were small in Act I. are tall and bushy now; the general arrangement of the garden is the same, except that the sycamore planted in Act I. has developed into a large tree, the boughs of which roof in the stage; the landscape has also undergone a metamorphosis, inasmuch as that which was open country in Act I. is now covered with picturesque semi-detached villas, and there are indications of a large town in the distance. The month is September, and the leaves of the Virginia creepers wear their Autumn tint. Music in orchestra for rise of curtain.*

JENNY discovered seated on a bench at the foot of the tree, and RUTH is standing by her side, holding a skein of cotton, which JENNY is winding. JENNY is now a pleasant-looking middle-aged lady.

JENNY. Have you any fault to find with poor Tom?

RUTH. No, miss, I've no fault to find with Tom. But a girl can't marry every young man she don't find fault with, can she now, miss?

JENNY. Certainly not, Ruth. But Tom seems to think you have given him some cause to believe that you are fond of him.

RUTH. (*bridling up*) It's like his impudence, miss, to say so! Fond of *him* indeed!

JENNY. He hasn't said so, Ruth, but I'm quite sure he thinks so. I have noticed of late that you have taken a foolish pleasure in playing fast and loose with poor Tom, and this has made him very unhappy, very unhappy indeed, so much so that I think it is very likely that he will make up his mind to leave my service altogether.

RUTH. (*piqued*) Oh, miss, if Tom can make up his mind to go, I'm sure I wouldn't stand in his way for worlds.

JENNY. But I think you would be sorry if he did.

RUTH. Oh yes, miss, I should be sorry to part with Tom!

JENNY. Then I think it's only right to tell you that the foolish fellow talks about enlisting for a soldier, and if he does it at all, he will do it to-night.

RUTH. (*with some emotion*) Oh, miss, for that, I do like Tom very much indeed. but if he wants to 'list, of course he's his

own master, and, if he's really fond of me what does he want to go and 'list for? (*going to cry*) One would think he would like to be where he could talk to me, and look at me—odd times! I'm sure I don't want Tom to go and 'list!

JENNY. Then take the advice of an old lady, who knows something of these matters, and tell him so before it's too late—you foolish—foolish girl! Ah, Ruth, I've no right to be hard on you! I've been a young and foolish girl like yourself in my time, and I've done many thoughtless things that I've learnt to be very sorry for. I'm not reproaching you—but I'm speaking to you out of the fulness of my experience, and take my word for it, if you treat poor Tom lightly, you may live to be very sorry for it too! (*taking her hand*) There, I'm not angry with you, my dear, but if I'd taken the advice I'm giving you, I shouldn't be a lonely old lady at a time of life when a good husband has his greatest value. (*ring*) Go and see who's at the gate!

*Exit JENNY—RUTH goes to the gate, wiping her eyes on her apron—she opens it.*

*Enter SPREADBROW (now SIR HENRY), L. U. E.*

SPREAD. My dear, is this Mr. Braybrook's?

RUTH. Yes, sir.

SPREAD. Is he at home?

RUTH. No, sir, he is not; but mistress is.

SPREAD. Will you give your mistress my card? (*feeling for his card case*) Dear me, I've left my cards at home—never mind—will you tell your mistress that a gentleman will be greatly indebted to her, if she will kindly spare him a few minutes of her time? Do you think you can charge yourself with that message?

RUTH. Mistress is in the garden, sir, I'll run and tell her if you'll take a seat. *Exit RUTH, R. U. E.*

SPREAD. That's a good girl! (*he sits on seat*) I couldn't make up my mind to pass the old house without framing an excuse to take a peep at it. (*locks round*) Very nice—very pretty—but, dear me, on a very much smaller scale than I fancied. Remarkable changes in thirty years! (*rises and walks round tree, looking about and finishing his speech down stage, L. C.*) Why the place is a town, and a railway runs right through it. And this is really the old garden in which I spent so many pleasant hours? Poor little Jenny!—I wonder what's become of her? Pretty little girl, but with a tendency to stoutness; if she's alive, I'll be bound she's fat. So this is Mr. Braybrook's, is it? I wonder who Braybrook is—I don't remember any family of that name hereabouts. (*looking off*) This, I

## [ACT 2.]

suppose, is Mrs. Braybrook. Now, how in the world am I to account for my visit?

*Enter JENNY—she curtseys formally, he bows.*

I beg your pardon, I hardly know how to explain this intrusion. Perhaps I had better state my facts, they will plead my apology:—I am an old Indian civilian, who, having returned to England after many years' absence, is whiling away a day in his native place, and amusing himself with polishing old memories—bright enough once, but sadly tarnished—sadly tarnished!

JENNY. Indeed? May I hope that you have succeeded?

SPREAD. Indifferently well—indifferently well. The fact is, I hardly know where I am, for all my old landmarks are swept away; I assure you I am within the mark, when I say that this house is positively the only place I can identify.

JENNY. The town has increased very rapidly of late.

SPREAD. Rapidly! When I left, there were not twenty houses in the place, but (*politely*) that was long before your time. I left a village, I find a town—I left a beadle, I find a mayor and corporation—I left a pump, I find a statue to a borough member. The inn is a "Palace Hotel Company—" the almshouse a county jail—the pound is a police station, and the Common a colony of semi-detached bungalows! Everything changed, including myself—everything new, except myself—ha, ha!

JENNY. I shall be glad to offer you any assistance in my power. I should be a good guide, for I have lived here thirty-two years!

SPREAD. Thirty-two years! is it possible? Then surely I ought to know you? (*he feels for his glasses*) My name is Spreadbrow—Sir Henry Spreadbrow!

JENNY. Spreadbrow! (*putting on spectacles*) Is it possible? Why, my very dear old friend, (*offering both her hands*) don't you recollect me?

SPREAD. (*he puts on his double eye-glass, takes both her hands*) God bless me!—is it possible!—and this is really you!—you don't say so! Dear me, dear me! Well, well, well! I assure you I am delighted, most unaffectedly delighted, to renew our friendship! (*shaking hands again—they sit under tree, c.—look at each other curiously*)

SPREAD. (L.) Not changed a bit. My dear Jane, you really must allow me. (*they shake hands again*) And now tell me, how is Mr. Braybrook?

JENNY. (R., *rather surprised*) Oh, Mr. Braybrook is very well; I expect him home presently; he will be very glad to see you, for he has often heard me speak of you.

SPREAD. Has he indeed? It will give me the greatest—the very greatest possible pleasure, believe me, (*very emphatically*) to make his acquaintance.

JENNY. (*still surprised at his emphatic manner*) I'm sure he will be delighted.

SPREAD. Now tell me all about yourself. Any family?

JENNY. (*puzzled*) I beg your pardon?

SPREAD. Any family?

JENNY. Mr. Braybrook?

SPREAD. Well—yes—

JENNY. Mr. Braybrook is a bachelor.

SPREAD. A bachelor? Then let me understand—am I not speaking to Mrs. Braybrook?

JENNY. No, indeed you are not! Ha, ha! (*much amused*) Mr. Braybrook is my nephew; the place belongs to him now.

SPREAD. Oh! Then, my dear Jane, may I ask who you are?

JENNY. I am not married—

SPREAD. Not married!

JENNY. No; I keep house for my nephew.

SPREAD. Why, you don't mean to sit there and look me in the face and tell me, after thirty years, that you are still Jane Northbrook?

JENNY. (*rather hurt at the mistake*) Northcott.

SPREAD. Northcott, of course. I beg your pardon—I should have said Northcott. And you are not Mrs. Braybrook? You are not even married! Why what were they about—what were they about? Not married! Well, now do you know I am very sorry to hear that. I am really more sorry and disappointed than I can tell you. (*she looks surprised and rather hurt*) You'd have made an admirable wife, Jane, and an admirable mother. I can't tell you how sorry I am to find that you are still Jane Northbrook—I should say, Northcott.

JENNY. The same in name—much changed in everything else. (*sighing*)

SPREAD. Changed? Not a bit—I won't hear of it. I knew you the moment I saw you? We are neither of us changed. Mellowed perhaps—a little mellowed, but what of that? Who shall say that the blossom is pleasanter to look upon than the fruit? Not I for one, Jane—not I for one.

JENNY. Time has dealt very kindly with us, but we're old folks now, Henry Spreadbrow. (*rise and go down a little, r.*)

SPREAD. I won't allow it, Jane—I won't hear it. (*rise*) What constitutes youth? A head of hair? Not at all; I was as bald as an egg at five-and-twenty—babies are always bald. Eyesight? Some people are born blind. Years? Years are an arbitrary impertinence. Am I an old man or you an old woman, because the earth contrives to hurry round the sun in

three hundred and sixty-five days? Why Saturn can't do it in thirty years. If I had been born on Saturn I should be two years old, ma'am—a public nuisance in petticoats. Let us be thankful that I was not born on Saturn. No—no, as long as I can ride to cover twice a week, walk my five-and-twenty miles without turning a hair, go to bed at twelve, get up at six, turn into a cold tub and like it, I'm a boy, Jane—a boy—a boy!

JENNY. And you are still unmarried?

SPREAD. I? Oh dear, yes—very much so. No time to think of marriage. Plenty of opportunity, mind, but no leisure to avail myself of it. I've had a bustling time of it I assure you, Jane, working hard at the Bar and on the Bench, with some success—with some success; (*sits again*) and now that I've done my work, I throw myself back in my easy chair, fold my hands, cross my legs, and prepare to enjoy myself. Life is before me, and I'm going to begin it. Ha, ha! And so we are really Jane Northcott still?

JENNY. Still Jane Northcott.

SPREAD. I'm indignant to hear it—I assure you that I am positively indignant to hear it. You would have made some fellow so infernally happy; (*rise*) I'm sorry for that fellow's sake, I don't know him, but still I am sorry. Ah, I wish I had remained in England. I do wish, for the very first time since I left it, that I had remained in England.

JENNY. Indeed! And why!

SPREAD. Why? Because I should have done my best to remove that reproach from society. I should indeed, Jane! Ha, ha! After all it don't much matter, for you wouldn't have had me. Oh, yes! you had no idea of it; but, do you know, I've a great mind to tell you—I *will* tell you. Do you know I was in love with you at one time? Boy and girl, you know—boy and girl. Ha, ha! *you'd* no idea of it, but I was!

JENNY. (*in wonder*) Oh, yes; I knew it very well.

SPREAD. (*much astonished*) You knew it? You knew that I was attached to you!

JENNY. Why of course I did!

SPREAD. Did you, indeed! Bless me, you don't say so! Now that's amazingly curious. Leave a woman alone to find *that* out! It's instinctive, positively instinctive. Now, my dear Jane, I'm a very close student of human nature, and in pursuit of that study I should like above all things to know by what signs you detected my secret admiration for you. (*takes her hand*)

JENNY. Why, bless the man! There was no mystery in the matter! You told me all it!

SPREAD. I told you all about it?

JENNY. Certainly you did—here, in this garden.

SPREAD. That I admired you—loved you?

JENNY. Most assuredly! Surely you've not forgotten it. (*he drops her hand*) I haven't.

SPREAD. I remember that I had the impertinence to be very fond of you. I forgot that I had the impertinence to tell you so. I remember it now. I made a fool of myself. I remember it by that. I told you that I adored you, didn't I?—that you were as essential to me as the air I breathed—that it was impossible to support existence without you—that your name should be the most hallowed of earthly words, and so forth. Ha, ha! my dear Jane, before I'd been a week on board I was saying the same thing to a middle-aged governess whose name has entirely escaped me. (*she has exhibited signs of pleasure during the earlier part of this speech, and disappointment at the last two lines*) What fools we make of ourselves!

JENNY. And of others!

SPREAD. Oh, I meant it Jane, I meant every word I said to you.

JENNY. And the governess?

SPREAD. And the governess! I would have married you, Jane.

JENNY. And the governess?

SPREAD. And the governess! I'd have married *her*, if she had accepted me—but she didn't. Perhaps it was as well—she was a widow with five children—I cursed my destiny at the time, but I've forgiven it since. I talked of blowing out my brains. I'm glad I didn't do it as I've found them useful in my profession. Ha! ha! (*looking round, crossing to R.—JENNY stands c., watching him, her back to the audience*) The place has changed a good deal since my time—improved—improved—we've all three improved. I don't quite like this tree though—it's in the way. What is it? A kind of beech, isn't it?

JENNY. No, it's a sycamore.

SPREAD. Ha! I don't understand English trees—but it's a curious place for a big tree like this, just outside the drawing-room window. Isn't it in the way?

JENNY. It *is* rather in the way.

SPREAD. I don't like a tree before a window, it checks the current of fresh air—don't you find that?

JENNY. It *does* check the current of fresh air.

SPREAD. Then the leaves blow into the house in autumn, and that's a nuisance—and besides it impedes the view.

JENNY. It is certainly open to those objections.

SPREAD. Then cut it down, my dear Jane. (*crossing round behind tree to L.*) Why don't you cut it down?

JENNY. Cut it down! I wouldn't cut it down for worlds.

That tree is identified in my mind with many happy recollections. (*sits*)

SPREAD. Remarkable the influence exercised by associations over a woman's mind. Observe—you take a house, mainly because it commands a beautiful view. You apportion the rooms principally with reference to that view. You lay out your garden at great expense to harmonize with that view, and having brought that view into the very best of all possible conditions for the full enjoyment of it, you allow a gigantic and wholly irrelevant tree to block it all out for the sake of the sentimental ghost of some dead and gone sentimental reality! Take my advice and have it down. If I had had anything to do with it, you would never have planted it. I shouldn't have allowed it!

JENNY. You had so much to do with it that it was planted there at your suggestion.

SPREAD. At mine? Never saw it before in my life.

JENNY. We planted it together thirty years ago—the day you sailed for India.

SPREAD. It appears to me that that was a very eventful day in my career. We planted it together? I have no recollection of having ever planted a gigantic sycamore anywhere. And we did it together! Why, it would take a dozen men to move it.

JENNY. It was a sapling then—you cut it for me.

SPREAD. (*suddenly and with energy*) From the old sycamore in the old garden at Hampstead! Why, I remember; I went to London expressly to get it for you. (*laughing--sitting on her left*) And the next day I called to say good-bye and I found you planting it, and I helped; and as I was helping I found an opportunity to seize your hand. (*does so*) I grasped it—pressed it to my lips—(*does so*) and said, "My dear, dear Jenny," (*he drops her hands suddenly*) and so forth. Never mind *what* I said—but I meant it—I meant it! (*laughs heartily—she joins him, but her laughter is evidently forced—eventually she shows signs of tears which he doesn't notice*) It all comes back with a distinctness which is absolutely photographic. I begged you to give me a flower—you gave me one—a sprig of geranium.

JENNY. Mignonette.

SPREAD. Was it mignonette? I think you're right—it was mignonette. I seized it—pressed it to my trembling lips—placed it next my fluttering heart, and swore that come what might I would never part with it! I wonder what I did with that flower!—and then I took one from my button hole—begged you to take it—you took it, and—ha, ha, ha!—you threw it down carelessly on the table, and thought no more about it, you heartless creature—ha, ha, ha! Oh, I was very angry! I remember it perfectly, it was a camellia.



JENNY. (*half crying—aside*) Not a camellia, I think.

SPREAD. Yes, a camellia, a large white camellia.

JENNY. I don't think it was a camellia, I rather think it was a rose.

SPREAD. Nonsense, Jane—come, come, you hardly looked at it, miserable little flirt that you were; and you pretend, after thirty years, to stake your recollection of the circumstance against mine? No, no, Jane, take my word for it, it was a camellia.

JENNY. I'm sure it was a rose!

SPREAD. No, I'm sure it was a camellia.

JENNY. (*in tears*) Indeed—indeed it was a rose. (*produces a withered rose from a pocket-book—he is very much impressed—looks at it and at her, and seems much affected*)

SPREAD. Why, Jane, my dear Jane, you don't mean to say that this is the very flower?

JENNY. That is the very flower! (*rising*)

SPREAD. Strange! You seemed to attach no value to it when I gave it to you, you threw it away as something utterly insignificant; and when I leave, you pick it up, and keep it for thirty years! (*rising*) My dear Jane, how like a woman!

JENNY. And you seized the flower I gave you—pressed it to your lips, and swore that wherever your good or ill fortune might carry you, you would never part with it; and—and you quite forget what became of it! My dear Harry, how like a man!

SPREAD. I was deceived, my dear Jane—deceived! I had no idea that you attached so much value to my flower.

JENNY. We were both deceived, Henry Spreadbrow.

SPREAD. Then is it possible that in treating me as you did, Jane, you were acting a part?

JENNY. We were both acting parts—but the play is over, and there's an end of it. (*with assumed cheerfulness, crossing to L.*) Let us talk of something else.

SPREAD. No, no, Jane, the play is *not* over—we will talk of nothing else—the play is not nearly over. (*Music in orchestra, "John Anderson my Joe"*) My dear Jane—(*rising, and taking her hand*) my very dear Jane—believe me, for I speak from my hardened old heart, so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning. (*he kisses her hand—they walk towards the house.*)

Slow Curtain.



# SOUVENIR

OF

# The Children's Plays

AT

## GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1874	-	-	-	-	-	"Titania."
1875	-	-	-	-	-	"Princess Pussy Cat Mew Mew."
1876	-	-	-	-	-	"Little Nobody."
1877	-	-	-	-	-	"Maiden Mcna."
1878	-	-	-	-	-	"Fifine, the Fisher-maid."



S

# EPILOGUE

TO

## “*Fifine, the Fisher-maid,*”

Spoken by the Hon. Terence Blackwood in the  
character of “*Prince Emerald.*”

---

Kind friends, who’ve seen our little Christmas play,  
One word, before you go, I’d like to say.

For five bright New Year’s nights, our fairy scenes,  
Our tales of goblins, giants, kings and queens,  
Our fair princesses, mermaids, coral caves,  
Our wicked monsters, and our naughty knaves  
We’ve brought before you; chiefest of our cares,  
To try to please you with our mimic airs.

“*Titania,*” and her Court came first of all.  
Five years ago the Court was very small;  
Some of our actors, then, could hardly talk,  
And some indeed had not begun to walk.  
For twelve months more our *corps dramatique* grew,  
’Till Christmas brought us “*Pussy Cat, Mew Mew.*”  
With “*Zoroastor*” and “*Kakaliban.*”  
Perhaps you may remember that bad man;  
His queer receipts for making girls and boys,  
And “*Prince Teckstailia,*” best of all his toys.  
Then “*Little Nobody*” appeared: ’twas I,  
Your humble servant, not so very high;  
With such a pair of ogres! Shocking lot!  
They quite deserved the punishment they got.  
Then “*Maiden Mona,*” queen of dainty wee things,  
From seething waves, the last sweet thing in sea things,  
Brought us our Christmas fun; with “*Captain Pounce,*”  
Gay “*Coquettina,*” too, and “*General Bounce.*”  
This year, we’ve drawn one little story more  
From fancies of our private fairy lore:—  
“*Fifine, the Fisher-maid.*” You won’t forget  
That “*magic shrimps*” will cure the worst of pet.  
They must be “*magic,*” though, and you can’t buy them;  
And as for us, alas! we can’t supply them.  
The years have slipped away so very fast,  
This fairy tale is, sad to say, our last.  
Before another merry Christmas day,  
The “*company*” will all have gone away;  
And ocean will divide our little band  
From all but memory of your kindly land.  
And when we meet again in after years,  
Some may be “*Generals,*” and some “*Premiers,*”  
Some “*Nobodies;*” for some, you know, *must* be.  
There’ll be no “*Ogres,*” though, I clearly see.  
One thing is certain;—we shall all have grown;  
And some, perhaps, have “*fairies*” of our own.  
But, still, we’ll not forget, though old and tall,  
The “*Children’s Christmas Play,*” at Rideau Hall.



PRINCESS PUSSY-CAT,  
MEW-MEW.

---

A XMAS ABSURDITY.

---

J. DURIE & SON, Stationers.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

---

- ZOROASTER, the Sorcerer; Marchand des Joujoux, which he didn't ought to—the badest bad old hen, . . . . . CAPT. WARD
- KAKALIBAN, his man; of whom it may be briefly remarked—“*Ug* handsome is as *un*handsome does.” (*older Proverb*). . . . . CAPT. HAMILTON
- THE MAN IN THE MOON, a “*Deus ex*” who gets slightly worsted by the “*dear sex*,” . . . . . HON. TERENCE BLACKWOOD
- PRINCE TECKSTALLIA; like Topsey, he “*grewed*,” “another’s end was his beginning.” Sprung from the sorcerer’s cauldron he changes his (s)pot as soon as possible, . . . . . VISCOUNT CLANDEBOYE
- THE KING OF NO-BOY-LAND, a much-worn sovereign who is every inch *acheing* . . . . . MR. FLETCHER
- FAIRY FANCY, as good as she is lovely—and gooder.. LADY HELEN BLACKWOOD
- MOTLEY, the Court Jester; cram full of fun; bursting with jocularity, a walking pepper-pot of puns. (N.B.—The joke of the wag will appear in the tail.) . . . . . MR. ARTHUR FLETCHER
- PRINCESS PUSSY-CAT, MEW-MEW; “For she was as beautiful as”—“but words are wanting to”—she must be seen to be appreciated . . . . . MISS FLETCHER
- ZULINDA, a maid who says little, but thinks a good deal. . . . .  
LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD
- TECK, the Puppy-dog; which it is to be hoped he will behave as such . . . . . By TECK
- IRISH FAIRY, . . . . . HON. BASIL BLACKWOOD
- FRENCH FAIRY, . . . . . MADLE FLORESTINE HALOU
- ENGLISH FAIRY, . . . . . MISS EDITH FLETCHER
- RIDEAU FAIRY, . . . . . MR. HERBERT FLETCHER
- OTTAWA FAIRY, . . . . . MISS MURIEL FLETCHER
- CANADIAN FAIRY, . . . . . LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD

Æ

did't  
 CAPT. WARD  
 U.  
 CAPT. HAMILTON  
 ted by  
 NCE BLACKWOOD  
 's end  
 on he  
 NT CLANDEBOYE  
 every  
 MR. FLETCHER  
 EN BLACKWOOD  
 arity,  
 g will  
 THUR FLETCHER  
 as"—  
 ppe-  
 MISS FLETCHER  
 .....  
 SE BLACKWOOD  
 ch By TEEK  
 IL BLACKWOOD  
 ESTINE HALOU  
 ITH FLETCHER  
 ERT FLETCHER  
 IEL FLETCHER  
 A BLACKWOOD

PRINCESS PUSSY-CAT,  
 MEW-MEW.



A XMAS ABSURDITY.

J. DUNK & SON, Stationers.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

ZOROASTER, the Zorcerer ; Marchand des Joujoux, which he did'nt ought to—the badest bad old man.

KAKALIBAN, his man ; of whom it may be briefly remarked—  
“ *Unhandsome is as unhandsome does.*”

(*older Proverb.*)

THE MAN IN THE MOON, a “*Deus ex*” who gets slightly worsted by the “*dear sex.*”

PRINCE TECKSTAILIA, like Topsey, he “*growed,*” “*another's end was his beginning.*” Sprung from the sorcerer's children he changes his (*s*) pot as soon as possible.

THE KING OF NO-BOY-LAND, a much-worn sovereign who is every inch *acheing*.

FAIRY FANCY, as good as she is lovely—and gooder.

MOTLEY, The Court Jester ; the only great and original is (N. B. *not WERE.* *Lindley Murray.*)

PRINCESS PUSSY-CAT, MEW-MEW ; “*For she was as beautiful as*”—“*but words are wanting to*”—she must be seen to be appreciated.

ZULINDA, A maid who says little, but thinks a good deal.

TECK, the Puppy-dog ; which it is to be hoped he will behave as such.

Fairies, Courtiers, &c.

SCENE I.

*Cavern, of Zoroaster, the Sorcerer; practicable, to open at back. Table R covered with cloth to floor. Books and lamp on table, large cauldron in centre stage. Zoroaster discovered seated at table sleeping.*

Zor.—(*Reads solemnly and sadly.*)

“ Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,  
“ Who killed Cock Robin? Who saw him die?  
“ Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes  
“ Up came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.”

(*Shakes his head gravely.*)

Alas! how true! Affecting, very! Really  
This painful tale has made me weep, or nearly,  
I've such a tender heart, it's made me cry  
To read of these poor blackbirds in that pie.  
And think how nice they must have been with crust,  
And I was not invited! Now they're dust.  
I'll go to bed, we're nearly through the night.

(*Gets up,—loud noise on gong heard, back of scene opens up, discovering Man in the Moon, the moon behind him illuminated.*)

“ Come in!

“ Good gracious! What a funny sight!

M. in M., coming down—

“ Good evening friend, I hope I don't intrude,  
'Tis late, I know, but pray don't think me rude  
I couldn't come before; but now I can  
I'll introduce myself. I am the man—

Zor.—! the moon? Now are you really? If you please  
We thought that you were made of nice green cheese.  
I need'n't ask if you refreshment lack  
I see you're full. (*aside*) I hope he'll soon go back.  
Perhaps you want to change your present quarters?

*M. in M.*—

Oh, no! *you* hav'nt any pretty daughters.

*Zor.*—Pray take a chair. Its rather large I fear  
They always sit so heavy, men down here.  
Of course *you* must be always sat-er-light!

*M. in M.*—

I did'nt come to hear your chaff to-night.

*Zor.*—What does your moonship want with me?

*M. in M.*—

Look here.

The King of No-boy-land, who's rather "queer."

(*taps forehead.*)

Sent me, last night, a telegram to say,  
That all the silly No-boy-landers pray;  
Me straight to send them down a Boy d'ye see  
Now Zoroaster, make me, quick as quick can be—

*Zoro.*—

Pray what?

*M. in M.*—

A trifle, just this one small Boy.

*Zor.*—A Boy! A most expensive, dangerous toy!  
They'll soon regret their wish, I sadly fear,  
I've not been asked for that for many a year.  
They never make them now; but once, I never saw  
one,  
And he was dried and stuffed, and not a raw one,  
Could you describe the article, Sir please,

*M. in M.*—

Describe a boy! oh, with the greatest ease.

*M. in M.*—

A thing all legs, and arms, and dirt, and smears,  
With neither cares, nor money, tears nor fears.  
Prodigious appetite for mischief showing,  
The little monster will insist on *growing*!  
Of cakes and goodies it's a shocking crammer,  
It never knows its Greek and Latin Grammar.

*Zor.*—Dear me! Dear me! How very, very sad,  
A boy like that, now, must be very bad!

*M. in M.*—

It inks its fingers, tears its Sunday jackets,  
And keeps its pockets filled with sweets in packets;  
Toffee and marbles, squibs and Roman candles,  
Birds eggs and string, and knives with broken handles.

*Zor.*—For worlds I would'nt have a thing like that—  
I'd rather keep a monkey or a rat.

*M. in M.*—

Its always falling down, or climbing trees;  
Has always holes or patches at its knees;  
It teases cats, and stands upon its head;  
Its always getting whipt and sent to bed  
Or *should* be—. That's a Boy, you may depend on't.

*Zor.*—In short, boys will be boys and there's an end on't  
(*aside.*) H'm! So that a boy! He'll spoil their fun!  
Your Moonship! Your commission shall be done!  
T'will be expensive—

*M. in M.*—

You'll get your desert.

(*aside*) My payments are all moonshine, cheap as dirt!

Well now, my friend,—You must 'nt keep me from it  
I've an appointment with the next new Comet,  
He thinks of dressing up his tail in yellow.

*(Going up stage.)*

Good bye, I'm off, ta! ta! ta! ta! old fellow.

*(Returns to moon and scene re-closes.)*

Zor.—A boy! I'll make a boy! How? Never mind,  
I'll put in just the nastiest things I find.

*(Zoroaster goes to table, opens big volume and runs finger down index.)*

Zor.—Let's see! Let's see! Boy! Boy! Ha! this will do,  
Page fifteen thousand and; h'm, sixty-two.

*(Turns over pages and reads.)*

Ah. Here it is. *(reads)* "To make a Boy,"  
If those are the ingredients, I wish them joy.

*(reads)* "Take four and twenty fresh-cut snips

"And five and forty snails,

"And twenty ends of puppy dogs"—

*(The vulgar call them tails!)*

"And boil them well, five weeks or so,

"Until they hard as nails."

That's good! now to my task *(calls)* Kakaliban!  
Where is that lazy fellow?

*(Looks round stage. A loud snore is heard from under table. Zoroaster lifts cloth and discovers Kakaliban fast asleep on the floor. Z. beats him with stick till he wakes. Comic business—Kakaliban not waking at first.)*

Now my man!

*(Beating him round stage.)*

Take that you lazy rascal. Go to sleep again,  
And every bone you have shall ache with pain;  
You shall have gout all over every point  
And a tremendous toothache in each joint.

Come, set to work, and gather lots of snails,  
 And fetch me quick a score of puppies' tails;  
 You'll find them plentiful in No-boy-land,  
 Just pick them up and pack them out of hand.  
 I'll go and get a little rest (*going of L.*) O my!  
 I can't forget those blackbirds in that pie!

(*Exit L.*)

*Kakaliban.*—

(*Yawning.*)

Heigho! I am so sleepy. I declare  
 My master's more than any one can bear,  
 For thirteen days I haven't slept a wink  
 I never have a thing to eat or drink;  
 No wonder that I've got such shrunken cheeks!  
 I hav'nt tasted food for thirteen weeks.  
 My education's quite neglected—fled!  
 I used to know my Alphabet from A to Z.  
 I hav'nt time to practice the piano,  
 Nor make up verses to my fairest Fanny;  
 She'll think it all "meant nothing," p'raps she's glad,  
 She told me that she thought I must be mad.  
 I never go out even for a dance,  
 My French 'vas long ago gone back to France;  
 —Parley voo frong say?—Oh! The accent's fine!  
 Kakaliban, my boy, you ought to shine.

(*Pulls out small pocket glass and looks at himself.*)

Kakaliban, you are a handsome fellow  
 Though your complexion's p'raps a trifle yellow.  
 These lips, so tender, know no touch of Love's,  
 These hands, so graceful, never put on gloves;  
 Though only fourteen and a half my size is,  
 I never see Champagne or strawberry ices.

Would you believe it, in this place so pokey  
 I never even have a game of croquet.  
 More kicks than croquet, I should think so rather!  
 Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I had a father,  
 Or some big brother, just to interfere,  
 It's wrong to treat an orphan so, that's clear;  
 But, worst of all my master's games, why  
 He tries his nasty medicines on me!  
 I'll run away! Refuse to work I can!  
 Can! why I *will*—(*Zoroaster calls*)—Kakaliban!  
 Oh, no, I won't, I feel my courage fails,  
 I'll go and get those puppy dogs their tails.

(*Exit L.*)

(*Enter Fairy Fancy at back R.*)

*Fairy*—

So, so, friend Zoroaster, caught again!  
 You want to give the world some further pain;  
 We'll see if we can't stop your cruel fun—  
 I'll go and settle what had best be done.

(*L. R.*)

SCENE II.

*Ante-room in Palace. Enter Kakaliban! three old hats on the top of his head, and a big sack on his back.*

*Kakal (cries) Old clo'! old clo'! (looks round)*

What, no one here! all right,  
So much the better. I'll keep out of sight.  
This is the place for dogs; I've picked up nine  
And all so fat they couldn't give a whine.  
It's quite a doggerly. Here comes another,  
Here doggie, come and see your long lost brother.

*(Teck runs across stage, L to R, 1st entrance).*

Hi' dog! here Ponto! come, good dog! come here;  
There's really nothing in the world to fear.

*(Looks off, R.)*

Ah, there he is, I'll catch him in a minute.

*(Exit R, a yelp heard, re-enter Kakaliban.)*

That makes the number ten, now, he is in it.  
Perhaps I'd better go, there soon will be a pow-wow,  
When folks here find no traces of their bow-wow.

*(Exit R.)*

*(Enter King) followed closely by Motley. King walks up and down stage meditating, Motley following, holding up train, turning at every turn of the King's.)*

*King--*

Uneasy lies the head that is stung by bees,  
Uneasy is a sleep on toasted cheese,  
And few men rest on very easy beds  
With night-mares at full gallop in their heads.



Uneasy too, are legs with pins and needles,  
 Uneasy folks are thieves and police and beadles,  
 But more uneasier and most uneasiest of things  
 Are those poor beings whom the world calls Kings,  
 Grey hairs and wrinkles come upon them soon  
 With subjects always "crying for the moon."  
 The cares of state and worries weigh me down,  
 I would'nt for my crown give half-a-crown.

*(Enter Princess Pussy-Cat Mew-Mew with cake in hand,  
 and Zulinda.)*

*Princess—*

Oh, dear! oh, dear! Papa, what shall I do?  
 He's gone away and left me, oh, dear!

*King—*

Who?

*Princess—*

I'm sure he's gone for good, been stolen away,  
 He never would have left me, e'en in play.

*King—*

Who? what? which? when and how? and why  
 Oh, why?  
 What is the meaning of this noisy cry?

*Princess—*

He'd just had breakfast, partridge served with sauce,  
 A slice of ham cut thin, and cream of course;  
 O, Teck you bad, ungrateful, greedy dog.—*(Begins  
 to cry.)*

*Zulinda—*

Oh! that he is—

*Princess (turning round angrily)—*

He's not a bit! How dare you!

Zulinda—

I only said—

Princess—

Oh, go away, do, I can't bear you.

*(Zulinda goes up stage crying, Princess goes after her.)*

I beg your pardon dear, forgive me, do,  
I only thought of him and not of you.

*(Enter Fairy, disguised as old woman, R, 2nd entrance.)*

King—

Since two and two make four, I can but guess,  
My daughter's lost her dog— another mess!

Fairy, *aside*—

A pretty girl in tears and cross as sticks,  
*(To Princess)*—Why, what's the matter? who's been  
playing tricks?

Forgive a poor old woman, but my dear—

Princess—

What is it, goodie, what do *you* want here?

Fairy—

I'm very hungry, Miss, I've had no dinner.

Princess—

What can we do to stop your growing thinner,  
We must'nt let the poor old woman starve!  
I know! it's all I have, my cake I'll halve.

*(Gives half of her cake.)*

Fairy—

Thank you, my child, you have a kindly heart  
Perhaps you won't be sorry ere we part,  
I know your trouble; you've just lost your pet.

*To King.*

And you, Sir, too, will into trouble get,  
Your people, always crying for the moon.  
Are crying for a boy; they'll get one soon (*ironically*).

*King—*

Alas! you're right, I'm full of care tis true.  
How do you know all this? Pray who are you?

(*Fairy throws off cloak.*)

*Fairy—*

I am the Fairy Fancy! listen now,  
This work is Zoroaster's! Your bow-wow  
Is gone to make a boy, with snipes and snails,  
And such like horrid things, and puppies' tails.  
I know him well, but see! my charms are stronger,  
And now he shan't do mischief any longer.  
Come Princess Mew-mew, come along with me,  
And you shall see—well, that which you *shall* see.

*King—*

I'd like to come, but then with my poor head  
Perhaps I'd better go straight off to bed.

(*To Princess*)

Here, take my latch-key, dear, don't stop out late,  
And don't forget to lock the garden gate.  
Good night marm, my poor spirits are quite down,  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

(*Exit King and Motley, R. Fairy, Princess and Zulinda I.*)



SCENE III.

*Cavern of Zoroaster as before. Zoroaster discovered stirring contents of cauldron which is surrounded by a circle of turnips. Kakaliban on his knees, blowing the fire with bellows.*

Zor.—Hokey, pokey, boil and bubble,  
Stir it up with lots of trouble,  
Put in mischief, heaps of course—

Kakal. (*aside*)—

Mind you put in lots of sauce.

Zor.—Selfishness and Greediness—

Kakal. (*aside*)—

Won't there be a jolly mess!

Zor.—Snips and snails and puppies' tails  
Till the mixture's hard as nails.

Kakal. (*aside*)—

Oh, I am *so* sleepy—call this fun!  
I wish this cooking business was done.

Zor.—Hokey, pokey, boil and bubble,  
Stir it up with lots of trouble.

(*Enter Fairy, disguised as old woman, and Princess.*)

Fairy—

Good evening, Mr. Zoroaster, Pray  
What is't you do?

Zor.—                   What's that to you? Away!  
Vanish, depart, begone, be off, the pair of you.  
Get out old woman, go, or I'll take care of you.

Kakal. (*rising*)—

Get out old woman, go, we're mischief making.

Fairy—

Yes, so I thought, I'd like to see your baking.

*(Looks into cauldron, Kakaliban tries to seize her, her red cloak falls off and she appears as the Fairy. Zoroaster and Kakaliban start back.)*

Fairy—

Wretch! Do you know me? I'm the Fairy Fancy.

Kakal.—

A Fairy! why I thought you were old Nancy.

Fairy—

Stand back the pair of you. Be still as mice.

I'll spoil your mischief-making in a trice.

*(Walks round cauldron throwing ingredients in.)*

“Sugar and spice and nice things see,

“That's how good little girls are started.

“Now, brave and strong and true he'll be,

“Kind and fond, and tender-hearted.

“All a boy is all a tease,

“All a girl would never please;

“Half a girl and half a boy

“That's the way to make a joy.”

*(Gong strikes twelve, a bright light rises from cauldron, and Prince Teckstailia is seen in centre of it. Fairy takes him by the hand and leads him to Princess.)*

Whatever is, just is that's very clear,

And dogs once boiled, are boiled you see my dear.

But here's a plaything for you, stop your crying,

Live Princes beat dead dogs there's no denying.

Teckstalia is his name, a Prince brand now.

To Prince T.—

And this is Princess Pussy-cat, Mew-Mew,

A pretty Princess too to pass the day with.

(*Aside to Princess—*)

Remember, dear, he's made for you to play with.

*To Zoroaster and Kakaliban—*

And now you quivering, shivering, naughty two  
I've something left besides for you to do,

Fly, I command you, straight to No-boy-land

And bring all safely, just as now they stand,

The King and Court— (*Exit Z and Kal—*)

while I will go and call

My sister fairies to a feast and ball.

*To Prince and Princess.—*

Make friends while I'm away, and don't be bores.

(*Exit R.*)

*Princess—*

What's your name?

*P. T.—*

Teekstalia! and yours?

*Princess—*

Teekstalia's pretty—mine? oh, mine's Mew-Mew.

*P. T.—*

I'm sure that name is very pretty too.

How old are you?

*Princess—*

I'm only ten—I'm tall!

And you?

*P. T. (hesitates)—*I have'nt any age at all.

*Princess—*

I say, do you like sugar candy?

*P. T.—*

Don't I!

*Princess—*

You'll make me lots of toffee, wont you?

*P. T.*—

Wont I?

*Princess*—

And take me out to pic-nics, and climb trees.

*P. T.* (*puts his arm round her*)—

We'll climb the whole day long, dear, if you please.

*Princess*—

That will be fun. I say you'll love me?

*P. T.*—

Ever!

*Princess*—

That's right. You'll promise that you'll never.

*P. T.*—

Never!

*Princess*—

*Never* melt the wax off dolly's nose,  
Or poke her eyes out, or cut off her toes,  
Or put her up the chimney, or play tricks upon her.

*P. T.*—

I'll never play a trick upon my honor.

*Princess*—

Then there's my hand. (*Prince kisses it.*)

*P. T.*—

A pretty hand I swear.

I say, I want a little lock of hair.

*Princess* (*innocently*)—

Hair! pray take a handful, I shan't miss it.  
What do you want it for?

*P. T.*—

Oh, just to kiss it.

*Princess*—

Dear Prince, I am so glad you've come, so glad,  
You are the very nicest plaything that I've had.  
Where did you come from? say, I want to know.

R. T.—

From Fancy's palace where we both will go.  
A palace, lifting to the sunniest sky  
Its sugar candy walls; *so* thick and high,  
With barley sugar columns, oh, *so* tall!  
And birds all singing, oh! in *such* a hall,  
The fountains always run with current wine;  
The furniture's gilt gingerbread, *so* fine.

Princess.—

Wont that be nice; but sha'n't we eat it out?

Prince T.—

There're lots of lovely picture books about;  
And kittens.

Princess.—

Oh! what! *kittens!* without paying!

Prince T.

The fluffiest of white kittens always playing!  
The dearest little ponies in the world  
As white as milk, with manes and tails all curled,  
And splendid dogs, and pretty, talking Polls,  
And skipping ropes and balls, and oh, *such* dolls.  
They open both their eyes and say "Ma-ma."  
"How-do-you-do," and some can cry "Pa-pa,"  
And walk.

Princess (*clapping her hands.*)— Not walk!

Prince T.—

Yes, walk on their own legs,

You've only got to turn some little pegs.

Princess.—

This is *too* much! Delightful! oh, I say,  
Could we not go there *now*, this very day?



*Prince.*—

There're lots of such nice girls, and jolly boys,  
To play with all the heaps of pretty toys,  
And no one's ever cross, and no one cries—  
No one's unkind, and nothing ever dies.  
Do you like the picture?

*Princess.*— Yes, indeed! let's go!

*(Takes his hand, they run up stage and stop suddenly.)*

*Prince T.*—

I'm sorry, but I'm lost down here below.

*(Re-enter Zoroaster and Kakaliban—carrying the King and Motley on their backs in dressing gowns and tall red nightcaps. They set them down. R. 1st entrance. Enter Fairy, R.)*

*Fairy.*—

I see you're friends, well now my duty's done.  
I'll take you all where there'll be lots of fun;  
But, Zoroaster and Kakaliban?

*Kakal.*—

Please miss, he's master, and I'm only man.  
I *am* so sleepy, and he's used me bad  
Considering that I'm just an orphan lad.

*Fairy.*—

Well, if its sleep you want, you need'nt stop  
Be changed into a dormouse or a top.  
But as for Zoroaster—*(Zoroaster begins to whine)*  
hold your noise!  
You shall be teased to death by swarms of boys.

*Zor.*—Oh put me rather in my little bed,  
With fifty alligators round my head,  
Five hundred monkeys chattering like fun;

A thousand tom cats all rolled into one.  
 I will be good—make no more naughty toys,  
 But don't, oh don't, pray give me up to boys.

*(Gong sounds. Back of scene opens and shows Fancy's  
 Palace with Fairies, etc.)*

See Fancy's palace! everything's for you  
 Teckstailia and sweet Pussy-cat Mew-Mew.  
 But if you wish to live amongst these elves,  
 Just think of others more than of yourselves—  
 Have no more quarrels, frowns or tears,  
 Be true and gentle,—you'll be happy dears.

*(Green and red fire.)*

*Prince and Princess.*

*Fairy.*

*King.*

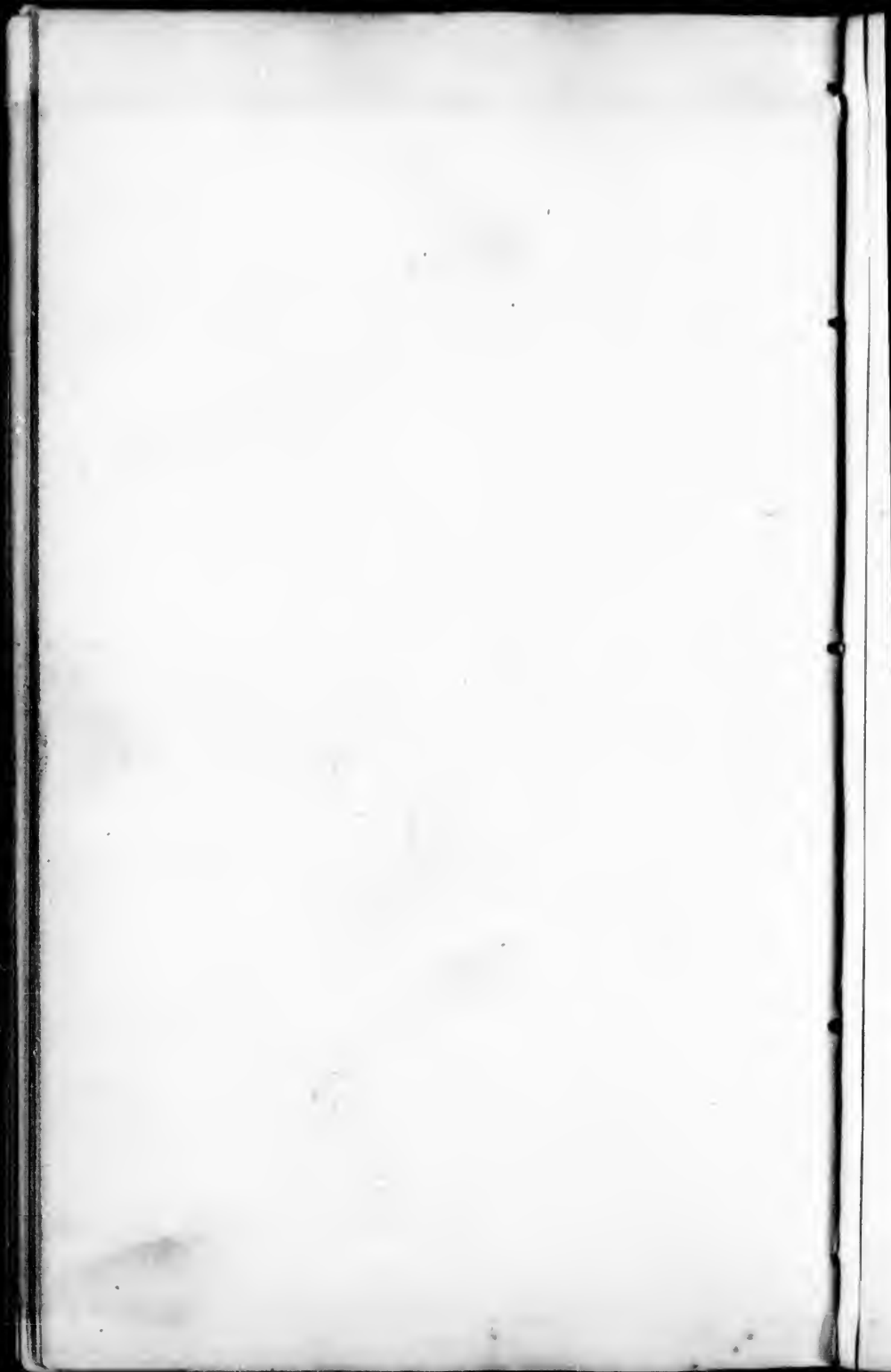
*Motley.*

*Kakaliban.*

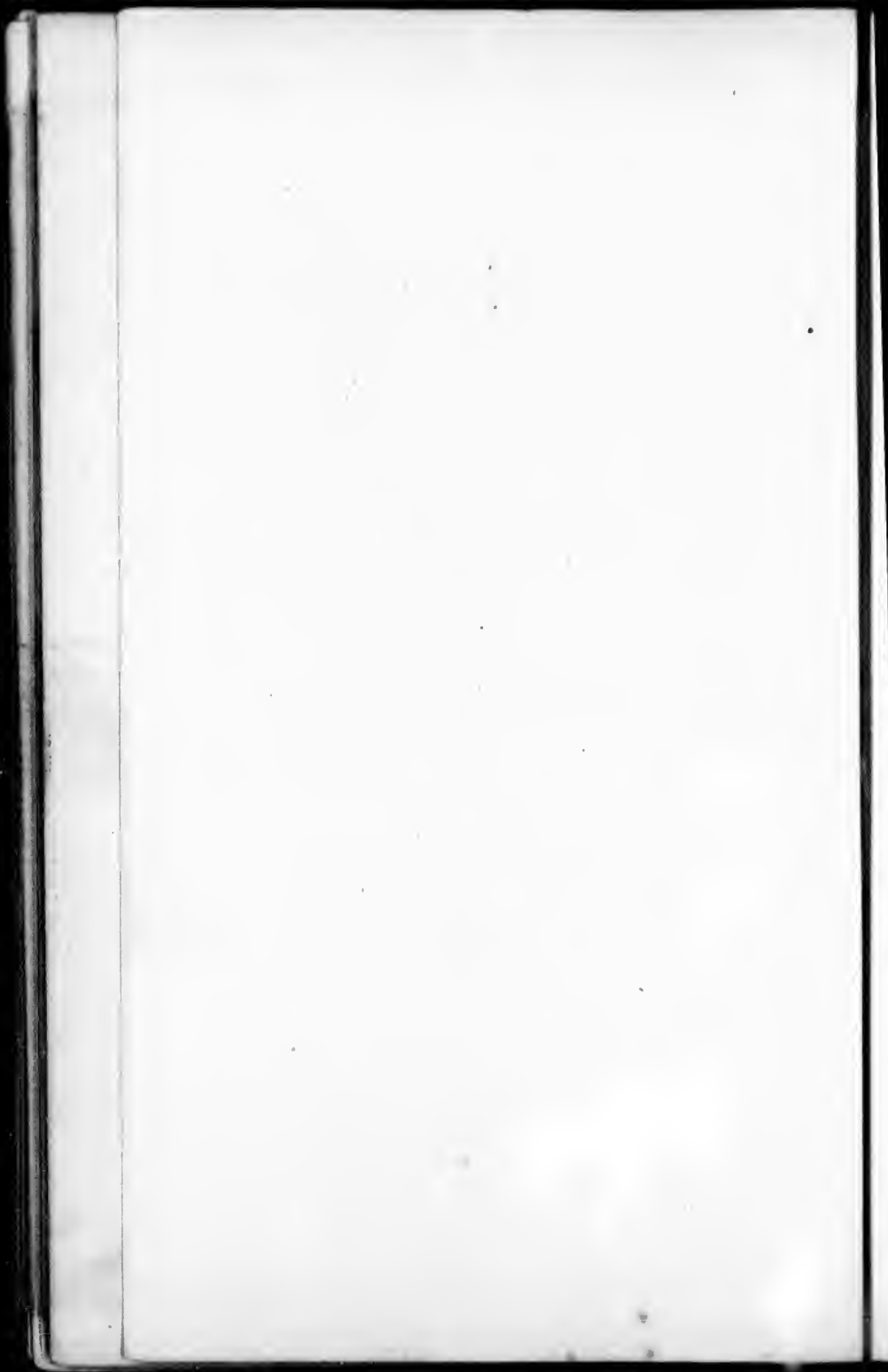
*Zorouster.*

(CURTAIN.)





A FAIRY PLAY FOR FAIRY PEOPLE.



# LITTLE NOBODY:

A Fairy Play for Fairy People.

BY

F. A. D.



TORONTO  
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.  
1875.

W. G. Gibson, Printer.  
Hunter, Rose & Co., Binders.

TO THE  
*CHILDREN OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES;*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN,

THE

*Merry Little Party of Actors,*

FOR

Whose Christmas Fun these Plays were written,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

*With this as sole excuse for its nonsense,*

IS

Affectionately Dedicated.



*af*

*cu*

*wo*

dis

K

Q

V

*not*

Sc

# LITTLE NOBODY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

LITTLE NOBODY.—*A body whom everybody will find to be Somebody after all.*

TIM THE TOOTER.—*A poor musician who picks out his (s) own (n) outs, (with one finger), and this sells in the streets. Afterwards — ! ! !*

THE OGRE.—*A true philanthropist—"nuff sed."*

THE OGRESS.—*Of all the dreadful, horrid wo— But no! She is a woman, and the bonnet must be respected.*

PRINCESS SUNNYLOCKS.—*A beauty in distress and white muslin, to whom dis dress is most becoming.*

KING OF THE FAIRIES, )  
    and                    ) *Monarchs of the Glen; no strangers to their*  
QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.) *Land-see-here.*

VOICE OF AN UNSEEN HERALD.—*Though it may be called clar it cannot be said to have much body; no matter.*

—o—

The Scene is laid somewhere in the East.

COSTUMES —Of any year sufficiently queer.

—o—

SCENE 1ST.—Interior of Tim's Cottage. SCENE 2ND.—Ogre Castle.

SCENE 3RD.—Same as Scene 1st.

SCENE 4TH.—The Enchanted Dell, and Haunt of the Fairies.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Government House, Ottawa.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1876.

Little Nobody	. . . . .	Hon. Terence Blackwood
Tim the Tooter	. . . . .	Viscount Clandeboye.
The Ogre	. . . . .	Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.
The Ogress	. . . . .	Captain Ward, A.D.C.
Princess Sunnylocks	. . . . .	Lady Helen Blackwood.
King of the Fairies	. . . . .	Mr. Edward Littleton.
Queen of the Fairies	. . . . .	Miss Margaret Littleton.
Herald	. . . . .	Mr. Algernon Littleton.
Fairies:	{	Dew Drop . . . . . Hon. Basil Blackwood.
		Fernseed . . . . . Mr. Algernon Littleton.
		Rosebud . . . . . Lady Hermione Blackwood.
		Dayseye . . . . . Lady Victoria Blackwood.

Co  
Wh  
I've  
Thr  
And  
I ga  
A tr  
To g  
The  
How  
The  
I'm s  
I did  
My e  
Why  
They  
Ah, t  
I fear  
(  
Why



## LITTLE NOBODY.

### SCENE I.

*Cottage of TIM THE TOOTER. Enter TIM, L., holding penny  
whistle in his hand.*

TIM.

'M hungry, hot, and tired!

*(Throws whistle off).*

Ugh! you thing!

What good are you, that can't a copper bring?  
I've played selections of my choicest airs  
Through all the fashionable streets and squares;  
And then, as high art clearly did'nt do,  
I gave them all the discords that I knew—  
A trick that's good. Ha! Money oft they pay  
To get such harmony to go away.  
The more I played, the more they would'nt give;  
How do they think we poor musicians live?  
The world has all packed up, gone out of town;  
I'm sunburnt—but I hav'nt got a "brown."  
I did expect at least a slice of mutton,—  
My expectations were not worth a button.  
Why, when I played an air to "area belles,"  
They hissed, and pelted me with oyster shells.  
Ah, that was hard; but what now makes it harder,  
I fear there's not a crust left in the larder.

*(Goes towards L. Crier's bell heard. TIM looks off L.)*

Why what is this? Dear me! why, well I never!

HERALD (*outside*). Oyes! Oyes! Take notice, whom-somdever

It may concern. Lost, strayed, or stolen, too,  
Is Princess Sunnylocks, the young and boo-  
tiful young daughter of the king. Her pa  
Is quite distracted; likewise so's her ma.

TIM. What's that you say? The princess gone! Pray  
where?

HER. Her dress was white, with rosebuds in her hair;  
Her things were in the very latest fashion,  
And round her waist she had a blue silk sash on.  
If any one will bring, or send, by carrier,  
This lovely princess, then that man shall marry her.

TIM. Marry the princess Sunnylocks! Oh, my!  
I wish that I could find her! Shall I try?  
If I succeed, she's mine. I will! Here goes!

(*Calling to Herald, outside*).

Where has she gone?

HER. You dunce! Nobody knows.

TIM. Nobody knows. Oh, does he? then I'll ask him.  
But how? Ah, there's the rub; no joke to task him.  
Stay, now I think, my old nurse used to say  
Whenever I was in a "naughty way,"—  
Though I can't see however he could tell her,—  
That "Mister Nobody was in the cellar."

(*Goes to trap-door, C., and lifts it.*)

If Nobody's down there, why Nobody will come.  
Hi! Nobody! I want you! Hi! Perhaps he's dumb;  
Perhaps he's deaf, or dead; how can I tell!  
Perhaps he's very ill; perhaps he's ——

Nobody (*below*.)

Well?

(*TIM peers down, then puts in his arm and gropes about.*)

TIM. Hullo! What's this? Dear me; it really feels  
Extremely like a pair of human heels.

(Business. TIM pulls out a shoe, then another. NO-  
BODY rises and seats himself on the R. edge of trap,  
legs inside. TIM sits crosslegged, facing him NO-  
BODY carries a black bottle in his hand, corked. He  
puts on his shoes.)

Whyever were you standing on your head?

NOBODY. Oh that's the way I always go to bed.

TIM. What! upside down! Why, nobody does that.

NOBODY. I'm Nobody, though sometimes called the  
"Cat."

(They rise and come forward.)

Look here, when visitors in seaside places  
Find trinkets vanish without leaving traces,  
I did it; 'twas the "Cat" they always say.  
But when in school some youngster all in play  
Lets off a cracker, or, cram full of fun,  
Puts his pet dormouse on the floor to run,  
Or ties tom cats at night with string to bells,  
Or makes experiments with nasty smells,—  
Boys do such things—Why Nobody's to blame.

TIM. I must confess you have an ugly name.

NOBODY. Who breaks the windows? I! Who rings the  
bell

And runs away? Of course it's Nobody can tell.  
Nobody's business, too, is every where,  
On desert islands Nobody is there.  
Things other folks can't tell Nobody knows;  
He only knows how all the money goes;  
He knows your thoughts; he knows who took the jam;  
He knows, quite well, who told that shocking "cram."

He knows the reason of your fine black eye ;  
 He knows what's inside everybody's pie  
 Knows where they've dined, and what they've had for  
 dinner.

TIM. His nose is everywhere, in fact, the sinner.

NOBODY. He heard your voice behind the garden gate.  
 He saw you kiss your pretty cousin Kate.  
 He saw you when you climbed the garden wall,  
 And when the bulldog bit, he heard you bawl.

*(Laughs.)*

Well, what d'ye want, my friend? Pray, what's the  
 matter?

TIM. Fact is, *(hesitates)* you see—you're so polite.

NOBODY. Don't flatter.

TIM. I only want to marry the Princess.

NOBODY. *(Sarcastically)* That's all? Perhaps you'd like  
 the moon!

TIM. should.

NOBODY. Or sun?

TIM. The daughter's what I want.

NOBODY. That's good!

I like new jokes.

TIM. The Princess Sunnylocks is lost.

NOBODY. I know! you want her. Well, d'ye know the  
 cost?

Come here!

*(Feels TIM's muscle: business.)*

You'll have to fight. An Ogre's got her!

TIM. Ogr-acious me!

NOBODY. Of course. He's going to pot her;

*(Makes signs of eating.)*

He'd pot a Princess just as soon as prawns.

TIM. Where is she? Tell me quickly, I'm on thorns.  
The lovely Princess pickled! What a sore sight!  
Here friend! bring out your wisdom, quick, and foresight.

(NOBODY feels in all his pockets as  
if he had lost something.)

NOBODY. Not there! Perhaps I put it in my hat.

TIM. Put what?

NOBODY. My foresight.

TIM. Nobody does that.

(NOBODY takes big spectacle case from his hat, puts  
enormous spectacles on his nose, and takes up his  
bottle, uncorking it.)

What is it now?

NOBODY. Wisdom, I keep it here.

TIM. Why nobody keeps wisdom, sir, like bottled beer.

(NOBODY takes a long drink.)

NOBODY. I'll help you, Tim. Your father once helped  
me.

I'm not ungrateful, though I'm Nobody.

One good turn well deserves another. See,

There is your Princess plain as plain can be.

(Back of scene opens, and shows interior of Ogre's  
Castle, Ogre standing over Princess, who is kneeling.  
Lime light. Scene closes.)

TIM. Plain! why she's lovely! Here, make haste,  
let's go,

I want to kill that fellow; don't be slow.

NOBODY. Perhaps, friend Tim, you'd better wait a bit.  
First you want clothes, then money; lastly, wit.

There are your clothes (points off L.)

TIM. How fine! (goes off L.)



NOBODY. I hope they'll fit.  
I couldn't take your measure in a minuit. (*Looks off L.*)  
What's that!

TIM. A button gone.

NOBODY. That's nothing; pin it.

TIM. All right! (*loud tear heard*) Hullo!

NOBODY. What now!

TIM. A frightful slit.

NOBODY. Just pin it up again; you must'nt sit.  
(*Enter TIM, L., dressed in splendid clothes.*)

Well how's the suit?

TIM. It fits me like a glove.

NOBODY. A suit should be a pressing one in love.  
You'll do, my friend, and here's the glass to show you.  
(*Business. NOBODY holding glass while TIM turns and  
twists his body to see himself.*)

TIM. Why, Tim, upon my word I shouldn't know you,  
You are a swell at last. I always knew it.

(*NOBODY walks round him, arranging dress.*)

NOBODY. A trifle pale! a touch of rouge will do it.  
(*Takes out rouge pot and hare's foot.*)

TIM. What's that! (*smells*) it's paint! poof!

NOBODY. Let me put a dash on.  
You're really nowhere if you're not in fashion.  
(*Rouges cheeks, then gives hat.*)

Your hat, sir.

TIM. Oh!

NOBODY. Your gloves, sir, (*gives gloves.*)

TIM. Ah!

NOBODY. Your cane (*gives cane.*)

TIM. How many more! (*business, TIM putting on gloves,  
&c., awkwardly; cane gets between his legs.*)

NOBODY. One thing you want.

TIM. Again!

NOBODY. Well, Tim "the Tooter," you must have a name!

Count Pennywhistle's title you can claim.

Here is your money, (*gives purse.*)

Now then, let me think.

Ha! Here's my bottle; take a good long drink.

(*TIM drinks from bottle.*)

Well, how d'ye feel? As if your wits were growing?

TIM. Hem! Yes, I feel a kind of warmth flowing, Creeping and crawling through my head; what fun!

I feel as if I'd like to make a pun,

Or else a riddle—Here's the very thing!

Why is a poor old cobbler like a king?

D'ye give it up! Because —

NOBODY. Oh! poof! that's stale!

TIM. Why then is a monkey very like a whale?

You ought to know. (*Laughs, and pokes him playfully in the ribs.*)

NOBODY. Here! come! you've had enough?

Your head can't stand too much of that strong stuff.

Give me the bottle. Not another drain!

No more, or you'll get riddles on the brain.

TIM. Why is a water-wagtail like a —

NOBODY. Bah!

TIM. When is a barber not a barber?—

NOBODY. (*Disgusted*) Ah!

TIM. When he's a shaving. See?

NOBODY. I don't. Here! Come!

The Ogre dotes on riddles, save him some.

TIM. What is your plan then, "stranger, quickly tell."

NOBODY. Look here, I know the Ogre very well.  
We'll make a morning call on Mrs. O.  
She gives a picnic in a day or so.

To ask you there I'm sure she'll be delighted.

TIM. The game is all our own if once invited.

NOBODY. We'll have such fun.

TIM.

We will!

NOBODY.

I'll plague and tease them.

While you can do your very best to please them.

TIM. Then for the Princess!

NOBODY. I'll just give a cough (*coughs.*)

And while I take them in, you take her off.

TIM. Where is the place?

NOBODY. A thousand miles away.

We'll go by telegraph. We need'nt pay.

For Nobody pays nothing, and you're safe with me.

Folks never see you with a nobody.

*Exeunt L.*



SCENE II.

*Interior of OGRE'S Castle. Princess SUNNYLOCKS discovered asleep on sofa, back R. C. Enter OGRESS, R., with cookery book in one hand, and big spoon in the other.*

OGRESS. (*Reads*) "Receipts to fatten little girls and boys"—

I wish they'd give receipts to stop their noise—  
"Take Thorley's food for cattle, Dublin stout,  
"Then mix the two"—with something else, no doubt,  
But how to get it down, ah! that's the battle.

(*Turns over page, reads.*)

"With Dublin stout and Thorley's food for cattle."  
Twice over! Oh, they fatten here by *doublin'*.  
Dear me this cooking business is most troublin'.  
Here's my last poem on the "Evening Sky"  
Unfinished still. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) My muse,  
suppose we try. (*Reads, affectedly.*)

"O evening sky; O gentle evening sky!

"Whose mild, mendacious, and meandering moons

"Look down and listen to the soothing sigh

"From limpid lovers, side by side, like spoons."

How sweet! *reads* "O evening sky, O evening sky"—

OGRE. (*Outside.*) Now then, ma'am; how about that  
baby pie!

(*Exit OGRESS hurriedly L.*)

(*Enter OGRE R. holding stew-pan in one hand, a  
big spoon in the other.*)

OGRE. Mum! mum! How good it smells! Ah! here's a dinner.

What's this? My favorite dish as I'm a sinner.

Boiled babies' pettitoes. (*Calls.*) Come, wife, make haste,

Dinner! Ah! what a wife! She knows my taste.

I dote on babies. Pretty pots, I love 'em

Roast, stewed or boiled, with parsley sauce above 'em.

They're always good.

(*Sings in a gruff, harsh tone.*)

Baby, baby bunting

The OGRE's gone a-hunting

To get a saucepan made of tin

To boil the little baby in.

So says the poet, which his name was Jones.

If Jones were only here I'd pick his bones.

Oh, I love poets, tender gushing things,

With bacon skewered on their liver wings.

Fresh, young and juicy. I don't like your *dried 'un*.

Some like them boiled, but I prefer a fried 'un

"Served up *en papillote* in his last sonnet"—

Delicious! I can't bear to think upon it.

Soldiers are tough—I leave the Bony-part.

Old maid preserved does taste a little tart.

Artists are oily. Lawyers disagree.

Sailors are salt, and doctors—doctor me.

Once, only once, I tried a chimney sweep.

Ugh! he *was* nasty! (*Goes to Princess.*)

Ah! she's fast asleep.

So pretty and so plump! (*Pinches her cheeks.*)

Such rosy cheeks !

How nice she'll be, say, in a brace of weeks.

*(Pinches her arm ; Princess wakes up rubbing it.*

PRINCESS. Flies and mosquitoes ! Oh ! it's only you.

*(Comes down.)*

I wish you'd let me sleep an hour or two.

You're always pinching me, or patting me, or petting.

OGRE. I only wished to see how fat you're getting.

PRINCESS. Fat ! always fat ! Whatever do you mean ?

OGRE. A girl is good for nothing if she's lean.

PRINCESS. Good ! I'm not good.

OGRE. *(Insinuatingly.)* With oyster sauce, or caper,  
you'll not be bad.

PRINCESS. *(Screams.)* I'll write, sir, to the paper !

I'll tell papa ! I'll disagree with you. I will !

See if I don't !

OGRE. *(Philosophically.)* Well, then, I'll take a pill.

PRINCESS. I wish my arms were only good—

OGRE. To roast ?

PRINCESS. These fingers, sir, should serve you out—

OGRE. On toast ?

PRINCESS. Those handsome eyes of yours would soon  
be spoiled.

OGRE. *(Meditatively.)* Perhaps though after all she'd  
be best boiled.

PRINCESS. I wish papa were here, he'd have you  
killed.

I should be free, and then !—

OGRE. Be nicely grilled.

PRINCESS. At least a female tongue cannot be tied ;  
That still can scold, ah !

OGRE. Not, miss, when it's fried.  
I'm very cool, but temper I can't hold.

Hot meals I like, and hear my dinner ('s)cold!  
 Take care, miss, pray take care! Why, what a fuss  
 About a fellow's supper! might be 'wuss':  
 A miss the more or less, what does it matter?

*(Loud noise off L., rattling of chains.)*

Why, what's the meaning of this horrid clatter?

*(Exit L.)*

PRINCESS.

*(Clasping her hands.)*

Oh dear! Oh dear! Whatever can be done?

It's past a joke. The monster's not in fun!

He's like a spider. I'm the little fly.

I wish I was'nt nice inside a pie.

I'll run away! I'll scream! I'll not be eaten!

*(Enter TIM, L., rapidly. She flies to him.)*

TIM. You shan't, miss, not until I'm killed or beaten.

PRINCESS. You've come to save me!

TIM.

Hush! the Ogre's near.

He's puffing up the stairs. You're safe! don't fear!

To-morrow there's a picnic. Here's the progr—

'Am with champagne, cold chicken and cold ogre.

PRINCESS. I see. Who are you, sir?

TIM.

I'm not alarming.

*(Aside.)* She's quite divine!

PRINCESS. *(Aside.)* He's really very charming.

TIM. Alas, I'm just a poor musician, miss.

PRINCESS. Out here, I'm much a-miss, a lass!

You may be poor; I'm sure you're brave and true.

*(TIM puts arm round her waist.)*

TIM. I could'nt, dear, be otherwise to you.

PRINCESS. *(Laughing, and removing his arm.)*

What's this! Suppose you just put back that paw,

Until you've known me a few minutes more.

*(Enter OGRESS and NOBODY. OGRE following.)*

TIM. I've made acquaintance with your lovely daughter.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I must dissemble—must'nt say I caught her.

(*Aloud.*) Poor girl! A near relation! Will be nearer.

TIM. A family marriage?

OGRE. Hem! A union dearer.

TIM. (*Aside.*) Old rascal!

OGRE. Ah! her story's very sad.

She's lost her wits; in fact the maid is mad.

Mad as a hatter! Thinks she's a Princess.

TIM. Poor thing! that's very mad I must confess.

(*To OGRESS.*)

Madam, I've heard, like all the world beside,

Your charming poem on the "Frozen Bride,"

So full of sentiment, refined and gushing.

You're quite a poet—

OGRESS. Pray, excuse my blushing.

(*TIM goes up talking with OGRE. OGRESS takes NOBODY aside.*)

Who is your charming friend? I must invite him.

I've got a little picnic,—

NOBODY. You'll delight him.

He's name's Count Pennywhistle, he's a poet.

A trifle queer, perhaps, but does'nt snow it.

Knows languages by dozens, riddles by the score.

Can do a dozen things besides, or more,!

(*OGRE comes down listening. TIM talks to PRINCESS.*)

If there's a clever fellow out, it's he.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) Stewed in port wine, dear me, how nice he'll be,



NOBODY. He writes too for the Press, the great  
"Diurnal."

He'll put your parties in the new Court Journal.

OGRE. (*Aside.*) I'll stick to port, can't swallow a  
reporter,

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) I'll talk to them, you go  
ahead and court her.

OGRESS. No doubt your friend is quite a man of 'ton.'

NOBODY. Moves in the best society, (*aside*) he does—  
"move on."

He plays divinely on the flute.

OGRESS. He'll please us.

I dote on music. Is he rich?

NOBODY. As Cræsus.

His rent's enormous, (*aside*) so it is—behind.

OGRESS. I'll send a card at once.

NOBODY. You're very kind.

OGRESS. He's quite a lion, and they're rare these days.

NOBODY. He is'n't proud, he's got such easy ways.

OGRE. (*Pointing to TIM behind, who has his arm around  
PRINCESS.*)

His ways *are* easy, I should say.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) The dunce!

(*TIM turns to OGRE and talks, OGRE laughs.*)

(*Aloud.*) His way's to make himself at home at once.

OGRESS. Her waist's at any rate no waste of time.

NOBODY. These foreigners don't think that any crime.

It's all politeness, why, he'd go and do

The very self-same thing next week to you.

OGRESS. (*Simperingly.*) Dear me, these foreign ways  
are odd.

(*OGRE comes down with TIM, laughing;  
he slaps him on the back.*)

OGRE. That's good.

OGRESS. We have a little picnic in the wood,  
Tomorrow, Count; you'll come if not too tied?

TIM. Delighted, if you'll read the "Frozen Bride."

OGRESS. Oh, count, what charming compliments you  
pay.

TIM. Madam, I kiss your hand. (*Kisses her hand.*)

OGRESS. La! Count!

TIM. Good day.

NOBODY. (*To OGRESS.*) Oh, that's the custom in his  
native land.

OGRESS. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Perhaps he'll kiss the  
other hand.

(*Puts out left hand, and turns her head away, TIM does  
not see it, but speaks to PRINCESS. The  
OGRE comes behind and slaps it.*)

OGRE. (*With suppressed passion.*) In Turkey you can  
do as turkeys do.

Not here—

TIM. Good day!

OGRESS. (*Sweetly.*) Good afternoon!

TIM. (*Kissing his hand privately to PRINCESS.*) Adieu!

(*PRINCESS returns kiss. Exit TIM and  
NOBODY L.; the OGRE following.*)

OGRESS. A most distinguished person, so refined.

As for his customs, well, hem! I don't mind.

I'll put him in a poem!—

PRINCESS. In a pie

You ought to say.

OGRESS. You little minx! Oh fie!

An arm around my waist I would'nt stand.

PRINCESS. I know you stood a kiss upon your hand.

OGRESS. That's nothing—

PRINCESS. Oh ! If you were not so old !

OGRESS. Old ! I'm not old, miss ! Come, you're very bold.

PRINCESS. Besides, you're bald. You know you've got false hair.

OGRESS. It's all my own !—

PRINCESS. You bought it then !

OGRESS. You dare !

PRINCESS. You paint. You know you do ; I saw you. There !

*(OGRESS runs to her and shakes her. Scene closes in.)*



T  
H  
H  
Th  
He  
Ti  
I'm  
I'm  
I c  
I've

Sh

N  
Res  
We  
(S

SCENE III.

*Interior of TIM'S Cottage, as before. Enter TIM, R.*

TIM. My Princess Sunnylocks! How I do love her.  
The ground she treads on, and the sky above her.  
Her eyes, her mouth, her hair, her chin, her nose.  
Her taper fingers, and her tiny toes.  
The air she breathes, the sun—she looked upon it.  
Her worn-out shoes, and her best Sunday bonnet.  
Tim, this won't do! (*feels pulse.*) A hundred in the shade  
I'm going mad about that little maid.  
I'm desperately deep in love, that's clear.  
I can't be happy till I get my dear.  
I've found a treasure. (*Takes paper out of breast, undoes*

*it carefully and shows a pin.*)

Just a little pin.

*She* wore it once. (*Looks at pin affectionately.*)

Ah! short but sweet!

(*Kisses it; it pricks him. Rap heard.*)

Come in!

(*Enter NOBODY carrying enormous letter, TIM opens it, and takes out two big cards, inscribed "Mr. Ogre. Ogre Castle," and "Mrs. Ogre, At Home."*)

NOBODY. The ticket's come to see the lions fed;  
Reserved seats extra, sixpence more a head.  
We'll have a private box.

(*Strikes attitude of sparring, turning towards L.I.E., when FAIRY QUEEN enters in cloak as old woman, carrying big umbrella, with which she wards off his blows.*)

FAIRY. Young man, take care.  
A poor old woman has no teeth to spare.

NOBODY. I'm only practising.

FAIRY. Well, spare your blows,  
(*Meaningly.*) Perhaps you'll want them for the Ogre's  
nose.

TIM. (*Aside.*) The Ogre's nose! She knows the Ogre!  
Pray

Ma'am who are you? Can you assist us? Say.

FAIRY. I am your fairy godmother.

TIM. How queer!  
I didn't know I had one.

FAIRY. Yes, my dear.  
I know your wish, the Princess you would gain,  
But first of all the Ogre must be slain.

(*Produces big pair of goloshes from under cloak,  
one with a great tear in it.*)

See the goloshes of your sire! You won't refuse,  
I'm sure, to step into your father's shoes.

Once on, they'll take you off, a mile a minute.

TIM. They're rather old! (*shows rent*) A tear!

FAIRY. Well, you can pin it.

TIM. These venerable relics should, I think, be *sold*.

NOBODY. Well, Nobody will buy them. Come, Tim!

FAIRY. Hold!

Here, take this magic flute, which, when you play,  
Sends all who listen fast asleep.

TIM. Hooray!

I see! When they're all fast asleep we'll fly.

FAIRY. Whatever happens, I shall be close by.  
Don't be afraid; if he should wake, just call.

TIM. I'm not afraid of Ogres, not at all—  
When they're asleep that is.

NOBODY. Now then, we're late.  
His temper's horrid if you make him wait.  
It's never very sweet.

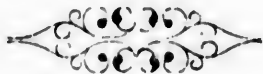
TIM. Come then, away!

*(Puts goloshes under arm.)*

My sole's in arms, and eager for the fray!

NOBODY. *(To FAIRY.)* The tooter, fay, 's in earnest,  
*tout à fait.*

*(Music plays "Sabre Song," from "Grand Duchess,"  
all march round stage, dance, and exit L.)*



SCENE IV.

*The enchanted dell. Big moss-covered trunk of tree C. back, practicable to fall down in front; tree at R. wing, basket with big loaf and pie, etc., at foot. The King of the Fairies discovered leaning on golden axe.*

FAIRY KING. Twice fifty years have passed since  
mortal tread

Has touched the enchanted dell so fair and dread.  
The woodsmen shun it, and the peasants all  
With trembling feet avoid our waterfall.  
The village maidens pass another way,—  
But sounds of voices fill the woods to-day.

*(Enter NOBODY, L.)*

Ha! Cousin Nobody, you're welcome here,  
As sailors say, "My hearty, come, what cheer?"

NOBODY. I want your aid to spoil a little fun.

KING. With pleasure, what!

NOBODY. An Ogre's pic-nic.

KING. *(Shaking hands.)* Done!

I hate these mortal pic-nics in the wood,  
They spoil the grass with corks and scraps of food,  
With empty bottles, mess of every kind,  
And leave a smell of ham and beer behind  
That lasts for weeks.

NOBODY. See, here's the pic-nic spread.

KING. Oh! very good. *(Touches loaf, pie, etc.)*

They'll find that's fairy bread.

Let's see what we can do to raise that pie.

*(Croak of a bull-frog heard, NOBODY fetches it and puts it in pie.)*

Nobody. This gentleman will do, he's raised a cry.

KING. There's cayenne pepper for their tart and custard.

*(Sprinkles pepper.)*

Nobody. A little sand would much improve their mustard.

*(Sprinkles sand.)*

There, that will do; they're coming, I'll be off.

*(Exit L.)*

KING. We'll teach these bold invaders not to scoff.  
The sounds approach within my Queen's own bower!  
Beware rash strangers! dread the fairies' power.

*(Goes off R., calling.)*

Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

*(Enter OGRESS and OGRE L.; the OGRE has a rope, the other end of which is round the waist of the PRINCESS, who follows.)*

OGRE. I swear

I heard the sound of voices in the air.

OGRESS. There's no one here; it's fancy. Come on, dear.

OGRE. It may be fancy, but it's very queer.

OGRESS. Ah! here we are. Let's lay the cloth; be quick.

*(OGRESS arranges contents of basket on the ground R., at foot of side tree.)*

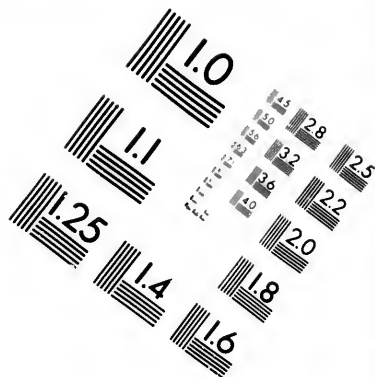
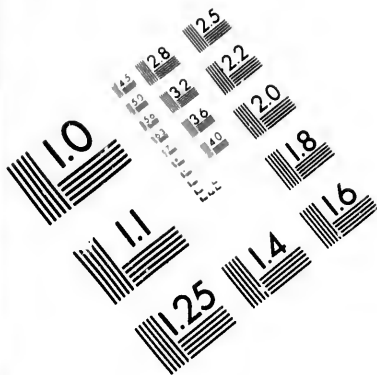
OGRE. I'll tie this olive branch here to a stick.

*(Ties PRINCESS to tree R., then assists OGRESS.)*

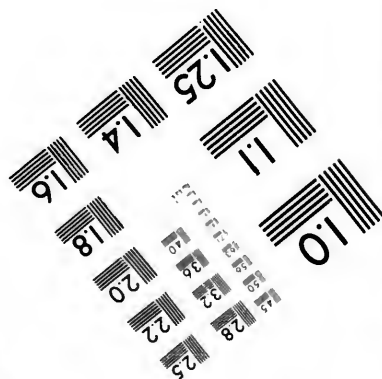
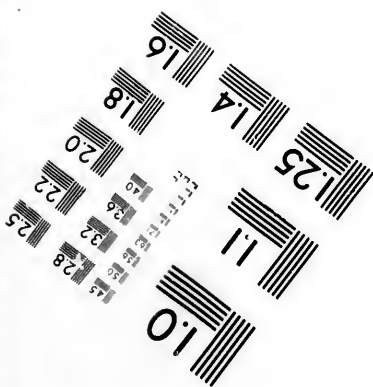
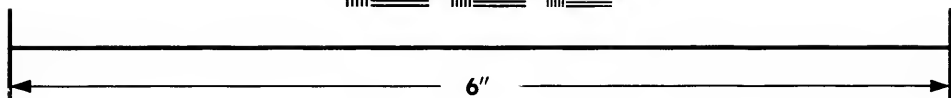
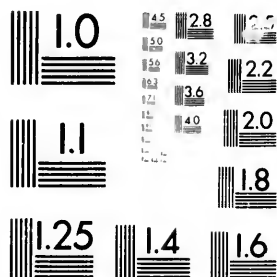
PRINCESS. I wish this olive branch could shoot, you'd find

She'd take her leaf, and leave her trunk behind.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

45  
50  
55  
60  
65  
70  
18  
20  
22  
25  
28  
32  
36

10  
57

OGRE. That trunk, my dear, 's a perfect saratoga.  
You won't move that. (*Ironically.*) Don't leave your  
poor old Ogre.

OGRESS. (*Reading from letters.*) "The Ladies Mangel-  
Wurzel much regret  
They've all got coughs and colds through getting wet."  
"The Dowager Duchess Drumstick must decline."  
No reason! Very rude! That's twenty-nine.

OGRE. (*Taking up letter.*) What's this? From Admiral  
Fitz Mizen.

OGRESS. That's enough!

OGRE. The Admiral sends compliments; he's old  
and tough.

He thinks he'd not be nice if broiled or stewed.  
He hopes you won't be vexed.

OGRESS. He's very rude.

PRINCESS. What fun! I hope they'll all decline.

OGRE. Ha! stay, by  
Jove! "P.S., Where's Mrs. Jones' baby?"  
That's most unkind! I did the best I could.  
I put the darling where it did most good.

OGRESS. It's all your fault. Why did I marry you?

OGRE. You couldn't help it; handsome men are few.

OGRESS. We're a most ill-matched pair.

OGRE. Why, bless my stars!

Your *jargon Nell's* preserved in family jars.

What more dy'e want? Come, stop this silly raving.  
Its constitutional with me, this little craving.

OGRESS. Society, it's clear, is growing very shy.

OGRE. (*Mockingly.*) To think society won't taste that  
pie!

OGRESS. In fact, this time, I really almost fear

That nobody is coming—

(Enter NOBODY and TIM, L.)

NOBODY. (*Aside to TIM.*) Nobody is here.

My dearest Mrs. Ogre. How d'ye do?

My friend Count Pennywhistle. (*To OGRE.*)

How are you?

OGRE. Hungry! Now then, sit down, don't wait, I'm starving.

Sit down, Count, you're an artist, do some carving.

(*They all sit round luncheon, TIM nearest to PRINCESS.*)

(*Through lunch he feeds her secretly with a fork.*)

OGRESS. Our party's small.

NOBODY. (*Aside.*) They're all afraid to come.

OGRE. I'm glad they stayed away.

OGRESS. My dear!

OGRE. I'm dumb.

OGRESS. The Dowager Duchess Drumstick was expected.

(*To TIM.*) You know the Duchess?

TIM. (*Aside.*) I shall be detected.

(*Aloud.*) Not in my set.

OGRESS. Dear Duchess! she's out dining.

She sent me such a charming note declining.

NOBODY. Pray let me fill your glass.

OGRESS. A little drop.

There now, that's quite enough; Oh, pray do stop.

(*NOBODY winks at TIM. She empties glass.*)

You must'nt wink at me, you naughty man.

NOBODY. Your charms quite dazzle me.

OGRESS. Oh, where's my fan?

(*Sentimentally.*) How sweet this is beneath the spreading trees.

OGRE. This spread's far better. (To TIM.) Champagne?  
 TIM. If you please.

NOBODY. (To OGRESS,) Your glass is empty. (NOBODY fills glass.)

OGRESS. Colonel, you're too kind.

I really couldn't.

NOBODY. Nonsense, never mind. (Fills glass.  
 (OGRESS appears not to see, but presently drinks it.)

OGRESS. Come, let me send you all some chicken pie.

NOBODY. Excuse me, marm, but did it ever cry?

OGRESS. La, General, what a joke!

OGRE. (Coughing.) Some wine?

OGRESS. You must.

NOBODY. (Aside.) The wine that's crusted, not the  
*whine* in crust.

(OGRESS opens pie, the frog jumps out and off L,  
 OGRESS screams. The pie moves off L.,  
 OGRE tries to stop it.)

OGRE. Of all the funny things! A walking dish!

NOBODY. We only want, besides, the talking fish.

OGRESS. Well, come, we've something left; I'll take  
 some bread.

(OGRE takes up loaf, it moves off L., OGRE  
 follows and brings it back; it gets away  
 again, off L.)

OGRE. The place must be enchanted, or my head—

TIM. (Rising.) No matter, here's the wine, I give  
 a toast.

Our charming hostess and our noble host.

(TIM holds cup secretly to PRINCESS'S  
 mouth; she drinks.)

As for these queer disturbances at lunch,  
 Perhaps there's something in the air —

NOBODY.

Or punch.

OGRE. (*Rising.*) Ladies and gentlemen.

ALL.

Hear! Hear!

OGRE.

For self and wife.

This is the proudest moment of my life.

Whistle, my boy, I'm glad to see you.

(*Claps TIM on back.*)

TIM.

Oh!

OGRE. Things have'nt gone, perhaps, as things should go.

There's something scientific in the air.

(*An enormous hornet hovers over his head.*)

There's nothing left to eat.

TIM. (*Looking at PRINCESS.*) We'll take your fair.

(*Hornet settles on OGRE's head.*)

OGRE. (*Starting*) Oh! Oh! Do take it off!

I'm stung! My head!

(*Business. NOBODY striking at hornet with big branch, but purposely hitting the OGRE's head each time.*)

OGRE. There, that will do! Hi! don't!

NOBODY.

There now, it's dead.

(*They sit; OGRE drinks a cup of wine.*)

(*Enter FAIRY disguised as old woman in cloak, L.*)

FAIRY. Please give a poor old woman just a bite.

OGRESS. Be off, old woman, you'll not get a mite.

FAIRY. I'll tell your fortunes.

OGRESS.

That's another matter.

Let's go for fun, and hear her silly chatter.

(*They all gather round FAIRY, except PRINCESS. She takes the OGRESS' hand. Tremulous music during the following.*)

FAIRY. Heavy hand and cruel heart,  
 Soon 'twill be your turn to smart.  
*(She takes OGRE'S hand.)*

Hand so greedy, hard and cruel.  
 Soon you'll suffer in a duel.  
*(She takes TIM'S hand.)*

Hand so bold to do and dare.  
 There's a secret in the air.  
*(She goes to PRINCESS and looks at her hand.)*

Pretty face and gentle hand,  
 Weds the king of all this land.

And so, good morning, gentle folks.

OGRE. Be off. *(Exit Fairy.)*  
 That's fine!

She's like a shower bath. Come Count, some wine!  
*(They all sit down again.)*

OGRESS. Do play us something, Count, to cheer us up.  
 My nerves are quite upset.

TIM. *(Aside.)* Your nerves! You fright!

OGRESS. What's that you say?

TIM. I'd play for you all night.  
*(Plays "Vilikins and his Dinah.")*

OGRESS. That's lovely! Ah! I dote on music so!  
 I've learnt, *(sings,)* do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

TIM. You sing ma'am like *(aside)* a peacock.

OGRESS. What d'ye say?

TIM. I'd listen to that charming voice all day.

It's like a nightingale's, so sweet and low.

OGRESS. You're so polite.

TIM. Oh not at all. *(Aside.)* Old crow!

OGRE. Play on, do, Count, but pray don't feel surprise,  
 I so enjoy good music when I close my eyes.  
*(TIM plays.)*

Music has charms to—

*(Falls asleep, snores.)*

OGRESS.

Oh! how nice! *(Snores.)*

TIM.

They're off!

*(Goes to PRINCESS and cuts her bonds. She is fast asleep.)*

The magic music's made her sleepy too.

Wake up! She's fast asleep! What shall we do?

NOBODY. The fairy boots will carry her away.

*(They lift PRINCESS, but stumble backwards, TIM over the OGRE, NOBODY over the OGRESS, all wake and start up.)*

OGRE. Ho! Ho! my friend, so that's your game!

Just stay!

*(OGRE seizes big bough, combat between OGRE and TIM, with a fork. OGRESS sits upon NOBODY. TIM falls; OGRE is going to strike, when the FAIRY KING enters and strikes up his club.)*

FAIRY KING. You're trespassing out here on my domain.

Stay, do not move: you, Ogre, must remain.

This place is haunted; 'tis the Fairies dell,

And thus around you all I weave my spell.

*(Waves his axe in the air, rocks at back open, showing interior of fairies' grotto; fairie in group, FAIRY QUEEN in centre at back.)*

*(To the OGRE.)* For fifteen hundred years you'll keep your seat,

Until your ears are long enough to meet.

NOBODY. The only meat you'll get, friend Ogre, maybe.

OGRE. I'll never, never eat another baby.

They're nasty little things; they're always squalling,

*(TIM plays.)*



Kicking and screaming, howling, yelling, bawling.  
 I only eat 'em from a sense of duty.  
 Do let me off, sir! I'm an orphan—

NOBODY.

Beauty!

FAIRY KING. (*To OGRESS.*) You're fond of writing,  
 here's no end of leaves.

You're both *pen'd* up; *ink*-cluded like two thieves.  
 These trees you'll find polite, not like your spouse.  
 You make your courtseys, and they'll make their *boughs*.

OGRESS. This *curt* address is not at all in fashion.

(*Aside.*) If nobody were here, I'd fly in such a passion.

PRINCESS. To see them printed she'll not have the  
 bliss.

NOBODY. When spring time's gone, perhaps she'll  
*printemps*, miss.

FAIRY QUEEN. The Princess now is free. (*To*  
 PRINCESS.) Before you go,

Say, can you give your hand to this young beau?

PRINCESS. With all my heart.

(*Gives hand to TIM, who kisses it.*)

FAIRY QUEEN. Then learn a secret.

When a child at play

By gypsies he was stolen far away.

Yes, Tim the Tooter, you're of noble birth;

Son of the greatest emperor on earth.

Your noble actions equal, too, your rank,

Though, after all, you've Nobody to thank.

Remember this; be good to all you meet,

And don't despise the beggar in the street;

Nobody knows what he may come to be,

A prince, a peasant, or—a nobody.

NOBODY. (*To audience.*) If we have pleased you with  
our little play,  
Perhaps you'll show it in the usual way.

(*Stops a moment.*)

Nobody knows how many are our flaws.  
Nobody thanks you for your kind applause.

(*Coloured fires.*)

FAIRY KING.

NOBODY.

PRINCESS.

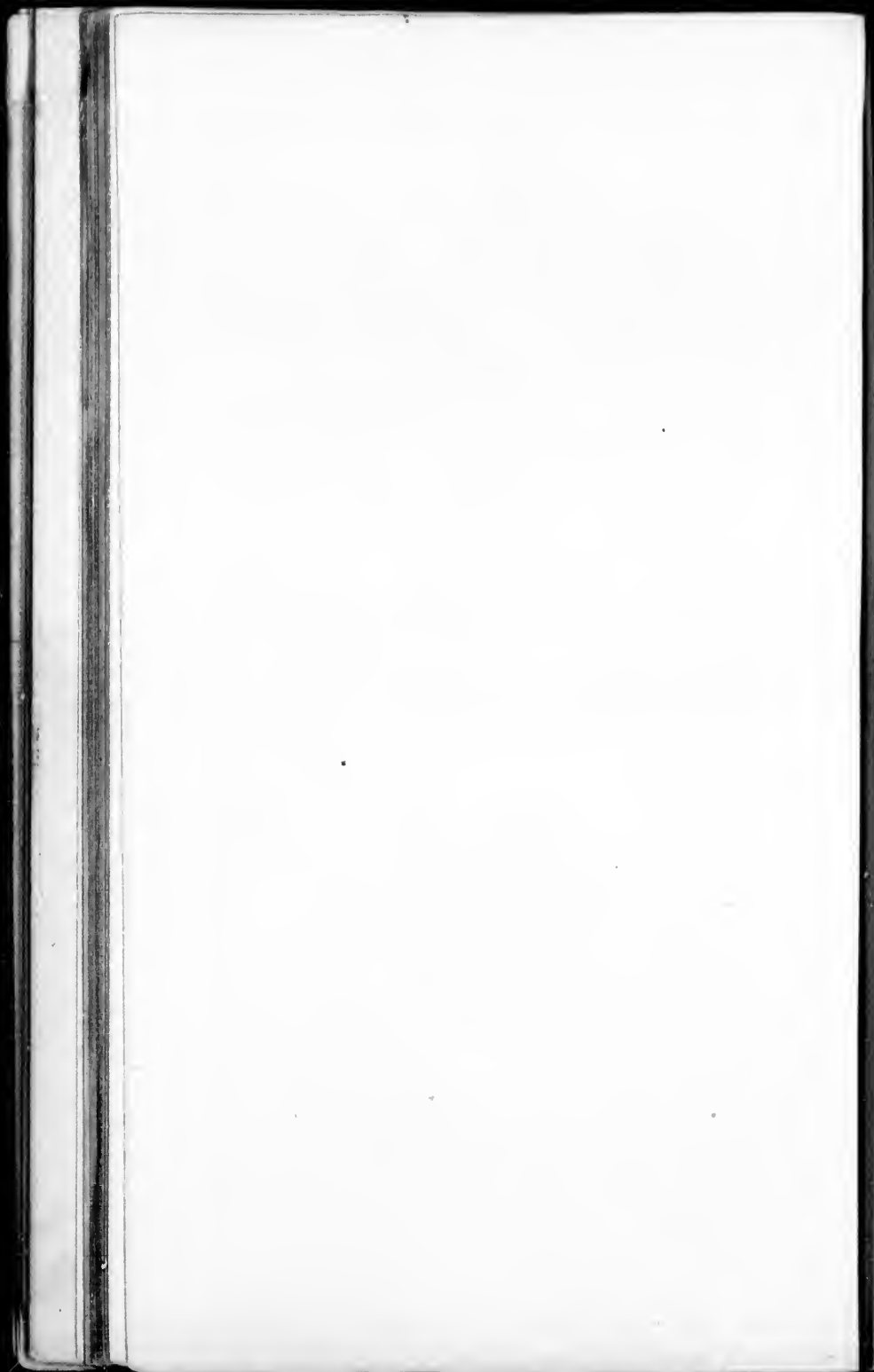
TIM.

OGRESS.

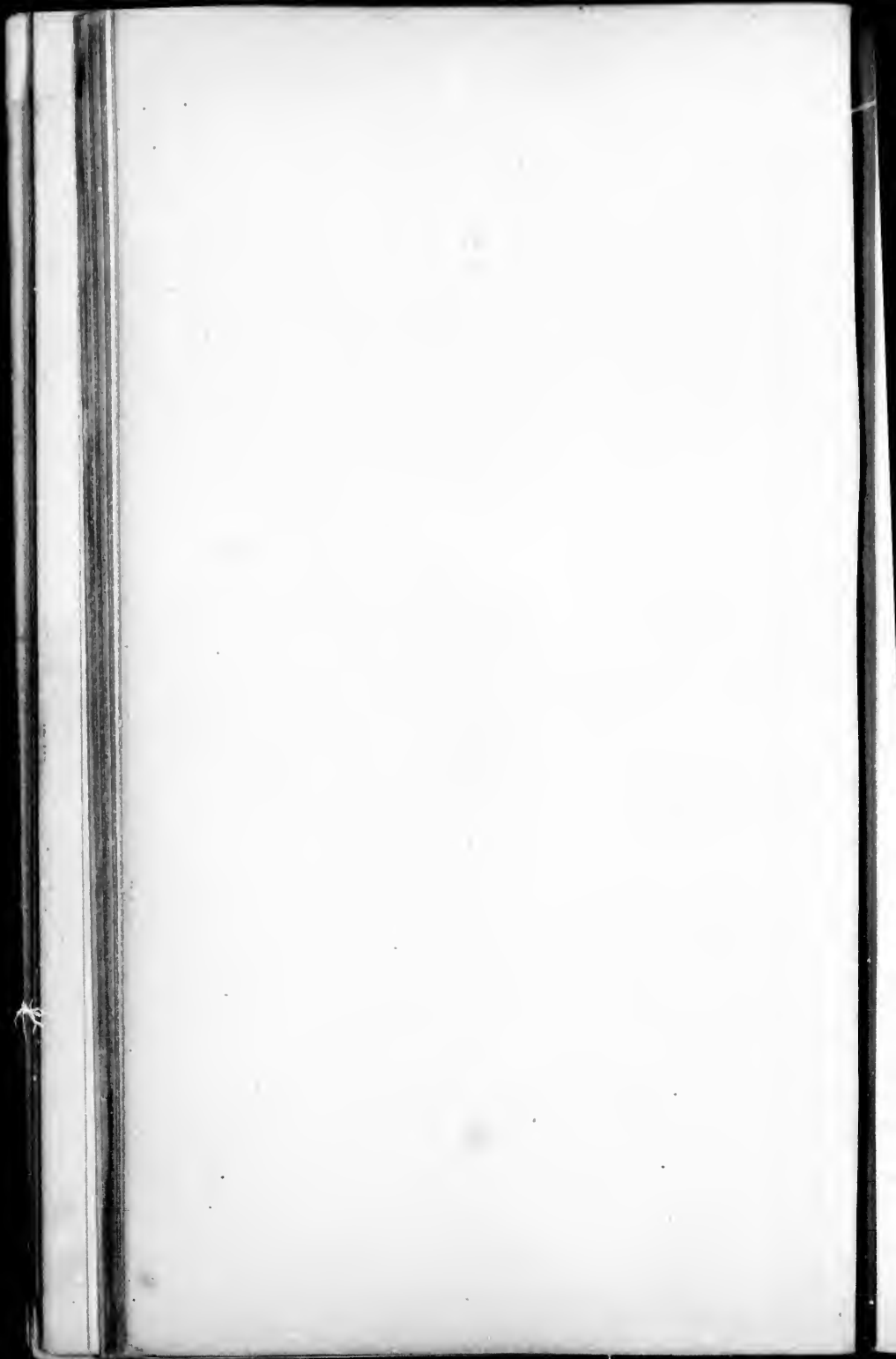
OGRE.

CURTAIN.





A Fairy Play for Fair People.







# MAIDEN MOON THE BEKWAU

By JAMES EARL RAY

1955



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILL.





# MAIDEN MONA THE MERMAID.

*A Fairy Play for Fairy People.*

BY

F. A. D.



TORONTO :  
BELFORD BROS., PUBLISHERS.

MDCCCLXXVII.

DUDLEY & BURNS, PRINTERS.

HUNTER, ROSE & CO., BOOKBINDER :

TO THE  
CHILDREN OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES,  
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN.

THIS

*Merry Little Party of Actors,*

FOR

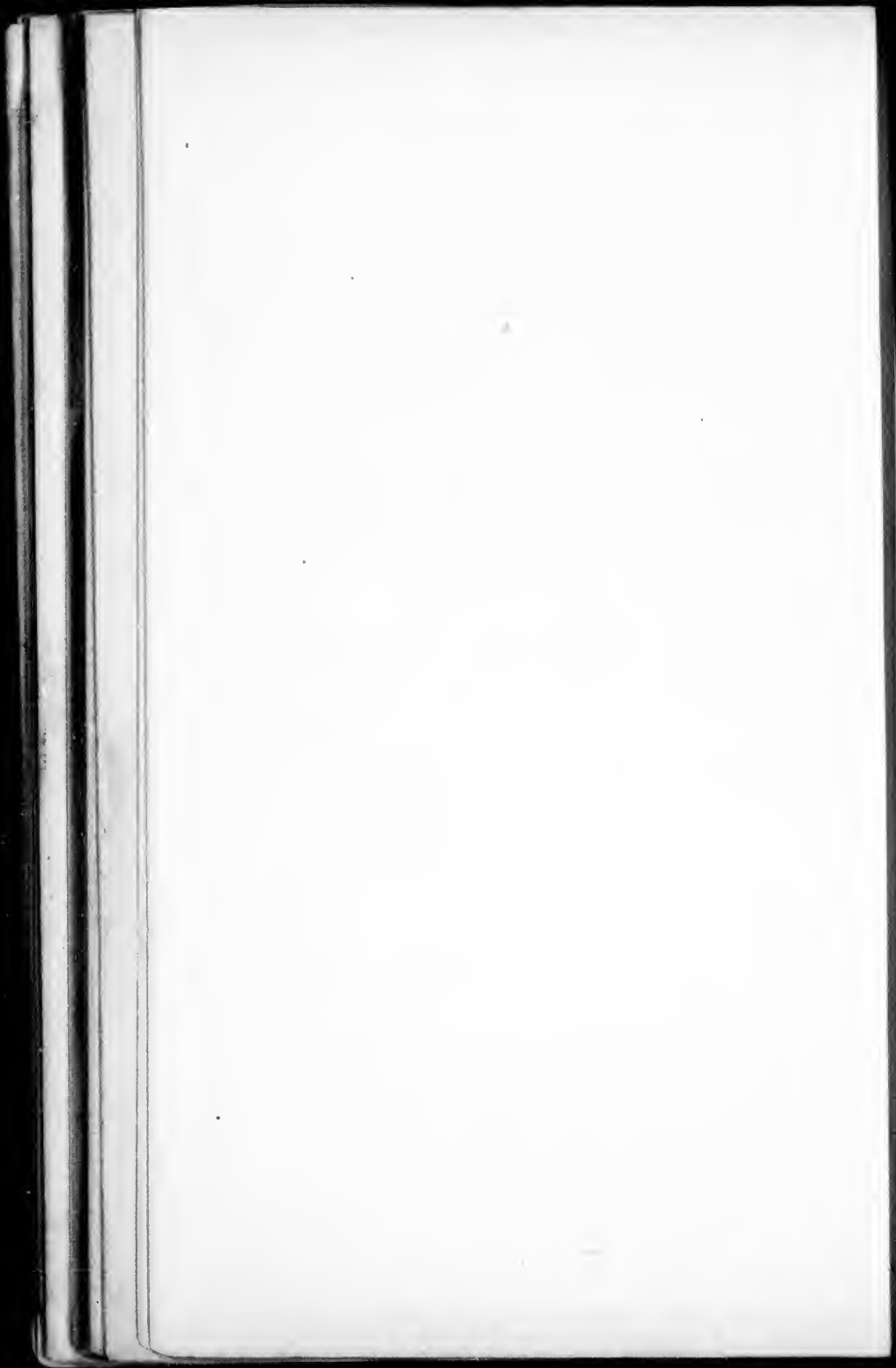
Whose Christmas Fun these Plays are Written,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

*With this as sole excuse for its nonsense,*

IS

Affectionately Dedicated.



## MAIDEN MONA THE MERMAID.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—o—

THE GNOME KING.—*A penniless potentate who used to play first fiddle, but has lost his key.*

O'ROOSTER THE AUDACIOUS.—*High Cockolorum. Master of the (rocking) Horse. First Lord of the Shaving Brush. Gold Stick in w(h)aiting to the King, and a warm stick, in plaster to Coquettina, Q.E.D. ; R.S.V.P. ; R.I.P. ; etc., etc., etc.*

GENERAL BOUNCE.—*No relation to General De Billy Tee.*

CAPTAIN POUNCE.—*Not Kept-in-pounds, shillings and pence, alas ! Too poor to "mawwy."*

NOODLE, } *Twins and orphans ; without, strange to say, a single parent*  
DOODLE. } *left, (of course, a single pair ain't right.) Their prospects,*  
*however, are in a fine pickle, which is something.*

MONA THE MERMAID.—*Only a mer(e)maid she.*  
*The Queen of dainty, wee things.*  
*Fresh from the seething waves.*  
*The last sweet thing in sea things.*

M-R-T-N T-PP-R:

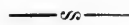
COQUETTINA.—*The Maid of the Mil(itary). Such a pet !*

THE FAIRY OF THE FOREST.—*"The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft*  
*And takes care of the life of poor Jack."*  
*(Mr. Noodle.)*

SH-K-SP-R.

CORALINA.—*A duodecimo edition of a darling.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE OTTAWA

New Year's Day, 1877.

THE GNOME KING	HON. TERENCE BLACKWOOD.
O'ROOSTER THE AUDACIOUS	MR. EDWARD LITTLETON.
GENERAL BOUNCE	MR. ALGERNON LITTLETON.
CAPTAIN POUNCE	HON. BASIL BLACKWOOD.
NOODLE	CAPTAIN WARD, A. D. C.
DOODLE	CAPTAIN HAMILTON, A. D. C.
MONA THE MERMAID	LADY HELEN BLACKWOOD.
COQUETTINA	MISS MARGARET LITTLETON.
THE FAIRY OF THE FOREST	LADY HERMIONE BLACKWOOD.
CORALINA	LADY VICTORIA BLACKWOOD.



## SCENE I.

*Cavern on the Sea Coast by Moonlight.—Opening in Rocks at Back, showing Sea.—The Waves are Rising and Running into Mouth of Cavern.—Introductory Music Descriptive of Storm ; Thunder Heard Behind.—Music Gradually Changes to Soft Measured Air as Curtain Rises.—Prince Doodle Discovered Lying on Rocks at Back. R. C. as though Cast up by the Waves.—Enter through Opening Mona.—She Comes Down, Combing Her Hair with a Golden Comb through the following:—*

CAWA

TERENCE BLACKWOOD.

EDWARD LITTLETON.

ALGERNON LITTLETON.

BASIL BLACKWOOD.

AIN WARD, A. D. C.

AIN HAMILTON, A. D. C.

HELEN BLACKWOOD.

MARGARET LITTLETON.

HERMIONE BLACKWOOD.

VICTORIA BLACKWOOD.

**M**ONA. Why, what a dreadful stormy night we're getting,

It's well for me I do not mind a wetting!

Full fathom five below those crested waves

No tempests ever stir *our* coral caves.

We hear no thunder far below the sea ;

The mermaids' haunt is still as still can be ;

In fact it's rather dull sometimes down there,

And so I come up here and comb my hair.

*(Moves towards back).*

To-night, alas ! another ship went down,

I cannot bear to see poor sailors drown.

*(Sees Prince Doodle).*



Good gracious! What is this? As I am alive,  
Why, it's a man! I know it is!

*(Steps hurriedly on rock as though going to plunge into sea)*

I'll dive!

I won't! *(comes down)* I will! *(goes up)* No!

*(Hesitates)* Shall I? Will it bite?

It's not a shark? *(goes up and peeps, comes back holding hand to heart)* It's put me in a fright.

Mona! you silly goose! This palpitation  
Is strange perhaps, but not a bad sensation.  
I rather like it. Is it fear? No question!  
I'm not afraid! Perhaps it's indigestion?  
I'll take another peep.

*(Goes to Prince on tip toe, and comes away rapidly, clapping her hands).*

He's charming, really!

If I could take him home I'd like to dearly.

How nice he'd be to play with! Shall I try?

He's fast asleep! I'm sure he wouldn't die.

*(Tries to raise him. He groans)*

His clothes are wet, perhaps he's shipwrecked, too.

*(Prince slowly sits up holding his hand to his side)*

Good evening, sir. *(Curtesying).*

PRINCE DOODLE. Good evening. How d'ye do?

*(Rises with difficulty and comes forward)*

Where am I? Who are you? What's this? *(Feels water.)* It's water!

MONA. This is the Norway coast, and I'm its daughter.  
Young sir, you're wet! your coat——

Might be a better 'un.

I'm *young*; but still you won't find here a *wetter* 'un.

MONA. Tell me your tale, for stories I love well.

PRINCE DOODLE. Story; why bless you! I have none  
to tell;

Only last night, a-sailing on the ocean,

There came a squall, at least so I've a notion.

It stormed! it blew! it rained! the lightning crashed!

We pitched and rolled, (*imitates motion of ship*) and  
tossed, the thunder flashed;

The wind, it rose and howled, and so did we.

MONA. That's very queer!

PRINCE DOODLE. Things often are at sea.

"Cut down the starboard stays'!" cried I. Then

"Splice the jib-boom, there, to the cross-trees, men!"

(*Speaks excitedly, suiting action to words, and using hands as  
speaking trumpet.*)

"Stand by to hoist the to'gallant sheet anchor!

Take a pull on the weather lee scuppers, my hearties!

Let the mizzen binnacle go with a run!

MONA. (*Clapping her hands with delight.*)

I like to hear you talk. Go on! What fun!

PRINCE DOODLE. (*Disgusted at interruption.*)

That's all.

MONA. (*Disappointed.*) That's not the end ?

PRINCE DOODLE. 'Twon't take a minuit.  
The ship she gave a lurch ; and—left us in it.  
Then to a hen coop clung the crew of forty-five ;

MONA. They're drowned ? (*clasping her hands in horror.*)

PRINCE DOODLE. Oh, not at all ; they're all alive.  
They flew away.

MONA. What, men !

PRINCE DOODLE, No ; geese, my dear !  
I'm rather mixed. Perhaps my head is queer.  
Listen, and I'll a tale unfold to harrow——

MONA. (*Shrinking back*)  
Ah ! Don't !

PRINCE DOODLE. A tale to fr-r-r-eeze——

MONA. Oh, dear !

PRINCE DOODLE. Your marrow !

PRINCE DOODLE. (*Loud chord, and tremulo music through the following.*)  
I have an uncle !

MONA. Not uncommon, surely.

PRINCE DOODLE. Some years ago, my poor papa felt  
poorly ;  
Took to his bed, and—died—they say most queerly.  
My uncle deals in magic ? See you ?

MONA.

Clearly !

PRINCE DOODLE. My parent gone, th' apparent heir  
was I !

To gain the throne he wished that I should die.

And then, because I couldn't see why he,  
Instead of I, the nation's king should be ;

He shipped me off, alone, to go to *see*,

Alone I said ! not so ! off was I cast

With four and forty geese before the mast !

His parting words were these :—" Return, my dear,

(Of course the whole thing was a jibe and sneer)

When'ere a mermaid's heart you hold in hand,

And four and forty men before me stand,

In place of all these geese I send as crew.

"Till then—' O reservoir !' my boy ! adieu !"

MONA. Oh ! what a dreadful man !

PRINCE DOODLE. He seized my brother ;

And swore we ne'er again should see each other

Until this mermaid I should meet, so kind,

And then a mountain full of diamonds find.

The thing is absurd ! There are no mermaids here,

My uncle has the *thrown* ; I'm *pitched out* clear !

MONA. The diamond mountain of the Gnome King,  
see

(Points off L.)

It's full of diamonds : full as full can be.

PRINCE DOODLE. What's that you say ? That moun-  
tain ! It's all rock.

Diamonds inside! Oh, come! you only mock!  
I'd like to see my brother—

MONA. What's your name?

PRINCE DOODLE. Oh! I'm a Prince, Prince Doodle.

MONA. What a shame!

PRINCE DOODLE. My kingdom's in Cockagne, you  
must have heard

Of Cock-a-doodle-do. (*She shakes head.*) That noble  
bird

Was a remote progenitor. Indeed,  
Our pedigree, by Darwin, you can read.

MONA. I never learnt to read. Stay! (*puts fingers to forehead*) on me dawns,  
A notion (*triumphantly*) that's where people live  
"en Prince?" (*pronounce "on prawns."*)

PRINCE DOODLE. (*Aside.*) A notion fishy! (*Aloud.*)  
No, my dear, on *shrimps!*  
Your friends?—They're?—

MONA. Mermaids.

PRINCE DOODLE. water—"nimps?"  
Why *w(h)at a—* (*looks towards her feet*) tail?

Forgive the observation,  
Is there not something queer in your formation?  
(*Hesitatingly.*) You don't wear boots and shoes? (*aside*)

Ah, that a fix is!

They *can't* of course!

ck!  
MONA. Why not? My number's "sixes."  
You never heard of *soles* and *eels*?

r name?  
PRINCE DOODLE. Yes, fried!

nce Doodle.  
MONA. Around our grottoes, there('s) *sea-horses*('s)  
shame!  
*hide.*

ockagne, you  
for *bark*—you've heard the "moaning of the *tied*,"  
and *hide* and *bark* make leather, eh?

That noble  
PRINCE DOODLE. Of course!  
*Aside*) I've traced my *night mare* up to its *sea-horse*;  
mermaid! Here's my chance! (*Aloud.*) Dear me!  
How stupid!

uts fingers to  
*Aside.*) Now aid me, Venus!

le live  
MONA. (*Overhearing aside.*) Venus! He must be  
ns.") Cupid!  
Why how the boy has grown! (*Aloud.*) Is she your  
y! (*Aloud.*) "Ma?"

PRINCE DOODLE. Alas, sweet maid! I am a norphan!  
(*sighs*) Ah!  
With ne'er a *parent*, we're a *pair rent*, too.

mps?"  
? MONA. You have my sympathy, what can I do!  
*(Aside, holding hand to heart.)*

ation,  
ion?  
Dear me! That queer sensation's come again!

oes? (*aside*) PRINCE DOODLE. Your sympathy, *see*, mends an  
is!  
orphan's *pain*,  
My *loving*, *lass*!

MONA. Your *glass*, I'd mend, Prince, but  
 Regret I've neither got *cements* nor putty.

PRINCE DOODLE. Say, could you learn to love ?

MONA. (*Innocently.*) You'll teach me your way ?

PRINCE DOODLE. It's plain ! No doubt it's much the  
 same in Norway.

(*He puts arm round her waist and is going to kiss her, when he  
 looks off L.*)

See ! yonder comes a *Norse-man* on an 'orse !

MONA. Oh ! Let us fly ! The Gnome King !

PRINCE DOODLE. Fly ! Of course  
 If you'll fly with me, dear, we'll never part.

MONA. (*Aside.*) I've just discovered that I've got—  
 a heart !

(*Exeunt through opening at back R. U. E. Enter L. 2 P  
 The Gnome King on a rocking horse, attended by Rooster  
 the Audacious, General Bounce, and Captain Pounce.*)

GNOME KING. Whoa ! Steady, boy ! Here take  
 this beast away

And stuff his mouldy ribs with ancient hay.  
 (*exit R.U.E. Captain Pounce with horse ; he returns  
 front*) The only steed in all our royal stable ;  
 We'd keep a dozen were we only able.  
 The times are hard and out of joint 'tis clear.  
 We're out of *joints* ourselves—and beer,  
 Ha ! ha ! (*to Rooster.*) Why can't you laugh ? Ha ! ha !

Prince, but  
love?  
our way?  
it's much th  
s her, when  
e!  
King!  
Of course  
at I've got  
Enter L. 2 B  
ded by Rooste  
tain Pounce.)  
Here tak  
he return  
;  
:  
Ha! ha!

ROOSTER, (*feebly*) He! he!  
G. KING. What mean these looks, you're very grave,  
I see.  
Well, let's to business. What are all these matters?  
We want some coin, our robes are torn to tatters.  
*eats himself on rock. R.)*  
Let's hear the worst. Produce your budget, quick!  
Bring lights! Pray what's the price of candles, *stick?*  
*Rooster aside.)* There's not a candle left. (*aloud*) It's  
nearly morning.  
*aside*) What shall I say. (*aloud*) Sir, see the day is  
dawning.  
(*Stage gradually grows light.*)  
G. KING. Well, how's the Exchequer?  
ROOS. Empty.  
G. KING. Stock it.  
ROOS. I've eighteen pence, sir, in my waistcoat  
pocket.  
Here's pretty clear we must increase taxation.  
G. K. We'll tax the gnomes of each denomination.  
ROOS. They're taxed already, sir, wholesale and retail.  
G. K. Tax them some more.  
ROOS. But how?  
G. K. Well, that's a detail.  
axes Tax every thing and every body,



Toffee and tubs, ice cream and whiskey toddy.  
 Tax folks who fish—for compliments or salmon.  
 Lay taxes on their corns for shooting,

Roos. (aside) Gammon.

You're pleased to joke. The situation's grave.

G. K. And so am I. I'm quite in earnest, slave.  
 Then, tax the air they breathe, the *airs* they hear,  
 And tax their wives, it's right *they* should be *dear*.  
 Tax all pet oysters, sprats and whales they're keeping  
 Tax 'em for eating, drinking, also sleeping.  
 Tax them besides for laughing, singing, crying.  
 And lay a heavy tax on folks for *dyeing*.  
 Put taxes on the nation's food and fuel,  
 From turtle soup, to grits for babies' gruel.  
 Stay, here I have it! why, of course, you gabies  
 You'd make a fortune by a tax on babies.

GENERAL BOUNCE. (*hesitatingly*) Can't we economise, that's my suggestion,  
 What's Toby and what's not Toby's the question?

G. K. Well, how's the army? can we cut it down?  
 Make sixpence go as far as half a crown?

G. BOUNCE. One General, (*points to self,*) and one  
 Captain of the forces.

(*Points to Captain Pounce*)

An inefficient staff, sir, that of course is;  
 Of cavalry we've none.

G. K. The "Ryle Artillery"

G. B. Burst up.

G. K. The Infantry ?

G. B. All here you see.

(Enter NOODLE, as full private, toy gun, bayonet fixed.)

But he's a big one. Pray don't mention halving ;

I grieve to say it, but the army's—

NOODLE. (Sepulchrally.) Starving !

G. K. Here's insurrection ! mutiny ! revolt !

I'm not afraid, but p'raps I'd better bolt.

(ROOSTER, GENERAL and CAPTAIN run off, R.)

G. K. Here officers, on your allegiance stay,

Protect your monarch now, don't run away !

(Runs off R.)

NOODLE. (C. leaning on gun.)

I must confess. I think it's rather hard.

For sixteen weeks I've been here, mounting guard.

I've eaten nothing but a rind of cheese,

And that wont help a man to "stand at ease."

I never get to mess, but into messes,

The General's joint is when the loine he dresses.

That's not the worst ; it's more than I can bear,

To hear the little beggar cry "form square !"

One into four, won't go. He says it will.

Nothing goes into me I know, but drill.

From morn till night he has me on my legs,

He'll wear them off "as sure as eggs are eggs."

He talks of "*wings*," as if I were a bird.  
 "By your left wheel!" he cries. The thing's absurd.  
 I'd like to know why should I *buy a wheel!*  
 If I had any cash I'd buy a meal.  
 I'll strike. Along the shore, I'll take a stroll,  
 Perhaps the waves will give a nice fresh roll.  
 A witch foretold that here I'd meet my brother.  
 Alas, I fear we should not know each other.  
 I'll put a board up, that will do to tell.

*(Gets a piece of plank and writes on it in chalk.*

*" Dere brother I am hear close buy.*

*Yours,*

NOODLE.

To MISTER DOODLE. *Places board against rock, R.C.)*  
 It's fortunate at school I learnt to spell.

*(Exit NOODLE, L. U. E.*

*(Re-enter cautiously, KING, ROOSTER, GENERAL  
 and CAPTAIN R.)*

G. B. The army's disinfected!

G. K. What's the reason?

ROOSTER. Off without *leave*, he's gone.

G. BOUNCE. No *leaf!* it's *tree's-on!*

G. K. Pray cease your jokes, we have no time for fun.  
 This is an unkind *cut*, much over done.

The army gone! Say, is there further ill?

ROOSTER. Allow me to present your tailors' bill.

*(Unfolds long roll of bill which runs  
 out on the floor.)*

G. K. It must be done. A plan I'll now unfold,  
To fill our empty purse once more with gold.  
Stay! Are we quite secure?

(*Business ; each going on tip-toe to R. and L. entrances, listening and returning with exaggerated melodramatic action. Music, soft chords. Stacato.*)

One word! I love!  
(*Loud chord, all start.*)

ROOSTER. (*Enquiringly.*) Thou love'st?

G. BOUNCE. (*Suspiciously.*) He loves.

CAPTAIN POUNCE. (*Confidentially.*) We love!

ROOSTER. (*Surprised.*) Ye love!

G. KING. (*Disgusted.*) They love!

My love's declined with thanks. Alas, it's true,  
Kings are but mortals, and I love like you.

ALL. The maid?

G. KING. A mermaid. Nay, you should'nt start,  
A mermaid, like a cabbage, has a heart.

I offered her my hand; in it the key  
That opened locks to all the treasury.

My mountain diamond mines! my gold! I rave!

G. B. She took it?

G. KING. Yes, and flung it in the wave.  
Since then, you know, I've not been worth a pin;  
The rocky doors are closed, I can't get in.  
Listen. Next time she comes to land, we'll seize her.

And till she fetches back that key, I'll tease her.  
Hullo! a step!

*(All hide, R. & L. Enter Prince  
Doodle off rock R.)*

DOODLE. Such fun! the mermaid nation,  
Is not averse, I find, from small flirtation.

We're getting on.

*(Sees board.)*

What's this! What have we here?

*(Reads notice aloud.)*

Joy! joy! So then my long lost brother's near.  
He can't be far, *(calls)* Hi! Noodle! Noodle! Noodle!

*(Exit R. calling NOODLE. Enter MONA at centre,  
she hesitates, looks round.)*

MONA. I wonder what's become of darling Doodle.

*(Comes down. G. King, and the others follow in  
stealthily; the G. King has a v. il.)*

We're playing hide and seek. It's charming play.  
We play for kisses, and he always makes me pay.  
I wonder where he's gone!

*(G. KING throws veil over her, she shrieks.)*

We'll hide you, miss;

Can't you afford to give a King a kiss?

*(She struggles.)*

Unless you get my golden key so shiny,  
You may as well say ta, ta, to the briny.

*(Scene closes in with view of the Cottage  
of the Maid of the Mill.)*

her.

*Enter Prince  
(k R.)*

maid nation,

n.  
*(Sees board.)*

*(notice aloud.)*  
ar.  
! Noodle!  
NA at centre,  
d.)

ling Doodle.  
thers follow in  
as a v.il.  
play.  
pay.

*(she shrieks.)*  
;  
*(she struggles.)*

*(of the Cottage  
Mill.)*

## SCENE II.

### COQUETTINA'S COTTAGE.

COQUETTINA *discovered looking at herself in a glass on L. wall.*  
*Arm chair with cover on, R. Cupboard, R. Door, L.*  
*Barrel against wall, L. Table with cover, C., candle*  
*burning on table.*

Coq. There, that will do, that's quite enough my dear.

Oh, Coquettina, you're a flirt, I fear.

You naughty, naughty girl to act this way.

Ah! you'll be very sorry, Miss, some day.

*(Comes down.)*

I'm sure it's not my fault. What can one do?

I dote on officers, and I've now got two.

The Captain's not amiss; a handsome face!

And such a uniform! Oh, I love gold lace.

His pay's so small—it's not a bit of use.

But then the General's such a dear—old goose.

He's rather short and fat, and slightly lazy,

His conversation's small; style, lackadaisy.

Still, who for *general* conversation cares?

Ah, stay, I hear him puffing up the stairs.

(*Sits herself hurriedly in chair, L., at back, and pretends to be asleep. Rap heard at door, L., repeated twice.*  
 GENERAL BOUNCE puts his head carefully into room.)

G. B. What, not at home! (Comes down)

These parlours in the sky

Are much like houses in Soho, so high.

I'm out of breath, and she's out too, it's clear,

I've had my climb for nothing. (Sees Coquettina)

(Approaching her) Ah, she's here!

My dainty duck! my lamb, my tender chicken!

The cherries on those lips are worth the pickin'.

I must take one, though she may fume and founce,

She'll not object as Mrs. General Bounce.

(is about to kiss her, she starts up)

Coq. Ah, General! It's you?

G. B. (confused) I'm looking for—

Coq. your gout

A taste of something good and nice,

Ah, stout

I see it's up, (Looking at him meaningly.)

You'd better take it down,

(Points to door)

GEN. B. Now what a tease you are! Come, do not frown.

Don't, Coquettina, of my love make light.

You leant upon my arm quite hard last night.

Say you'll be mine, come, Coquettina, do!

I am a single man.

and pretends  
repeated twice  
y into room.)  
GEN. B. You're big enough for two.  
I've only one objection.

GEN. B. What is that?  
Pray lean on me for life.

COQ. Lean! why, you're fat!

GEN. B. Call me not lean, but say I'm buxom, plump.  
I am no scare-crow, made to run and jump.  
To tell the truth, I like to take my ease,  
I'm not a skipper with a load of (f) "lees."  
Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt  
To less than sixty inches round the belt!

COQ. You can't help that, 'tis you.

GEN. B. Well then, suppose  
My tissue is inclined to adipose.  
You could'nt add a pose with all that tissue.  
T would be a poser if I were to kiss you.

COQ. Why what's possess the man? I'd like to see  
you!

GEN. B. Well, so you shall. Here goes! (He at-  
tempts to chase her around stage, she easily eludes  
him. Knock heard at door.)

COQ. Oh, dear, oh, dear!  
Mamma's come back! Quick, General, get in here.  
(pushes him into cupboard, R. Business, he not liking to go in.  
Rap again.)

Meet me beneath the haunted tree to-morrow.



GEN. B. Adieu !

COQ. Pray go !

GEN. B. This parting's such sweet sorrow  
*(He goes into cupboard, crush of broken glass heard. He  
 puts his head out again.)*

I've sat upon your glasses !

COQ. Take it easy.

My absence won't be long.

GEN. B. *(Sniffs about cupboard.)* Your scents are  
 cheesy.

*(Exit into cupboard. She runs to door and opens it.  
 Enter Capt. Pounce. She curtsies, and looks down  
 demurely. He comes front, twirling his moustache.)*

CAPT. P. So this is where you live, child, is it, weally  
 You're up amongst the clouds here.

COQ. Yes, Sir, nearly

CAPT. P. *(Gallantly.)* For such a chewub quite  
 pwoper place.

*(Aside.)* Upon my word, a vewy pwetty face !

*(Looks out of window at R.)*

And what a view ! All twees and sheep in flocks,  
 And wolling waves awound those wugged woeks.

*(She is standing by him as he speaks the last words. She  
 puts arm round her waist.)*

COQ. That's not a "wugged woek." Don't let  
 trouble you,

But have you such a thing as a spare W ?

CAPT. T. Oh, weally, pon my life, you're vewy pwetty.

COQ. I thank you kindly, Sir.

CAPT. P. And weally witty.

COQ. If I'd got some place to which to cawwy you,  
pon my word I'd weally like to mawwy you.

COQ. (*Aside.*) The darling! He's a man a girl can  
love.

CAPT. T. (*Looking on ground.*) I fear I've lost it  
now.

COQ. Your heart?

CAPT. P. My glove.

(*Loua sneezing from cupboard.*)

COQ. That's that.

COQ. The ginger beer has burst a bottle.

CAPT. P. It sounded vewy like a human thwottle!

(*Rap heard at door.*)

COQ. Ah, here's mamma! quick, hide in this, now, see!

(*Puts him into barrel. Business.*)

COQ. To-morrow meet me by the haunted tree.

(*Throws cloth over top of barrel.*)

COQ. We shall have such fun to-morrow for an hour.

CAPT. P. (*Rising.*) Look here, I say, this bawwel's  
full of flour!

(*She runs to him, forces him back and puts coverlet on  
again. Rap again. She goes to door and opens it.*)

(Enter ROOSTER THE AUDACIOUS, a big bundle of *parties* tied with red tape, under his arm.)

Roos. Miss Coquettina, is your Ma' within ?

(Pulls out enormous watch from fob pocket.)

I've twenty minutes left to woo and win.

Coq. To woo and win ! Upon my word that's fun.

ROOSTER. Business is business, Miss, and time is money.

All night I sat up on affairs of State.

I had to shave the King at half-past eight.

At nine to black his boots and brush his hair.

By ten, as President, I took the chair

Of the Society for Reforming Cats—

R. S. R. C. At twelve I sat on "Hats."

Coq. Hats !

Roos. Yes, and hatters, 'twas a much *felt* question.

At one I had some lunch, and—indigestion.

At two I had to meet a deputation—

"Was it, or was it not, good for the nation

That folks should be allowed beef with their mustard

It was a serious matter.

Coq.

Were you flustered ?

Roos. Oh, not at all, I said—If they could get it.

At two 'twas going on.

Coq.

So's time.

Roos.

Well, let

Till eight—three meetings ; a foundation stone.

hen dressed the King for dinner ; had my own.  
 me here to pop the question—Will you wed ?  
 must get back to put the King to bed.  
 y yes or no.

Coq.

You'd better ask mamma.

(*Rap at door.*)

ot now ! Some other time !

Roos.

Yes ! Now !

Coq.

No !

Roos.

Bah !

Coq. She may be angry. Get beneath the table.  
 ease. To oblige me. (*loud rap.*)

Roos.

Well, if I am able.

(*Gets under table.*) I must confess I feel how ill you  
 treat me.

Coq. To-morrow, by the haunted tree you'll meet me.  
 (*Goes to door and opens it. Enter G. KING.*  
*She curtseys. He chucks her under chin.*)

GNOME KING. Well, lass, your pretty face I've long  
 been missing.

ou've got a kiss I hope—

Coq. (*Coquettishly.*)

It's always kissing.

st like a man ! He always *misses* kisses.

G. KING. It's very hard a man can't kiss his *misses*.

ave your little head chopped off, Miss ! Pray

on't make me angry ! One ! two ! three ! Away !

Coq. Well, if you must, you must then; Take  
There!

*(She turns back of head to him as he is about to kiss her)*

What did it taste of *eh* Sir?

G. KING. *Hay? No! Ha*

Coq. Of course! It's all my own.

G. KING. Oh, *game* you're making.

Coq. Oh, not at all, Sir, *I don't go hay raking.*

G. KING. A kiss I'll have!

*(Runs after her, catches her, and is going to kiss her, a  
loud rap is heard at door.)*

Coq. Mamma!

G. KING. I'd like to choke!

Coq. Dear me! She's awful with the kitchen pok.  
You'd better hide, Sir.

G. KING. Where? *(Runs to cupboard)*

Coq. No, no! *(he runs toward  
barrel.)* Not there! *(He runs to table)*

I have it! Here! pretend to be a chair.

*(She takes cover off chair and puts it over him with a  
extended so that he looks like a chair.)*

There! Now you're safe, you need'nt now be daunted.  
Meet me to-morrow by the tree that's haunted.

*(Goes to door, opens it and looks out)*

What! no one here? how strange! who can it be?

men; Take Perhaps I'd better go outside and see.

*(Goes outside. The "Fairy of the Forest" steps in and closes door.)*

FAIRY. Ah, Coquettina! oh, you naughty child!

in spite of all I've said, you *will* be wild.

All right, Miss, I have such a rod in pickle!

But first these gentlemen in here I'll tickle.

*(Blows out candle. Stage darkens. She goes to cupboard and raps gently, then to barrd, then to table, then to chair, and steps to back of stage. All four come out and grope in the dark, avoiding each other. They speak in whispers.)*

GEN. B. Here, Coquettina!

CAPT. T. Dearest!

ROOSTER. Where are you?

KING. Come to my arms, my Coquettina, do!

*(They all get into a circle in front of stage, each holding a hand of the other. The fairy laughs, claps her hands, and fairies enter with lanterns hung at the end of their wands. Stage lights up. Quick curtain.)*



SCENE III.

THE FOREST DELL.

*Haunted tree C. at back. A large rock at R. of tree, upon which NOODLE is seated.*

NOODLE, (*Sneezing.*)

I've got a frightful cold. My M's and B's  
Are all mixed up, likewise my L's and D's.  
That Gnome King there, Oh, isn't he a beauty !  
Because, he said, I ran away from duty.  
Fixed me by some enchantment to this stone,  
And here he's left me ever since, alone.

(*Takes bottle from pocket.*)

Strolling the other day upon the sand, I  
Found this. B. R. A. N. D. Y. spells brandy.  
It isn't bad, though how did it come here ?  
There's been a shipwreck, that is very clear.  
The country's full of geese, too, it's absurd !  
Which ever way I turned I found a bird,  
All dressed in sailor's jackets, caps and things,  
With spy glasses stuck underneath their wings.

(Enter MONA L. running.)

MONA. There, I've escaped them ! Now to find the shore,  
I don't think they will catch me any more.

(Moves toward tree.)

It must be this way, I can scent the sea.

Ah ! Who are you, sir, under that old tree.

Noo. Don't be afraid, fair maid, I cannot harm you ;  
glued to this stone these *tones* need not alarm you.

can't get up (*tries to rise.*)

MONA. Why not ?

Noo The Gnome has tied me.

MONA. You have a story. Tell me.

Noo. Sit beside me.

(MONA sits on rock other side of tree.)

Long years ago I was a boy.

MONA. How strange !

Noo. A little tiny boy, so high.

MONA. A change !

Noo. I had an uncle, and I *was* a prince.  
My father died. *He* seized the throne.

(MONA starts,) You wince.

MONA. Oh not at all. Go on ! I've heard a tale.  
Like your's before. It's very like a whale.

Noo. My tail ! there's more behind. He then seized  
me



And shipped me off, a little boy, to sea.  
 For many years I've wandered as a sailor,  
 And earned my salt as cook on board a whaler.  
 Shipwrecked upon this most unkindly shore,  
 I've lived a wretched life ten years or more.  
 The manikins who live down there below,  
 Took me, and made me giant in a show :  
 "Walk up! walk up! just going to begin."

*(imitates Showman)*

That's what they used to say to bring folks in—  
 "This giant is all real, no sawdust here!"

MONA. Made you a giant, did they. That was queer.

Noo. "There's no deception, gents! no pads or straw  
 And then they'd pinch my legs to make me roar.  
 Stick pins into my calves.

MONA. Oh, that was cruel!

Noo. And if I would't act they'd stop my gruel.  
 Well, now I've joined the army, serve the nation.  
 That means long drills, stiff collars and starvation.  
 I'll make a raft or boat, and get away,  
 So sure as my name's Noodle, miss, some day.

MONA. What name?

Noo. Why, Noodle,

MONA. Noodle?

Noo. Why not Noodle?

MONA. You have a brother?

Noo. Which his name is Doodle.

(Tries to rise.)

Say, have you seen him? Is my brother here?

MONA. He is.

Noo. And I can't leave my stony 'cheer.'

MONA. I'll go and seek him. (Exit R.)

Noo. Stay! She's gone. What joy!  
I haven't seen my brother since a boy.

(Enter DOODLE hurriedly, L.)

DOODLE. I've lost my mermaid! (Sees NOODLE.) Ha!  
Pray who are you?

Noo. (Aside.) Is this my brother? Is your name,  
Sir, Doo—?

Doo. It's Noodle! (Is going to rush towards him,  
but stops short suddenly.)

Come though, this won't do I say,  
we mustn't take things in this easy way.  
though perchance we may have had the same aunt.  
There may perhaps, Sir, be another "Claimant."  
I like to ask a question.

Noo. Ask a dozen.

Doo. Pray, had your nurse, Sir, in the Guards a  
"cousin?"

Noo. 'Tis strange, but true.

Doo. 'Tis well! When you were able  
You kicked you poor old pa beneath the table?

(NOODLE *nods*.)

Say, did you once, upon your nurse's lap,  
By chance capsize a teaspoonful of pap?

Noo. I did! I did! The circumstance peecoolia,  
I now recall it. Which her name was Julia.

Doo. Did you like sugar on your bread and butter?

(NOODLE *nods*.)

Used you to play at marbles in the gutter?

Noo. I must confess it.

Doo. Now I think upon it.  
Had you a bouncing B. once in your Bonnet.

Noo. I had! I have! In fact, as I'm alive,  
Not one bee only but a perfect hive.

Doo. Have you on your left arm a strawberry mark

Noo. A perfect bed! You'd see them in the dark.  
'Tis he! 'tis he! My feelings I can't smother;  
Come to my arms my lengthy long lost brother!

(NOODLE *tries to rise but cannot*.)

Why don't you rise?

Noo. I can't, the Gnome King's bound me.  
I should have died down here if you'd not found me.

Doo. What's to be done? (*Trunk of tree opens, and  
discovers the Fairy of the Forest*.)

**FAIRY.** Sprinkle him thrice, sprinkle him thrice,  
With the water that trickles  
And trickles and trickles  
Down from the mountain  
Here to the fountain.  
Sprinkle and say,  
One, two, three and away,  
One, two, three and away.

*(Trunk of tree closes again.)*

**DOO.** Ah, here's the fountain, look !

*(Runs off, R., and returns with water in the palm of his hand. Throws it over NOODLE.)*

One, two, three and away ! *(NOODLE springs up. He limps. The brothers embrace.)*

**NOO.** I'm stiff as that old tree.

*Enter MONA R., carrying large gold key.*

**NOMA.** You've found him, see ! Look here ! I've brought this key,

Key to the diamond mountain. Come ! be quick :  
We'll play that dear old dwarf there such a trick.

**DOO.** We'll build a raft ; with diamonds fill each sack ;  
Set sail before he knows—

**NOO.** And not come back.

But where's your crew ?

**DOO.** My crew ? Oh there's the rub,  
I hav'n't got a crew to sail a tub.

A set of geese ! *(Trunk of tree opens and shows Fairy of the Forest.)*

FAIRY. Sprinkle thrice, sprinkle thrice.  
And your geese, in half a trice  
Will disappear, and on the land,  
Four and forty sailors stand.

*(Trunk of tree closes.)*

DOO. A friend in need's a friend indeed they say.  
Madam, we thank you. Come, friends, let's away.

NOO. Let's to the mountain; there our sacks we'll fill  
And get good fortune from a monstrous ill.

*(Exeunt, R., Trunk of tree opens. Fairy of the Forest descends, and comes forward.)*

FAIRY. So far so good. Those captives stirred my  
pity,

And Maiden Mona is so good and pretty.  
I hate that Gnome; he is so tough and tarty. *(looks off)*  
Here's naughty Coquettina and her party.  
I'll sprinkle magic water on them all,  
And where they stand they'll stay until I call.

*(She returns into tree, which closes. Enter L. COQUETTINA hurriedly. She looks back as she enters.)*

COQ. What fun! they're coming all together here.  
I'll hide behind this tree. *(Trunk opens, Fairy appears and sprinkles her. She stops instantly.)*

FAIRY. You'll not, my dear.

*(Trunk closes. Enter R. and L. KING, ROOSTER, GENERAL BOUNCE and CAPT. POUNCE. Different entrances. Music soft and staccato. They advance to centre, they see each other.)*

ALL. Hallo!

(*Fairy appears ; sprinkles them. They stop short and each retains the position of the moment, Lime light. Scene closes in with cavern, same as scene 1st, only opening at back closed in. Several sailors cross the stage from L. to R., carrying sacks on their backs. NOODLE and DOODLE bring up the rear, each carrying a sack. They come front.*)

DOO. There! That's the last, the raft won't carry more. And now set sail, and quit this unkind shore.

Where's Mona? (Enter MONA, R.)

MONA. Here. Please, dear, before we go, I wish to say good-bye to friends below.

DOO. I'm not a fish!

MONA. It's done quite easily, We'll sink this cavern down below the sea.

(Enter L. KING, ROOSTER, GENERAL BOUNCE, CAPT. POUNCE, COQUETTINA.)

G. KING. Mind your own business, Miss, leave mine alone.

I have a charm will turn you all to stone.

(*Makes passes in the air. Enter L. Fairy.*)

FAIRY. If you're not good you'll get another sprinkle.

G. KING. I'd rather be a lobster or a winkle.

MONA. Then here's your key. Remember, don't be cruel.

NOO. And feed your army. Give your giants gruel.

MONA. We're going down. D'ye feel the motion?

Doo.

Well

It's easy as a lift in some hotel.

*(All give a slight jump as though the bottom had been reached.)*

MONA. We're there at last. Now let the water in. Don't be afraid, you will not wet your skin.

*(Scene at back and sides gradually opens to soft music, and shows the*

#### MERMAID'S HAUNT.

*(CORALINA descends in a coral car at back. Mermaids R. and L.)*

COQUETTINA. This is my home. Good-bye, dear friends, to-night,  
And don't forget your li Mermaid quite.

FAIRY OF THE FOREST. The bottom of the sea! It's like a dream.

COQ. You've no society down here.

MONA. The very cream.

COQ. Perhaps it's iced. I'm sure it's very chilly.

GEN. BOUNCE. It's all *cold cream*, of course, you little silly!

MONA. I hope you're all content.

NOODLE. Well, I don't know.  
Poor Coquettina here—

DOODLE. Pray, where's her beau?  
(*Coquettina turns to Captain Pounce.*)

CAPTAIN P. Ah! Weally sowwy! Can't be done I fear,  
When my superior officer is here.

(*She turns to General Bounce.*)

GEN. B. Well! Hem! The situation's most unpleasant,  
But as for matrimony!—not at present.  
Our friend here will oblige. Come, Rooster, say!

(*She turns to Rooster.*)

ROOSTER. Too busy, now. Pray call another day.

COQ. Oh! very well! I'm sure that I don't care.  
I'll join the "Ladies Club." They've no men there!

G. KING. A gnome's *un homme* for all that. Here's  
my key.

*G. flat's* found often down below the *G.*  
One thing I know, if once I get above,  
No man shall say the Gnome is crossed in love.

GEN. B. A soldier's duty lies in drill and glory,  
But as for love, well, that's another story.

CAPT. P. Well, weally! Take things easy is my motto:  
But fancy catching shwimps here in a gwotto!

(*Pretends to catch Shrimp swimming past.*)



DOODLE. (*Putting his arm round Mona's waist.*)  
 Though strange, a mermaid's heart I hold in  
 hand!

My geese are changed to sailors; there they stand.  
 We've found the diamond mine—

Noo. And filled each sack

Doo. And as for uncle (*Turning up Coat cuffs.*)

Noo. Wait till we get back!

MONA. Since all things wrong are now at last made  
 right.

We only have to wish you all good-night.

*(Red and green lights.)*

CORALINA.

FAIRY OF THE FOREST.

GENERAL BOUNCE.

CAPTAIN POUNCE.

GNOME KING.

ROOSTER.

MONA.

COQUETTINA.

DOODLE.

NOODLE.

*Curtain.*

*ona's waist,  
art I hold in*

# FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID :

*stand.*

Or the Magic Shrimps.

*d each sack  
t cuffs.)  
ck!  
at last made*

BY

F. A. D.



NCE.

OOSTER.

QUETTINA.

NOODLE

OTTAWA.  
A. S. WOODBURN, ELGIN STREET  
1877.

TO THE  
CHILDREN OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES;

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN,

THE

*Merry Little Party of Actors,*

FOR

*Whose Christmas Fun these Plays were written,*

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

*With this as sole excuse for its nonsense,*

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

# FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.	QUEEN BESSINA.
JUNO.	QUEEN FAIENCE.
MERCURY.	PRINCESS ZOU ZOU.
PRINCE EMERALD.	PAGE.
FERNANDO.	KING OF THE SHRIMPS.
SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS.	CORALINA.
SIR POPINJAY POPS.	PEARL.
FIFINE.	ANEMONE.

## SCENERY.

SCENE 1ST.—Fifine's Cottage. SCENE 2ND.—Palace of Jupiter  
Cloudland.

SCENE 3RD.—Fifine's Cottage.

SCENE 4TH.—Sea Beach on the Enchanted Isle.

SCENE 5TH.—The Grotto and

THE CORAL GROVES

OF THE

ENCHANTED ISLE.

Costumes of the most gorgeous, the most burlesque,  
Period, no matter.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.



*Government House, Ottawa.*

**NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1878.**

Jupiter	Col. the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton.
Juno	Captain F. Ward, A.D.C.
Mercury	Captain F. Hamilton, A.D.C.
Prince Emerald	Hon. Terence Blackwood.
Fernando	Mr. Edward Littleton.
Sir Irascible Raps	Mr. Algernon Littleton.
Sir Popinjay Pops	Hon. Basil Blackwood.
Fifine	Miss Littleton.
Queen Bessina	Viscount Claudeboye.
Queen Faience	Lady Helen Blackwood.
Princess Zou Zou	Lady Hermione Blackwood.
Page	} Hon. Frederick Blackwood.
King of the Shrimps	
Coralina	Lady Victoria Blackwood.
Pearl	Miss Muriel Stephenson.
Anemone	Miss Susan Littleton.

# FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID;

OR THE MAGIC SHRIMPS.

## SCENE I.

FIFINE'S COTTAGE: *Log fire on hearth, burning, set corner wise R. U. E. Door I, small table C: old-fashioned, pendulum, Dutch clock C, at back; shelf R, with jug and loaf of bread. FIFINE discovered sitting on low stool by fire, mending nets: she is shabbily dressed as a poor fisher girl. Storm heard outside. Lights low.*

FIFINE.

I am so sleepy! (*yawns*) why, it's nearly one!

I must sit up until this net is done.

It's hard to be so poor. Poor little I!

I often want to have a real good cry;

But that's no good. That wont mend nets I fear.

Fifine, my girl, cheer up! a good time's near.

(*puts elbows on knees, and looks dreamily into the fire.*)

It would be nice, though, if some kind old fairy

Would suddenly appear, so bright and airy;

(*stage grows dark*).

Dressed all in green and gold, as fairies look,

With wings of silver, in my picture book.

(*clock strikes One. Clock door opens, and discovers*

*Coralina. Lime Light.*)

And wave her magic wand, and say "Fifine!"

CORALINA. Fifine!

FIFINE (*starting up and seeing fairy.*) Good gracious!

What does all this mean?

It is the fairy! Oh, how very queer!

CORALINA. Well, what's your wish, Fifine? The fairy's here.

FIFINE. What do I wish? How nice! What don't I wish! I want a fine new boat, and lots of fish,— That 's for Fernando—

CORALINA. Who 's Fernando, pray?

FIFINE. Oh, Fernie? He 's my lover, so they say. And then I want an apron, cap and strings, A pink silk dress, and— Oh, what silly things! Money, of course, will buy me clothes like these. I wish to be, oh, very rich, ma'am, please.

CORALINA. A very silly wish! All right, my dear, The shrimps you'll find, are all enchanted here; They cure bad temper, sell them.

FIFINE. How surprising!

CORALINA. You'll make your fortune.

FIFINE. How?

CORALINA. By advertising.

*(clock door closes, Fifine runs to clock and opens door. Coralina has disappeared. Fifine picks up a paper from inside.)*

FIFINE. Is this a dream? Oh no, I'm wide awake. The fairy said my fortune I should make By selling shrimps, I'm sure I wish I might.

*(looks at paper.)*

Writing! I wish that I could read and write.

*(rapping heard at door. Fifine goes to door. A gust of wind blows it open, storm heard outside: enter Fernando, followed by Queen Faience and Prince Emerald, heavily cloaked and shawled.)*

FERNANDO. Fifine, I'm sure, will shelter you to-night.

(*to Fifine*) Two strangers, dear,

PRINCE EMERALD. Our boat has been upset.

It's very stormy—

QUEEN FAIENCE. and we're very wet.

(*Fifine helps Queen off with her wraps, and seats her at the fire. Fernando takes off Prince Emerald's cloak.*)

FIFINE. Poor things! I am so sorry!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Can we stay?

FIFINE. Of course. I wouldn't turn a dog away.

I'm very poor; I hav'nt got a bed;

But there's the fire, and here's milk and bread.

(*gets bread and milk from shelf and sets them on table.*)

You're very welcome.

QUEEN FAIENCE. What's your name?

FIFINE. Fifine!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Well, child, you're giving shelter to a queen.

She'll not forget it. (*Queen and Prince sit at table and take bread and milk. Fifine and Fernando come down L.*)

FIFINE. Gracious! Fernie dear!

The Fairy's words are coming true, that's clear.

FERNANDO. What fairy?

QUEEN FAIENCE. (*coming down.*) What! A fairy!

Tell me, child.

What was she like?

PRINCE EMERALD. (*laughing.*) Pray, was she tame or wild?

FIFINE. You laugh! It really was a fairy queen.

She stood in there; (*points to clock*) so lovely; dressed in green,

And promised me my wish.

QUEEN FAIENCE. You wished for — ?



FIFINE. Money.  
She said the shrimps, here, are enchanted—

PRINCE EMERALD. Funny!

FIFINE. They cure bad temper.

PRINCE EMERALD. Ah, the very thing!  
I know a dozen dowagers to bring—  
Cantankerous as crabs. Each thinks the other's  
Temper is like a tinker's mother's.

I know a score of husbands, too, whose lives  
Are crossed and crumpled by tempestuous wives.

QUEEN FAIENCE. I know a hundred wives who daily blame  
The day that made them "better halves"—in name.

PRINCE EMERALD. Each one is sure to send the other here  
To "cure his temper." (*laughs*) Oh, you need'nt fear.  
Your fortune's made.

FERNANDO. Our fortune's made indeed!

FIFINE. She left some writing, but I cannot read.  
Fernando, here, (*gives paper*).

FERNANDO. Oh, I can read it—  
(*turns papers round in a puzzled way.*) nearly.

PRINCE EMERALD. Suppose I try.

FIFINE. What, can you read, Sir? (*he nods.*) Really!

PRINCE EMERALD. (*Reads:*)

#### THE MAGIC SHRIMP.

<p>The magic shrimp Will cure the dumps, Bad temper too, And also mumps; Restore the hair, And give repose; Remove the freckles From your nose:</p>	<p>It makes the very Best of blacking, And keeps your boots From ever cracking; It's good for sauce With fish or meat; It's good for starch: The soap's a treat:</p>
---	--

It's good to polish  
Legs of chairs;  
For dyeing, and  
Removing hairs:  
It makes a splendid  
Brilliant ink;  
Also a cooling  
Summer drink:  
It's good for gout  
Or broken legs;  
For toothpaste, or  
Preserving eggs;

It's good to clean your  
Bit or stirrup:  
It makes a charming  
Soothing syrup;  
It's good in tea  
Instead of milk;  
It's excellent  
For dyeing silk:  
It's unsurpassed  
For mending china;  
For toothache too  
There's nothing finer:

Now if you've never  
Tried it—try it;  
And if you've never  
Bought it—Buy it.

QUEEN FAIENGE. Well, come, *Fifine*, if shrimps will cure  
a passion—

PRINCE EMERALD. And dye white hairs—*(laughs.)*

QUEEN FAIENGE. You'll soon become the fashion.  
You'd better set to work at once. Make haste  
And manufacture this—*(laughs)* superb shrimp paste.

PRINCE EMERALD. Whatever else you do, now, if you're  
wise,  
You'll first of all take care to advertise.

FIFINE. That's what the fairy said! What's advertising?

PRINCE EMERALD. You don't know that! It's really  
most surprising!

Look here! If Jones invents—a pill, we'll say.  
He wants to sell a lot to make it pay.

First step to fame,  
He gets a name,  
To say his Pills

Will cure all ills.  
Through every town  
He sticks this down,

Below your toes,  
 Before your nose,  
 On every wall,  
 In every Hall,  
 In road or street,  
 You always meet—  
 "Try Jones' Pills,  
 That cure all ills!"  
 In boats and trains,

Balloons or drains,  
 On coffin lids  
 In Pyramids,  
 You see it still—  
 "Try Jones' Pill!"  
 Where'ere you go,  
 You can't say no,  
 Before you thrust,  
 You feel you must,—

You ought to—try it,  
 And then—you buy it.

*(all laugh.)*

QUEEN FAIENCE. Well now, Fifine, you know just what  
 to do;

You'll make your fortune, and we'll help you, too.  
 We'll call this Saratagate. That's the name  
 Will hand "Fifine the Fishermaid" to fame.

*(Tableau. Queen Faience C. Fifine kneeling, kissing  
 her hand. Prince Emerald and Fernando R. & L.  
 Drop Curtain.)*



SCENE II.

*Terrace in the Palace of Jupiter in Cloudland, sky at back, steps centre of terrace. Breakfast table set L. 2 E. and two seats: handkerchief lying on ground up R. Mercury enters L. carrying plate of muffins, he sets it on table.*

MERCURY. Master not down, and missus late, of course!  
It's well for her the mare 's the better horse.

*(takes a piece of muffin.)*

If there 's one thing that Jupiter does hate,  
It is for breakfast being made to wait.  
But Juno's worse than he. I must give warning.

*(takes another piece of muffin.)*

She even boxed my ears the other morning;  
She called me names too, rascal, knave and thief,  
Because I took her pocket-handkerchief.  
My fingers must, I think, be hung on springs,  
Somehow, I can't resist these little things.

*(sees handkerchief on ground.)*

Why, there's another! now that's very droll!  
My fingers turn like needles to the pole.  
I can't resist.

*(picks up handkerchief and puts it in his top boot.)*

I'll hide it in my boot.

There, that's all right! and now for a cheroot.

*(takes cigar case from table, and lights cigar, sits on one seat, and puts his feet on the other.)*

They call me, Mercury, of thieves the patron,  
When I'm as innocent as any matron;

And as for all these little trifling slips,  
I've kleptomania in my finger tips.

*(Crash and loud growling heard at back R. Mercury starts up and looks out at back R. Enter Jupiter L. 2 E.)*

JUPITER. Now then, what's all this noise?

MERCURY. Oh, Sir, look there!

The Scorpion has stung the Little Bear!

JUPITER. Fetch me a thunderbolt, be quick! a winger,  
*(exit Mercury L.)*

I'll give that Scorpion a jolly stinger.

*(enter Mercury L. with thunderbolt, Jupiter hurls it off R. 2 E. Crash heard and growls.)*

We'll see if we can't stop these little capers.

*(to Mercury),*

Now then, be off, and fetch the morning papers.

*(exit Mercury L.)*

Here's half-past ten, and Juno not down yet,

*(Calls.)* Juno! The breakfast's ready!

JUNO. *(off R.)* Coming, pet!

JUPITER. Coming! Why don't you come! The little silly!

The coffee—hem!—I should say, nectar's chilly;

The ham and eggs—ambrosia, that is—cold;

The very water cress is growing old;

The omlette's tough, to eat it wants a spade;

The flies have eaten up the marmalade.

Juno, *(calls)* make haste! It's really most annoying.

Two hours she's been, four ladies' maids employing.

It's all her hair; they dress it, brush it, match it;

It takes as long as if she'd first to catch it.

Thimbles and thunderbolts! By Jove, I'm starving!

I'll wait no longer, I must do some carving.

*(sits at table and begins to carve. Enter Juno, R. Jupiter takes no notice.)*

JUNO. (*coaxingly*). Juppy! He won't look up. My darling Juppy!

JUPITER. Well, madam, are you calling for your puppy? I'm not a dog. (*Mercury enters with papers.*)

MERCURY. My goodness, here's a go! (*Exit L.*)

JUPITER. You're late. (*Juno sits R. of table and pours out coffee.*)

JUNO. Your watch is fast!

JUPITER. Then yours is slow!  
The coffee's cold; you know I hate it so.

JUNO. You're cross again—why are you always nagging?

JUPITER. Why are you always late? for ever lagging.

JUNO. A woman cannot dress, sir, in a minuit,

JUPITER. I wish you'd buy a sack, and just jump in it.

JUNO. So like a man, that is! A sack! Good lack!

No doubt you'd like to see me in a sack!

Perhaps (*sobs*) you'd rather see me in my coffin. (*cries.*)

JUPITER. What! Water works again!

JUNO. You're always scoffin'  
Because (*sobs*) your poor wife dresses all to please you.

JUPITER. Oh bother, Ju, I said it just to tease you.

(*Juno takes up paper and reads, turning her back to table.*)

Oh, if you wish to sulk, pray sulk, my dear!

(*Jupiter takes up paper and reads, turning his back also to table.*)

JUNO. How odd! The very thing! do listen here (*reads.*)

“A remarkable discovery has been made at an island called Saratargate, somewhere in China. The shrimps of this place cure bad temper.” There! “Sulks.”

JUPITER. There!

JUNO. "And grumpiness. An irascible, grumpy, peppery old party, had disinherited his six sons and twenty daughters for wearing hob-nailed boots. In a fit of anger he retired to this spot, and lived upon shrimps for three weeks. On his return, he forgave his six sons and twenty daughters, and bought a pair of hob-nailed boots for himself. He now smiles all day long."

I wish that you'd eat shrimps.

JUPITER.

D'ye mean to say

My temper 's bad?

JUNO. (*aside, dryly*)

I've seen a better.

JUPITER.

Eh!

JUNO (*meekly*). Nothing, my love.

JUPITER.

Nothing! That's like your sex.

It's always "nothing!" when they want to vex.

(*turns to newspaper.*)

Ha! hum! A strange coincidence indeed!

I've found some more shrimps' tales, dear. Shall I read?

(*reads.*)

"A most aggravating woman, with a temper like a razor, who had worn her poor husband into a curl paper, has just returned from eating the famous Saratargate shrimps, which cure bad temper; hers is so much improved that she now uses her little finger to sweeten the family tea, and her husband is growing too fat to tie his own shoe-strings.

(*enter Mercury with letter, he gives it to Juno, and exit L.*)

JUNO (*coming down.*) More news from Saratargate: just look here. (*reads.*)

"Tremendous excitement. All the world going to Saratargate; steamers every ten minutes from every where. Return tickets half-a-crown."

Oh, Juppy, let us go.

JUPITER. I can't afford it.  
Times are too hard. No money.

JUNO. Oh, you heard it.

JUPITER. Think of the dresses, bonnets, gloves—all new.

JUNO. Cigars and billiards, plays and suppers too.

JUPITER. I can't afford—

JUNO. You'd cure your wife—perhaps.

JUPITER. I can't—*(she stops his mouth)*. Well, there;  
pack up your traps.

*(Calls.)* Here Mercury! *(enter Mercury L)*, Say,  
what's the earliest train?

MERCURY. Where to, Sir?

JUPITER. Earth.

MERCURY. Well, there's the "Charles' Wain."

JUNO. Oh, that's so slow.

JUPITER. Here, fetch the railway guide.

*(Mercury brings railway guide.)*

If I can find the place, we'll soon decide;

The "Comet" passes by at twelve o'clock.

*(Looks at watch.)*

Make haste; you hav'nt time to change your froek.

*(Juno runs off R.)*

Ten minutes for refreshment at the Lion.

*(Drags forward from L wing, big carpet bag, marked  
"Thunderbolts.")*

This bag of thunderbolts you'll keep your eye on.

*(Exit L.)*

MERCURY *(sits at table and helps himself to coffee, etc.)*

I've had no breakfast yet. Can't call it stuffing,

With ninety million miles upon a mutlin.

This comes of serving such a rapid master:

The "Comet's" fast, but I shall be a faster.



*(He is just going to eat when Jupiter enters L, Mercury starts up and leaves his plate with regretful looks. Jupiter carries very diminutive portmanteau.)*

JUPITER. Tooth brush, clean collar, handkerchief, all right!

JUPITER (*calls*). Juno! come! arn't you ready yet?

JUNO.

Not quite.

JUPITER. Here's my portmanteau, mind, Sir, don't you drop it,

*(Loud rushing noise heard off L. at back.)*

The "Comet's" coming: quick now, run, and stop it.

*(Mercury runs up stage and signals off L. Lively music. Half a dozen band-boxes and a number of brown paper parcels are thrown on from R. and caught by Jupiter, who pitches them to Mercury, who places them up stage, then Jupiter drags in a huge trunk or two, and Juno enters with a big bundle of scraps, which she gives to Mercury. Rushing noise heard; the "Comet" appears at back. The characters dance a "break-down" and "walk round," and at the end form tableau. Juno in centre; Jupiter and Mercury on either side. Scene closes in.*



SCENE III.

*Fifine's Cottage; in 1st. Grooves. Enter Fifine L.*

FIFINE. (*laughing.*) What fun! The fairy's words have all come true!

My darling godmother, it's all through you!  
We're getting, oh, so rich! it can't be told,  
I've stuffed my stockings, every one, with gold,  
And now we're filling sacks, and any thing.  
I am so happy, I could dance and sing.

(*Sings.*)

SONG.—

(*During the last bars of the song Fernando has entered, R. he comes behind her, and as she finishes, he puts his arm round her waist and kisses her.*)

FERNANDO. Ah, sweet Fifine, what, singing, little bird!

FIFINE. (*with affectation of indignation.*)

How dare you, sir, eh? well, upon my word!

(*with a sudden change of manner, putting her hands clasped on his shoulder.*)

Oh, Fernie! Is'nt it delightful having riches!

It's nicer far than making nets.

FERNANDO.

Or stiches.

FIFINE. Or going out all night for one poor sprat.

FERNANDO. I've often fished all night for less than that.

But do you know, Fifine, (*puts arm round her waist.*)

I wish you'd stop it;

Let's give up money-making; come now, drop it.

We've quite enough to live like lords and ladies.

No Queen is half so dear as my sweet maid is. (*kisses her.*)

Let's run away to-morrow.

FIFINE. Oh, what stuff  
 Why, Fernie, dear, we hav'nt half enough.  
 I want ten carriages and horses grand;  
 To be the finest lady in the land;  
 With powdered footmen, diamonds and rings,  
 Silk dresses, velvet trains and other things,  
 Such ducks of bonnets, shawls and laces new.

FERNANDO. And I?

FIFINE. Oh, you shall have fine dresses too,  
 And then an opera box in every city.

FERNANDO. (*ironically.*) You'll use them all at once?

FIFINE. You're very witty.  
 Then in the park I'll drive, or walk, (*walks up and down  
 stage mincingly, as though managing long train.*)  
 like this.

FERNANDO. You look just like a silly peacock, Miss.

FIFINE. A peacock, Sir! I'm sure you're most polite.  
 Don't marry, pray, a peacock, Sir.

FERNANDO. You're right.  
 I'd rather drown myself at once, I would, now, there!

FIFINE. (*beginning to cry.*) I'm sure, you're so unkind;  
 I should'nt care.

(*Enter Coralina L. disguised as an old woman, with a  
 basket.*)

CORALINA. You'd better take some shrimps, you naughty  
 pair.

(*Gives shrimps to each, and exit L., quickly, they begin  
 to peal them in silence; finally they eat them,  
 smiling.*)

FIFINE. Dear Fernie, did we quarrel? How absurd?

FERNANDO. (*kissing her.*) I could'nt quarrel with my  
 little bird.

Oh, by the way, d'ye like my new disguise?

*(felches cloak and beard from R; puts them on.)*

FIFINE *(clapping hands)*. It's capital! You look so very wise.

FERNANDO *(introducing himself)*. Doctor Malfuesiostro.

*(she curtseys, he bows pompously.)* I must go.

Queen Bessie comes to-day.

FIFINE.

Oh, yes, I know.

Her temper 's awful.

FERNANDO.

I've a speech to make.

FIFINE. And I've a lot of pies and bread to bake.

*(Exeunt L and R.)*



SCENE IV.

*Beach and sea coast of the Enchanted Isle. Fifine's cottage L. U. E., boat drawn up R. 2 E. Bathing house R. U. E. with placard, "Bathing House. To Let. Five Pounds a night." A board, "The Squib and Cracker Gardens," another with hand "This way to the Grotto," another outside cottage, "Tea and shrimps ninepence." Rustic table and chairs L. 2. E.*

*(Prince Emerald discovered on bank sleeping; a fishing rod hangs out over water. Fifine enters from cottage.)*

FIFINE. Ah! Fast asleep! The Prince, here, calls this fishing.

All right, my Prince, if fishes you are wishing,  
I'll give you one. *(Runs into cottage, and returns with red herring which she fastens to hook.)*

*It won't do any flapping.*

There now. That's right. *(hides behind wing R. 1. E. Prince wakes, rubbing his eyes)*

PRINCE EMERALD. Come in! Why, I've been napping.  
*(Takes up fishing rod.)*

I've caught a fish at last. It's very red.  
The smell's peculiar. Why, the creature's dead!  
It's very strange! I can't have slept a week,  
*(Fifine smothers a laugh)*

Ah! Ah! I see; a case of hide and seek.  
*(goes off at R. 2. E. and comes behind Fifine, she runs across stage to L. 1 E. he following, and on at L. 2 E. he catches her)*

Fifine, you rogue, you'll have to pay for this.

FIFINE. Ah, let me go!

PRINCE EMERALD. Not till I've got a kiss.

FIFINE. There's some coming, let me go, now, quick.

*(she runs away into cottage)*

I'm sure that someone I should like to kick. *(exit R.)*

*Enter L. 1. E. SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS, carrying a book and an umbrella, the ribs of which are covered with blue muslin to represent blue glass: he comes front—sings.*

BLUE GLASS.

Air "The Galloping Snob."

SIR IRASCIBLE.

They call me Irascible Raps, Sir Raps,

Irascible Raps, Irascible Raps,

I'm free to confess that perhaps, perhaps

I'm one of the peppery chaps.

Gout in all my toes;

Nobody here knows

How hard the fight to be polite,

With gout in all your tender toes.

My medical man has ordered blue glass,

Ordered blue glass, ordered blue glass;

And though you may think that the man is an ass,

There's nothing like blue glass:

Temper 's all serene,

Appetite 's not mean,

I'll spend my life, without a wife,

As long as I get this fine blue glass.

*(Enter R. 1 E. Sir Popinjay Pops with a telescope.)*

There's that confounded donkey Popinjay.

I hate that fellow! *(goes up L., sticks his umbrella into the ground, and lies down on bank, reading.)*

- SIR POPINJAY. Raps again to-day.  
 Old idiot, with his gout, and that blue glass,  
 Sun baths and stuff! I hate to see the ass.  
*(goes up R, and leans against tree, looking through telescope at sea.)*
- SIR IRASCIBLE. As usual, Sir, you're keeping off my sun.  
 SIR POPINJAY. It's mine as much as yours. *(aside)* I'll have some fun.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. To cure my malady, the gout, it's true,  
 My doctor puts me under glass that's blue;  
 I pay for sunshine, and I'll have it too.
- SIR POPINJAY. Your malady indeed! we know the sort,  
 It's made by mixing turtle soup and port.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. When *you* were made, a peacock, Sir,  
 was spoiled.
- SIR POPINJAY. You poor old vegetable, why ar'n't you  
 boiled?  
 Don't say you've run to seed. That can't be done.  
 You may be seedy, but you'll never run.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. *(coming down front L.)*
- Beware, Sir, pray beware! I'm mild as—
- SIR POPINJAY *(scoffingly.)* milk?
- SIR IRASCIBLE. My temper 's sweet as sugar, soft as—
- SIR POPINJAY. silk.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. But milk turns sour, sugar too grows—
- SIR POPINJAY. acid?
- SIR IRASCIBLE. The calmest waters are not always—
- SIR POPINJAY. placid.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. I wear a sword, Sir *(puts hand on sword.)*
- SIR POPINJAY. Pooh, Sir! likewise, bah!
- Don't think of what you were, but what you are.
- SIR IRASCIBLE. Where's my thermometer? *(takes out pocket thermometer, places it under his tongue, then examines it.)* This is too bad.
- Two hundred! On the boil! I'm going mad.

SIR POPINJAY (*laughing*). Boiling with rage! Old fellow, do be calm:

For my sake, pray; You'll do yourself some harm.

You'd better put cold water in your kettle,

(*offers him glass of water.*)

You poor old pumpkin. (*Sir Irascible takes glass and throws contents over Sir Popinjay.*)

SIR IRASCIBLE. That will try your mettle,

SIR POPINJAY. You've quite unstarched my frill.

SIR IRASCIBLE. You need'nt faint,

Although I have washed off an inch of paint.

SIR POPINJAY. Paint! (*advances threateningly.*)

SIR IRASCIBLE. Pumpkin! (*threatens in return.*)

SIR POPINJAY. Cauliflower! (*shaking telescope at him.*)

SIR IRASCIBLE. Creature! (*shaking fist.*)

SIR POPINJAY. Indeed! you hav'nt got a decent feature.

SIR IRASCIBLE. You dressed up, antiquated, worn out  
"gent;"

A dozen of you are not worth a cent!

SIR POPINJAY. You're far too fat to see your gouty toes.

SIR IRASCIBLE. For half-a-crown, you stick, I'd pull your nose.

SIR POPINJAY. A row of pins would make me punch your head,

(*Enter Fifine with small basket of shrimps.*)

FIFINE. Perhaps you'd take a magic shrimp instead.

SIR POPINJAY and SIR IRASCIBLE (*speaking together.*)

A shrimp! what for!

FIFINE. Improve your tempers, sure,

For all bad temper they're a perfect cure.

(*she gives a shrimp to each: they take them, glaring savagely at each other.*)

Now you stand there (*places Sir Irascible R.*) and you stand here! (*places Sir Popinjay L.*) That's right.

Now when you've peeled your shrimps just take a bite.



YOU MUST'NT say a word. They're very nice.  
You'll find your anger vanish in a trice.

SIR IRASCIBLE. A shrimp indeed! I don't mind if I try it.

SIR POPINJAY. A magic shrimp! well, that's a funny diet.

*(Fifine goes from one to the other.)*

FIFINE. *(To Sir Popinjay Pops)*—You're getting on.—  
*(To Sir Irascible Raps)*—Take care now, don't you break it.

SIR POPINJAY. Mine's ready.

SIR IRASCIBLE. So is mine.

FIFINE. Well then, just take it.

*(They eat shrimps. Each begins to smile, they advance to each other and shake hands. Fifine goes up.)*

SIR POPINJAY. What were we quarrelling about just now?

SIR IRASCIBLE. Upon my word, I could'nt say, I vow.  
It's very odd! My feelings I can't smother.

Why Pops! I love you better than a brother.

SIR POPINJAY. Dear Raps! it's strange. You're very like my mother.

You'll take a pinch of snuff. *(offers snuff box.)*

SIR IRASCIBLE. Who would suppose

Five minutes back I wished to pull your nose! *(laughs)*

SIR POPINJAY. It can't be true that I was so ill-bred,  
Just now, to wish that I could punch your head! *(laughs.)*

SIR IRASCIBLE. Give me your arm old boy, we'll go to town.

*(Takes Sir Popinjay's arm, they are going off L. when Fifine comes down quickly.)*

FIFINE. Excuse me, Sir. *(holds out hand to Sir Popinjay)*

SIR POPINJAY. What this? *(tries to shake hands with her.)*

FIFINE. *(holding out other hand to Sir Irascible.)* Just half-a-crown.

SIR IRASCIBLE. The dickins! half-a-crown! that's rather dear!

The shrimps have had a strike, that's very clear.

FIFINE. They wont be boiled for loss; (*they give moucy*)

SIR POPINJAY. Now tell us, quick,  
The hocus pocus,

FIFINE. Sir?

SIR IRASCIBLE. The dodge.

SIR POPINJAY. The trick.  
How is it done, eh?

FIFINE. Oh! They do, sir, say  
It's just because their bile's all biled away.

(*Sir Irascible and Sir Popinjay clap their hands to their foreheads and go up shaking their heads in disgust.*)

(*cheering heard off L.*)

(*Fifine goes up and looks out at sea. Enter L. 1. and 2. E. Fishermen and Villagers. Fernando enters hurriedly from cottage disguised as Doctor Malfiesiostro; he pushes back crowd to wings R. and L.*)

FERNANDO. Stand back, good people, don't be so encroaching!

The Queen of all the Doodoo's is approaching.

Get ready then to cheer, my jolly tars,

Up with your caps, and out with your hurrahs.

(*Nautical music, boat arrives at back, containing Queen Bessina, Princess Zou Zou and Page, the latter carrying baul-boxes under each arm. They disembark and come down front, the populace hurrying. Fernando advances with address.*)

FERNANDO. Most gracious Madam, we—(*Queen Bessina turns aside.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. I feel so ill,  
That horrid boat, there, never would stay still.

FERNANDO (*facing her again.*) Most gracious Madam—

QUEEN BESSINA. If you've got it handy,  
I think I'd like a little drop of brandy.

(*Fijine brings bottle from cottage; Queen Bessina drinks, all the characters stand in line, singing the following, and dancing "The Cure."*)

ALL. Oh dear! oh dear!

{ I feel }  
{ She feels } so queer.

{ I feel }  
{ She feels } so horribly queer.

{ I feel } just here { I feel } just here  
{ She feels } just here { She feels } just here

So horribly, horribly queer.

The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,

The sea, the horrible sea;

The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,

The horrible, horrible sea.

FERNANDO (*again presenting speech.*)

Most gracious Madam, we—

QUEEN BESSINA. A speech! in rhyme;  
Oh well, we'll read it, Sir, another time.  
We'll put it in our pocket (*pockets speech.*)

Kindly say—

You cure bad temper here?

FERNANDO. We do.

QUEEN BESSINA. We'll stay.  
I've brought my daughter, Sir, her temper's vile;

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Mamma, how can you!

QUEEN BESSINA. In a little while  
Perhaps you'll cure her.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Really!—

QUEEN BESSINA. Not a word!  
Let little girls be seen but never heard.

FERNANDO (*pedantically*). They should be evident to  
the optic nerve,

But the auricular should not observe  
Their presence, 'hem!

QUEEN BESSINA. (*aside*) A man of erudition.  
My own's the very sweetest disposition;  
(*Languishingly*) I'm far too sensitive.

(*Abruptly*) And now for dinner.  
We've had no food to-day as we're a sinner.

SIR IRASCIBLE. Queen Doo Doo 's peckish.

QUEEN BESSINA. Where's your best hotel?

FERNANDO. Your Majesty—we haven't got one.

QUEEN BESSINA. Well!

I'm sure! Indeed! A pretty piece of work.

FERNANDO. We've fourteen dukes, nine bishops and a  
Turk,

All sent here by their loving wives and daughters  
To have their tempers cured with shrimps and waters.  
The town 's too small to hold the crowds. In fact,  
Each cottage in the place is closely packed.

QUEEN BESSINA. And where are we to sleep?

FERNANDO. Well? there's the rub;

Perhaps your Majesty will take a tub.

QUEEN BESSINA. I'm not Diogenes!

FERNANDO (*thoughtfully*). Of course not. He's a loafer,  
Perhaps your Majesty would like a sofa;  
You see the island isn't made to stay in:  
This is "the place to spend a happy day in."  
We've swings, and roundabouts, and "Old Aunt Sally,"  
Lawn tennis, skittles and a bowling alley;  
The bathing 's lovely, and the music 's fine;  
Dancing and fireworks at half-past nine;  
Apples and ginger beer to make you witty;  
And if you can't be jolly, more 's the pity.

You've no idea how happy you can be.  
And then for ninepence, why you've shrimps and tea.

QUEEN BESSINA. I hate your music! bother swings and  
skittles!

I don't want wit.

SIR POPINJAY (*aside.*) She only asks for wittles.

QUEEN BESSINA. We must have beds!

FERNANDO. You can't! We have no beds.

QUEEN BESSINA (*stamping her foot angrily.*) Off with  
his head! Yes, take off all their heads!

(*Walks angrily up and down stage: crushes against  
Page, who tumbles down, sitting on hand-boxes,  
she slaps him, he cries.*)

PAGE. Bohoo! Bohoo!

QUEEN BESSINA. You naughty little imp.

You've spoilt my bonnet.

(*Enter Coralina as old woman, she gives a shrimp to  
Queen Bessina.*)

CORALINA. Please to take a shrimp.

(*Exit L. quickly.*)

(*Queen Bessina eats shrimp, and gives some to Princess  
Zou Zou. Both smile amiably.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. Why, what's the matter? Really, I don't  
care.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'll sleep upon a table or a chair.

QUEEN BESSINA. I'm not particular: I'll take the floor.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'm quite content to sleep against the  
wall.

QUEEN BESSINA. In short, pray put us anywhere at all.  
Who'll take compassion on a homeless Queen?

FIFINE. I will, your Majesty.

QUEEN BESSINA. Your name?

FIFINE. Fifine.

FERNANDO. SONG AND CHORUS.

Air.—“Dixie’s Land.”

They’ll sleep upon the floor,  
Or else behind the door  
Or up against the wall  
Or any where at all.

*Chorus.*

{ They } Will. { They } Will. { They } Will. { They } Will.  
{ We } Will. { We } Will. { We } Will. { We } Will.

FERNANDO. They’re not at all particular.

ALL. Particular, particular.

FERNANDO. A cellar or a stable, or a sofa or a table.

They’ll sleep. They’ll sleep.

They’ll sleep upon a table.

ALL REPEAT. They’ll sleep, etc.

*Music repeats last few bars, the characters walk round the stage, and Exit L. Fijine, Queen Bessina and Princess Zou Zou, with Page, go into rotage. Music changes to a nautical air. Small boat appears at back, containing Jupiter, Juno and Mercury, the latter pulling. All grotesquely dressed in exaggerated fashions.)*

JUPITER. ‘Vast pulling, there, my lad! Here’s land at last.

Jump out now, quick, and make the painter fast.

*(Mercury gets out of boat, and comes down, looking as if in search of something.)*

What is it, noodle?

MERCURY. Sir, the painter, please.

There’s no one painting here among these trees.

*(Jupiter gets out of boat with a rope, hits Mercury.)*

JUPITER. This is the painter, sir,

MERCURY. Why that’s a rope.

JUPITER. Next time I ask for one you’ll know, I hope.

MERCURY. (*Rubbing his shoulders*) I know I'm painted  
black and blue.

JUPITER. All right.

JUNO. Do you intend to leave me here all night?

JUPITER. (*To Mercury*) Take out the baggage.

JUNO. Baggage! Well, I'm sure!

*(Juno gets out of boat without assistance. Mercury  
lands baggage. Juno comes down to Jupiter.)*

There was a time when you'd have flown—

*(she falls on his shoulder.)*

JUPITER. Don't bore!

JUNO, you're getting old. These little tricks  
Did very well when we were more like chicks.

I know we're married, and its no use kickin',  
But please remember, ma'am, that you're no chicken.  
You're quite as heavy as a cask of beer.

*(Look off R.)*

At last, there's some one coming. Hi, there! Here!  
*(Prince Emerald enters R. with Fernando as Malfesiostro.)*

PRINCE EMERALD. Hallo! What have we here?

A funny set.

*(Jupiter bows elaborately, Juno curtseys, Mercury comes  
forward and bows, Jupiter takes him by the shoulder  
and turns him back.)*

JUPITER. Pray, do you know of any rooms to let?

We're strangers here.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*aside*.) Well, I should say so, rather.

He must have lived before his great grandfather;  
Ask this distinguished, grave, and learned man—

Doctor Malfesiostro; he is an  
M.D.; M.F.; Y.Z.; A double S;

There's nothing that he can't, at least, profess.

*Goes up and talks with Juno.*

JUPITER to FERNANDO. We're simple country folk, you see;

My name is Brown, and this is Mrs. B.

FERNANDO. Well, Mr. Brown, I very much regret, But that's the only residence you'll get.

*(Pointing to bathing machine.)*

JUPITER. Why that's for bathing! Live in that machine! Confound it, Sir, whatever do you mean? D'ye know you're speaking to—

JUNO. Hem, Juppy, here!

FERNANDO. Juppy?

JUPITER. Yes, short for Jupyter. *(to Juno.)* I'm coming, dear.

My other name you see.

FERNANDO. Ah! Juppy Brown.

JUPITER. Precisely so. For me that box would do; But, come, you must confess it's small for two: There's not much room for rows and—

*(whispers.)* Mrs. B. She's got a precious temper!

*(coming down.)* Meaning me?

JUPITER. You? *(deprecatingly.)* Oh, my dear!

*(All speak at the same time throug' the following; fast and loud.)*

JUNO. Yes you did! Talk about my temper, when your own 's as hot as a kitchen poker, and you do everything you can to aggravate me! You know you do! I'll go back I will. Sha'nt, sha'nt. *(repeats several times.)*

JUPITER. Come, my dear. Well it's all your own fault; You know you think of nothing but dressing, and making a peacock of yourself. Will you hold your tongue! Will you be quiet?



PRINCE EMERALD (*soothingly*.) My dear Sir! My dear Madam! Now do be calm! Pray, consider.  
(*steps his ears.*)

FERNANDO. Well you're a nice pair! Here's a pretty state of things! What am I to do? (*stops his ears.*)

MERCURY. Now that's just the way they go on at home. Always quarrelling. I'll give warning. I can't stand it. I won't stand it. No peace from morning till night. It's row, row, row; one might as well live in a menagerie.

(*Jupiter runs up to back and brings down a band box, which he jumps up on several times. Juno runs up and brings back hat box, takes out hat and drives her fist through the crown. Fifine enters from cottage, and Coralina comes on as old woman L., with basket as before.*)

CORALINA. Here. Take a shrimp you naughty folks.

FIFINE (*running forward*). Ah do!  
(*she falls on one knee to Jupiter, offering him a shrimp. Coralina gives shrimps all round and exit L. They all eat shrimps, gradually growing amiable and smiling.*)

JUNO. Why, what's the matter, pray, with you?

JUPITER. It seems to me we've had a little row.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*ironically*.) I think there's been a storm. It's all gone now.

(*Jupiter and Juno pick up fragments of hat and bonnet, smiling.*)

JUNO. My Sunday bonnet!

JUPITER. And my bran new hat!

JUNO. It must have been a storm to do all that.

JUPITER. No matter. Well, my dear, you see your house; It's large enough to suit a family mouse.

JUNO. I think it's charming;

FIFINE. Come, and see inside.

JUPITER. You can't get in.

FIFINE. Just wait until she's tried.

*(they go into bathing machine, Mercury puts in the luggage, Jupiter looks through telescope off L.)*

JUPITER. Hallo! They're bathing there! The little dears!  
I hav'nt had a wash for several years;  
I'll go and take a swim. I won't be long.

*(Exit at back L, Prince Emerald and Fernando look at each other, then burst out laughing.)*

PRINCE EMERALD. Well, that's a funny pair!

FERNANDO. They're mad!

MERCURY *(coming down.)* You're wrong.

They're only married.

PRINCE EMERALD. Who's your master? say.

MERCURY *(aside)*. I really don't know what he is, today.

FERNANDO. Yes, what's his business?

MERCURY. What's his business? Well,  
Upon my word it's very hard to tell.

He's in the water works.

PRINCE EMERALD. An engineer?

MERCURY. It isn't gin he makes, it's hail.

PRINCE EMERALD. Oh, beer.

MERCURY. Not beer, but hail.

PRINCE EMERALD. Same thing, I see, a brewer.

MERCURY. I know his bruise. *(rubs shoulder.)*

I'd rather they were fewer.

FERNANDO. He keeps a first-rate tap?

MERCURY. The firstest rate:

You'd think so if you got it on your pate.

His hail is pretty strong. Just see his snows!

PRINCE EMERALD. His nose! Well, what's the matter  
with his nose?

It's much like other noses. Is it red?

MERCURY. Why when it blows, it falls, and lies in bed.

FERNANDO. That's queer!

PRINCE EMERALD. Where do they live?

MERCURY. Live! oh in Skye.

PRINCE EMERALD. The Island?

MERCURY. High land? Yes, (*aside*) 'tis, very high.

FERNANDO. Say, is he rich?

MERCURY. Rich! Why he makes the (*J*) dews,  
They'd never rise alone.

FERNANDO. Well, this is news!

MERCURY. Why, if he showered gold, t'would not be mist.

(*aside.*) How could it? Gold is gold, and mist is—mist.

PRINCE EMERALD. A funny pair! It would be hard to  
match them.

FERNANDO. They'll want a lot of shrimps! I'll go and  
catch them.

(*Exeunt R.*)

MERCURY. I think that's puzzled them. But oh, dear me!  
I've lost that bag of thunderbolts. Let's see.

I put it on myself. It must have dropped;

Perhaps it fell at Saturn when we stopped.

I only know that when it does come down,

There'll be a biggish row in this small town.

I am so hungry! (*looks through window of cottage*),

Why, what have we here?

Some bread and cheese, and this fine jug of beer.

(*brings out bread, cheese and beer, eats and drinks.*)

What's in that cupboard? (*gets fishing rod and puts it  
through window.*)

Hams? (*brings out stocking.*)

Why, it's a stocking!

And stuffed with gold! Now really this is shocking!

This greed for gold is very sad; (*empties gold into pockets.*)

Base pelf!

Why, there are lots more stockings on the shelf;

I may as well step in and help myself.

(*gets in through window.*)

(*enter from Cottage Queen Faience and Queen Bessina and Princess Zou Zou, the latter knitting, she goes and sits against boat.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. How well you're looking. What a charming bonnet!

QUEEN BESSINA. You think it nice? I slept a week upon it. But what a lovely dress. And such a waist!

QUEEN FAIENCE. So glad you like it, dear, you have such taste.

QUEEN BESSINA. You flatterer!

QUEEN FAIENCE. So that's your daughter.

QUEEN BESSINA. Best of girls.

QUEEN FAIENCE. So like her dear mamma; the same brown curls.

QUEEN BESSINA. (*simperingly*) They call us sisters.

QUEEN FAIENCE. Oh, no doubt, my dear.

How strange, at last, I should have met you here.

QUEEN BESSINA. Oh, things have changed, and I'm a lonely widow.

QUEEN FAIENCE. You're not alone, my dear, for I'm a ditto. The late lamented—Ah, here comes my son.

(*Enter Prince Emerald, R. he kisses Queen Bessina's hand*)

QUEEN BESSINA. His mother's eyes; so full of fun.

PRINCE EMERALD. Madam, until your beauty came between us,

I little knew this island held a Venus.

QUEEN BESSINA. Venus! A charming boy. My daughter.—  
Prince. (*Princess Zou Zou rises and curtsys. He bows*)

PRINCE EMERALD. Twin blossoms on one tree. (*aside*)  
The tree 's a quince.

QUEEN BESSINA. We'll leave you two alone; amuse each other.

I've lots of things to tell your darling mother.

(*Prince and Queen Faience go up L. Queen Bessina brings Zou Zou down R. she points over her shoulder towards the Prince.*)

Remember Miss, you're here to make a match.

The Prince has lots of money. He's a catch.

In half an hour, mind, when I come back,

I hope to find it settled; or—you'll pack.

(*Princess shakes her shoulders impatiently. They go up R. the others come down L.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. That girl 's a flirt. I see it in her eye.

PRINCE EMERALD. All right mamma. (*nods*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. (*To Queen Bessina.*) Come, dear.

QUEEN BESSINA. (*Kissing her hand*) Ta ta!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Good-bye.

(*The two Queens go off L. each with an arm round the other's waist. Princess Zou Zou sits by boat, and begins knitting.*)

PRINCE EMERALD. What are you doing, Princess?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Knitting socks

For Polar bears. We're going to send a box,

With nice warm comforters and over-shoes.

PRINCE EMERALD. Pray let me help!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Delighted, if you chose.

(*Prince sits at her feet, she places hank of wool over his hands and begins winding*)

PRINCE EMERALD. How truly charitable!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Yes, poor dears,  
They are so cold.

PRINCE EMERALD. It fills one's eyes with tears.  
I don't see how these socks and shoes are sent.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. There's a Society. I'm President.  
(*produces small book and pencil.*)

Subscription list—"Prince Pumpkin, half a crown,  
Count Caraway, two shillings."

PRINCE EMERALD. Put me down—

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. With pleasure, Prince.

PRINCE EMERALD. For twopence.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're so kind,

Then may I hope that you will not be blind

To the Society for providing apes

With pocket handkerchiefs and nice warm capes.

They are your own relations ;

PRINCE EMERALD. I don't care.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. May I ?

PRINCE EMERALD. Another twopence. (*Princess writes*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Twopence. There !

Then the Society.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*aside*) Oh, how  
she talks !

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Providing negroes with new toasting  
forks,

PRINCE EMERALD. With toasting forks ! What for ? For  
catching ants ?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. How can they properly cook their  
emigrants ?

PRINCE EMERALD. That's very true. For five pounds put  
me down.

An emigrant—well, should be nice and brown,

And crisp and juicy : done upon a fork.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're so considerate.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*rising*) Let's take a walk.

(*aside*) If I don't change the subject soon, I see,

By Jove, there wo'nt be much change left in me.

(*aloud*)

They've got a grotto and a lovely view;

Besides three monkeys and a kangaroo.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're quite sure, Prince, there's  
nothing there alarming.

PRINCE EMERALD. You need'nt be afraid.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. (*aside*) The Prince is charming.

(*Exit arm in arm R.*)

(*Mercury re-enters from window, laden with plunder*)

More stockings filled with gold; a golden crown;

Some diamond rings, and here's a splendid gown.

I am in luck! I'll hide them in this grotto;

Safe bind, safe find, has always been my motto.

(*Exit 2 E. R.*)

(*Enter Fifine from bathing machine.*)

FIFINE. There! I've unpacked her things. Such funny  
fashions.

It's clear they're very rich. But, then, what passions!

(*comes down.*)

Prince Emerald is so nice. It would be funny

If he should—Well, why not? I've lots of money!

Poor Fernie! He'd not like another lover—

At first, of course; but then, he'd soon recover.

Men always do. How nice! Princess Fifine!

And then, perhaps, some day, it might be Queen.

(*struts up and down stage conceitedly.*)

What will your Majesty be pleased to wear?

How will your Majesty arrange your hair?

YOUR MAJESTY—(*Fernando has entered at back L in his own dress.*)

FERNANDO (*mimicking her.*) Your Majesty? Ha! ha!  
Fifine. Fie, fie!

FIFINE. How very sharp you are!

FERNANDO. Well, never mind, I've dreadful news to tell;  
You'll get no shrimps to-day; they've vanished.

FIFINE (*indifferently.*) Well.

FERNANDO. There's not a single one on all the shore;  
I fear they're gone for good.

FIFINE. Ah! Any more?

FERNANDO. Fifine!

FIFINE. I don't care if they go or stay.  
I shan't stay here myself. I'm going away.  
(*looking down and playing with apron.*)

If some folks fancy other folks—then—why,  
There's nothing more to say, except good-bye.  
(*curtseys and goes up stage.*)

FERNANDO. Prince Emerald's had a finger in this pie,  
If I don't punch his head! and black his eye!  
(*exit L angrily.*)

FIFINE. Poor dear Fernando! This is bad, Fifine.  
You know you love him. But to be a queen;  
That's far too good to lose. (*enter Princess Zou Zou R.*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Well, that's all right,  
We're going out to take a walk to-night;  
He squeezed my hand three times. We saw the view,  
And fed the monkeys and the kangaroo.

FIFINE (*coming down*). Prince Emerald?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Of course, why not, Miss, pray?

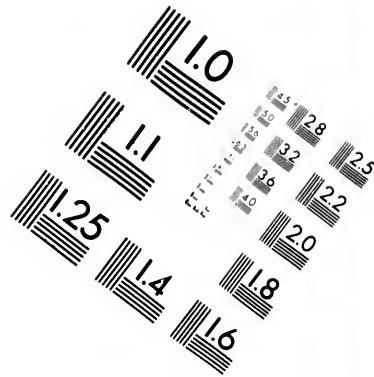
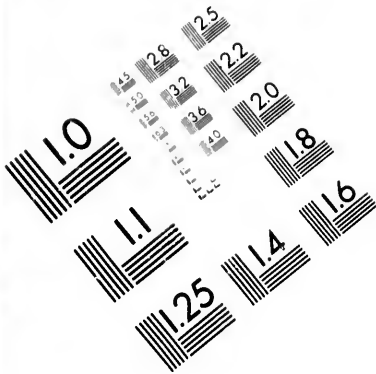
FIFINE. He did the same to me, myself, to-day.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. He did! But then that's nothing;  
that's in joke.

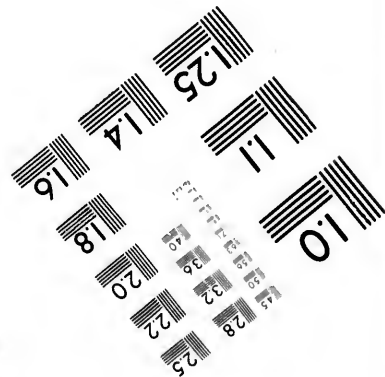
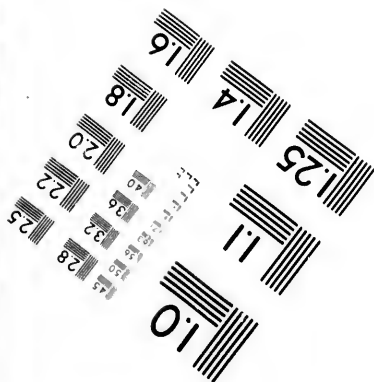
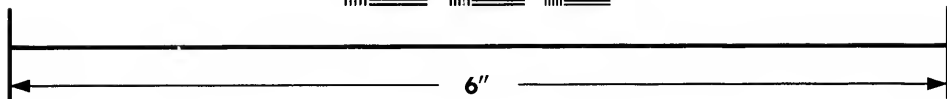
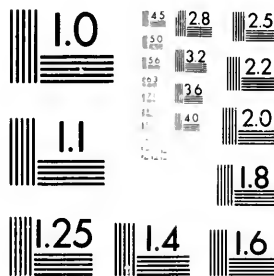
FIFINE. Perhaps he joked with you.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU (*with asperity*). I think you spoke.



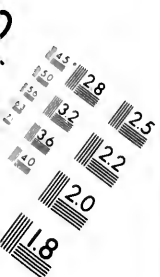


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



You horrid little shrimp girl, go away.

FIFINE. He kissed me twice this morning.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. All in play,

FIFINE (*aside*). Nothing indeed! Perhaps she's right—  
I'll go and cry my eyes out.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Do. Good night.

FIFINE. You nasty stuck-up thing I hate you. Bah!  
(*Exit into cottage.*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'll pay him out for that. I'll  
tell mamma.

(*Runs into cottage.*)

(*Juno appears at door of bathing machine.*)

JUNO (*calls*). Juppy! (*comes down.*) He isn't here!  
A pretty thing!

He leaves me like a parcel with a ring,  
Then runs away. He doesn't prize his wife;  
I'll teach him! (*looks off L.*) Here he comes! Upon my  
life,

Two women on his arm! A pretty fellow!  
With jealousy, I'm sure, I'm turning yellow.

(*Looks off L.*)

Oh, very well! All right my lord and master,  
Don't hurry, pray! A snail would walk home faster.  
(*Comes down.*)

He'll pay for this; as sure as stars are stars,  
I'll hide his slippers; burn his best cigars;  
Cut every blessed button off his shirt.

Of one thing I'm determined—he shan't flirt.  
I'll go and meet them—no, I won't—I'll hide.

(*with suppressed passion of the most tragic.*)

I'm like a city 'bus—I'm full inside.

(*goes up into machine, leaves door half open, occasion-  
ally looking out. Enter Jupiter with the two Queens,  
one on each arm. They sit down at table L. Stage  
gradually grows dim.*)

JUPITER. Ah! what a day we're having to be sure!  
I've not felt jollier in my life before.  
Strolling along the rocks, out over there  
This charming creature dropped her—well, back hair.  
Reaching to save it ere it touched the water,  
She would have tumbled in if I'd not caught her.

QUEEN BESSINA (*smiling coquettishly.*) Pray Mr.—

JUPITER. Jones; a city broker. (*aside.*) Smart!

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) Oh! what a handsome fellow!

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) My poor heart!

QUEEN BESSINA. Accept my thanks. (*curtseys.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) My dear, oh what a pity!  
He's only something horrid in the city.

(*Aside.*) I'd have him, if he'd ask me, in a minut.

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) The man's a perfect prize. and  
I'll just win it.

JUPITER. Ladies, will you accept, as souvenir,  
A handful of these little trifles here?

(*kisses their hands and gives diamonds to each.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. Diamonds! Good gracious! Why  
they're big as beans!

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) The man's a prince! I'll find  
out what this means.

(*Juno comes down.*)

JUPITER (*aside.*) My wife!

(*aloud to her.*) My dear!

JUNO (*with the air of a Juno.*) Sir!

JUPITER (*disconcerted.*) Ta Ta.

I think I'll go and smoke a mild cigar.

(*strolls off R.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. Who's this?

QUEEN FAIENCE. A stranger! (*to her.*) It's a lovely day.

JUNO (*dryly.*) It's most, 'hem, bracing weather, I should  
say.

n play,  
s she's right.

night.  
ou. Bah!

or that. I'll

phine.)  
e isn't here!

es! Upon my

er,  
me faster.

ct.  
e.  
agic.)

open, occasion-  
the two Queens,  
table L. Stage

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) She isn't nice.

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) I think she's in a passion,  
Whoever saw a dress in such a fashion!

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aloud.*) Is that the latest Paris style,  
that waist?

JUNO. Don't mention Paris, pray, the man's no taste!  
You'd scarcely think that he preferred to me  
That brazen creature Venus.

QUEEN BESSINA. Who is she?

JUNO (*aside.*) I quite forgot!

QUEEN BESSINA (*laughing.*) It's clear, the woman's mad.

JUNO (*aside.*) The saucy minxes! I could pull their hair.  
(*aloud, à la Robson in "Medea."*)

R-r-rash female women! P-r-r-ray beware!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Indeed ma'am! Who are you?

JUNO (*aside in deep bass tones if possible.*) I must disemble.  
(*aloud.*) I'm — Mrs. Brown.

QUEEN BESSINA. We thought you might be Kemble.

(*enter R. Prince Emerald in Fernando's disguise.*  
*The Queens and Juno go up.*)

PRINCE EMERALD (*aside.*) So Mrs. Brown is jealous.  
Here's a joke!

They'll never know me in Fernando's cloak.

I'll have some fun. (*beckons mysteriously to Juno.*)

You're jealous.

JUNO. I!

PRINCE EMERALD (*with mock sympathy.*) You've reason.  
(*in stage whisper.*)

To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto.

JUNO. Treason!

PRINCE EMERALD. Hush! (*Juno goes up R. Prince*  
*beckons apart to Queen Bessina.*)

Beauty on love can surely never frown.

To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto: Brown.

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside*). Brown? He means Jones!  
Dear fellow! Caught already!

PRINCE EMERALD. Hush! Do not speak. They're coming. Steady!

(*Queen Bessina goes up, enter Mercury R., he looks up at the sky anxiously.*)

MERCURY (*nervously*). What would it cost to wrap in cotton wool,

Say ten feet thick—

PRINCE EMERALD. Well, what?

MERCURY.

The world.

PRINCE EMERALD.

That's cool!

MERCURY. Or blankets.

PRINCE EMERALD.

What!

MERCURY.

A dozen's thick enough.

Or, say, two dozen.

PRINCE EMERALD.

Wrap the world in!—Stuff!

Here. Get a ton of ice: go straight to bed,

And put two dozen leeches on your head.

You're going mad.

MERCURY. I think I am, indeed!

Thank you, kind sir. (*picks his pocket.*)

I'll go and have a weed!

(*goes up stage and talks to Queens, enter R. and L., all the characters, fishermen, villagers, visitors, etc. Prince slips out R. and reappears in his own dress.*)

PRINCE EMERALD (*bringing Jupiter down.*)

You rogue! (*pokes him playfully in the ribs.*)

Why, Brown, you've made a pretty capture.

(*points over shoulder.*)

To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto: Rapture!

JUPITER (*laughing.*) I'll go, for fun. What's this?

FERNANDO.

All right.

We only come to wish you all good night.

(*characters sing "Good Night" Chorus from the "Grand Duchess," moving off L. and R. as scene closes in.*)

SCENE V.

THE GROTTO.

(Set in front grooves; to open in centre. Enter Prince Emerald L. 1.)

PRINCE EMERALD. I'm first. That's good: and now to see the fun.

(looks off L.) There's someone coming,  
So! The play's begun.

(goes off R, enter Mercury L, with sack.)

MERCURY. All right, my gold's all safe, and I'm alone.  
I'll go and hide my treasure near this stone.  
The people hereabouts have eyes like hawks!  
I'm very lucky—silver spoons and forks;  
Nine handkerchiefs, besides a stilton cheese.

(looks off L.) Here's Jupiter. By jove, there'll be a breeze!  
I'll hide. (goes off R, enter Jupiter with Queen Bessina on his arm, L.)

JUPITER. Dear Madam.

QUEEN BESSINA (sighs.) Ah; dear Mr. Jones!

JUPITER. Come let us take a seat upon these stones.  
(they sit C.)

QUEEN BESSINA. I wish we'd met before.

JUPITER. 'Tis late (hesitates.) Supposing.

QUEEN BESSINA (meaningly.) It's not too late, perhaps,  
(aside) he means proposing.

JUPITER. Supposing I — But no, you'll think me bold.  
(she shakes her head.)

If I should ask you—(hesitates, she glances up and then looks down coquettishly) are you feeling—  
(she turns her head aside, smiling.) Cold?

QUEEN BESSINA (*frigidly*.) Oh, not at all. You might be warmer.

JUPITER (*innocently*.) I?

Thank you, I'm warm enough.

QUEEN BESSINA (*rising*.) I'll say good-bye.

JUPITER. I fear you find my conversation slow.

I wish we'd met, say, forty years ago.

QUEEN BESSINA. Sir! forty years!

JUPITER. We both had younger bones.

QUEEN BESSINA. Speak for yourself.

JUPITER. Besides, there's Mrs. Jones.

QUEEN BESSINA. You're married? Wretch!

(*enter running, Fernando, Fifine, Queen Faience, and all the characters, except Mercury, Juno and Prince Emerald, L.*)

FIFINE. Thieves!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Thieves! Where is my crown?

FERNANDO. Where is that rascal gone to, Juppy Brown?

(*they seize Jupiter.*)

FIFINE. Where is my gold?

SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS. My snuff box?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Diamond ring?

SIR POPINJAY POPS. My handkerchief?

FERNANDO. My stilton cheese?

(*all together.*) Where's everything?

(*enter Juno L.*)

JUNO. So here you are!

JUPITER. My dear, it's all a joke.

JUNO. A joke! Don't tell me that, sir! I shall choke!

JUPITER. It's all that Mercury!

PRINCE EMERALD (*off R.*) All right! I've got him!

(*enter Prince Emerald R, leading in Mercury by one ear.*)

I've found the thief!

MERCURY. Oh! oh! Please don't!

JUPITER. I'll pot him!



What's this? (*pulls handkerchiefs out of his sleeves.*)  
 And this? (*pulls another out of the back of his coat.*) and  
 this? (*pulls more handkerchiefs out of his boots, and from  
 under his waistcoat. He shakes him soundly; a quantity  
 of money rolls on the ground.*)

You know the cost.

(*in the awfulest possible tones.*) Where are my  
 thunderbolts?

MERCURY (*falling on his knees.*) Please sir! they're lost.  
 (*a terrific crash heard off L, Jupiter rushes off L,  
 and returns instantly with a thunderbolt in his  
 hand: he raises it to strike Mercury, when Coralina  
 runs on L. with basket of shrimps, dressed as a  
 fairy.*)

CORALINA. Here, take some shrimps, you naughty,  
 naughty folks.

(*they all take shrimps. Soft music.*)

JUPITER. I can't be angry at the fellow's jokes.

(*to Mercury.*) Get up! (*Mercury rises to his feet.*)  
 Leave off your tricks.

MERCURY.

I'll really try.

JUPITER. You'd better, sir; or else—just mind your eye.  
 My name's not Brown or Jones, as, clearly, you know;  
 In fact I'm Jupiter, and this is Juno.

(*general astonishment.*)

FIFINE. Fernando! pray forgive your own Fifine?

FERNANDO (*embracing her.*) Forgive you! Yes!

FIFINE (*archly.*) I don't want to be Queen.

I'd rather be a fisher girl, and sing.

I've had enough of wealth.

JUPITER (*patting her on the head.*) Nice little thing!

JUNO. Nice little thing indeed! the little—(*checks  
 herself*) dear.

JUPITER. Her temper's much improved, that's very clear.

(*to Juno.*) You'll leave off nagging?

JUNO (*gives him her hand.*) Yes, I will: And you?  
JUPITER. Oh I? I'm mild as milk and water, Ju.  
I say, don't take so long to do your hair.  
JUNO. I'll tell you what! I'll wear a wig. Now, there!  
PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. What's to become of me?  
PRINCE EMERALD. If I should do  
As well as Polar bears, and monkies—  
PRINCESS ZOU ZOU (*turning her head away.*) You!  
PRINCE EMERALD. I want a comforter, and also, socks.  
You would'nt have so far to send the box.  
(*Princess turns round quickly and gives him both her hands.*)  
QUEEN FAIENCE. What's to become of us? We want to  
know.  
PRINCE EMERALD. The proper thing's to give your  
blessing.  
(*both Queens.*) Oh!  
(*the Queens place their hands on the heads of their children, melodramatically.*)  
(*both together.*) B-er-less you, my children!  
MERCURY. Now it's all serene,  
Let's understand each other.  
JUPITER. What d'ye mean?  
MERCURY (*showing thunderbolts.*) What shall we do with  
all these little jokers?  
JUPITER. Oh, turn the whole lot into kitchen pokers.  
My temper's changed. I'm not myself at all.  
CORALINA. Then welcome each one to the Shrimp King's  
Hall.  
(*fairy music from "Oberon." Scene slowly changes to the*  
SHRIMP KING'S HALL,  
OR  
THE CORAL GROVES OF THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

(*The Shrimp King in his jewelled car, centre, fairies, ad lib. posed on either side, characters grouped at sides; they form line in centre, in the following order.*)

Mercury, Juno, Coralina, Jupiter,  
 Prince Emerald, Fifine, Fernando, Queen Bessina,  
 Princess Zou Zou, Queen Faience,  
 Sir Popinjay, Sir Frascible.

Final Chorus:—"CHICKADEE."

Air "Upidee."

FIFINE (*solo.*) Our play is done, but ere you go,  
 (*chorus.*) Tra la la. Tra la la.  
 FIFINE. A little secret I will show.  
 (*chorus.*) Tra la la, la lay.  
 FIFINE. In case your tempers run away,  
 Remember this one word we say.  
 (*chorus—mysteriously.*) Chicka dee, idee, ida, etc.

[*coloured fires*] and

CURTAIN.



centre, fairies,  
ers grouped at  
the following

ter,  
een Bessina,  
ueen Faience,  
Sir Irascible.

you go,  
la. Tra la la.  
v.  
la, la lay.  
away,  
we say.  
e, idee, ida, etc.  
red fires] and

